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MISCELLANEOUS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES.

[a collection by T. Davies, with several acknowledged and anonymous writings of Dr Johnso

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

REVIEW of Enquiry into the Origin of Evil Page 31
Political State of Great-Britain —— 35
Review of Letters from Sir Iſaac Newton to Dr. Bentley —— —— —— 57
Preface to the Preceptor —— —— 62
Viſion of Theodore —— —— 80
Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia —— 95
Life of Barettier —— —— 141
——Dr. Sydenham —— —— 150
——Sir Francis Drake —— —— 159
——Roger Aſcham —— —— 235
——Sir Thomas Browne —— —— 254
——Peter Burman —— —— 287
——Edward Cave —— —— 297
Diſſertation on the Greek Comedy from Brumoy 305
General Concluſion to Brumoy's Greek Theatre 257

A THIRD VOLUME OF

MISCELLANEOUS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES

IS IN THE PRESS,

AND

WILL BE PUBLISHED VERY SPEEDILY.

A REVIEW OF

A FREE ENQUIRY

INTO THE

NATURE and ORIGIN of EVIL.

THIS is a Treatiſe conſiſting of Six Letters upon a very difficult and important Queſtion, which I am afraid this Author's Endeavours will not free from the Perplexity, which has intangled the Speculatiſts of all Ages, and which muſt always continue while *we ſee* but *in part*. He calls it a *Free Enquiry*, and indeed his *Freedom* is, I think, greater than his Modeſty. Though he is far from the contemptible Arrogance, or the impious Licentiouſneſs of *Bolingbroke*, yet he decides too eaſily upon Queſtions out of the Reach of human Determination, with too little Conſideration of mortal Weakneſs, and with too much Vivacity for the neceſſary Caution.

In the firſt Letter *on Evil in general*, he obſerves, that, 'it is the Solution of this important Queſtion, '*whence came Evil*, alone, that can aſcertain the 'moral Characteriſtic of God, without which there 'is an End of all Diſtinction between Good and 'Evil.'

'Evil.' Yet he begins this Enquiry by this Declaration: 'That there is a Supreme Being, infinitely powerful, wise, and benevolent, the great 'Creator and Preserver of all Things, is a Truth 'so clearly demonstrated, that it shall be here taken 'for granted.' What is this but to say, that we have already Reason to grant the Existence of those Attributes of God, which the present Enquiry is designed to prove? The present Enquiry is then surely made to no Purpose. The Attributes to the Demonstration of which the Solution of this great Question is necessary, have been demonstrated without any Solution, or by means of the Solution of some former Writer.

He rejects the *Manichean* System, but imputes to it an Absurdity, from which, amidst all its Absurdities, it seems to be free, and adopts the System of Mr. *Pope*. 'That Pain is no Evil, if asserted with 'Regard to the Individuals who suffer it, is downright Nonsense; but if considered as it affects the 'universal System, is an undoubted Truth, and 'means only that there is no more Pain in it than 'what is Necessary to the Production of Happiness. 'How many soever of these Evils then force themselves into the Creation, so long as the Good preponderates, it is a Work well worthy of infinite 'Wisdom and Benevolence; and, notwithstanding 'the Imperfections of its Parts, the Whole is most 'undoubtedly Perfect.' And in the former Part of the Letter, he gives the Principle of his System in these Words: 'Omnipotence cannot work Contradictions, it can only effect all possible Things. 'But so little are we acquainted with the whole 'System of Nature, that we know not what are 'possible, and what are not: But if we may judge 'from that constant Mixture of Pain with Pleasure, 'and Inconveniency with Advantage, which we 'must observe in every Thing around us, we have

'Reason

'Reason to conclude, that to endue created Beings 'with Perfection, that is, to produce Good exclusive of Evil, is one of those Impossibilities which 'even infinite Power cannot accomplish.'

This is elegant and acute, but will by no means calm Discontent, or silence Curiosity; for whether Evil can be wholly separated from Good or not, it is plain that they may be mixed in various Degrees, and as far as human Eyes can judge, the Degree of Evil might have been less without any Impediment to Good.

The second Letter *on the Evils of Imperfection*, is little more than a Paraphrase of *Pope*'s Epistles, or yet less than a Paraphrase, a mere Translation of Poetry into Prose. This is surely to attack Difficulty with very disproportionate Abilities, to cut the *Gordian* Knot with very blunt Instruments. When we are told of the Insufficiency of former Solutions, why is one of the latest, which no Man can have forgotten, given us again? I am told, that this Pamphlet is not the Effort of Hunger: What can it be then but the Product of Vanity? and yet how can Vanity be gratified by Plagiarism, or Transcription? When this Speculatist finds himself prompted to another Performance, let him consider whether he is about to disburthen his Mind, or employ his Fingers; and if I might venture to offer him a Subject, I should wish that he would solve this Question, Why he that has nothing to write, should desire to be a Writer?

Yet is not this Letter without some Sentiments, which though not new, are of great Importance, and may be read with Pleasure in the thousandth Repetition.

"Whatever we enjoy is purely a free Gift from our Creator; but that we enjoy no more, can never sure be deemed an Injury, or a just Reason to question his infinite Benevolence. All our Happiness is

owing to his Goodneſs; but that it is no greater, is owing only to ourſelves; that is, to our not having any inherent Right to any Happineſs, or even to any Exiſtence at all. This is no more to be imputed to God, than the Wants of a Beggar to the Perſon who has relieved him: That he had ſomething was owing to his Benefactor; but that he had no more, only to his own original Poverty."

Thus far he ſpeaks what every Man muſt approve, and what every wiſe Man has ſaid before him. He then gives us the Syſtem of Subordination, not invented, for it was known I think to the *Arabian* Metaphyſicians, but adopted by *Pope*; and from him borrowed by the diligent Reſearches of this great Inveſtigator.

"No Syſtem can poſſibly be formed, even in Imagination, without a Subordination of Parts. Every animal Body muſt have different Members, ſubſervient to each other; every Picture muſt be compoſed of various Colours, and of Light and Shade; all Harmony muſt be formed of Trebles, Tenors, and Baſſes; every beautiful and uſeful Edifice muſt conſiſt of higher and lower, more and leſs magnificent Apartments. This is in the very Eſſence of all created Things, and therefore cannot be prevented by any Means whatever, unleſs by not creating them at all."

Theſe Inſtances are uſed inſtead of *Pope*'s *Oak* and *Weeds*, or *Jupiter* and his *Satellites*; but neither *Pope*, nor this Writer, have much contributed to ſolve the Difficulty. Perfection or Imperfection of unconſcious Beings has no meaning as referred to themſelves; the *Baſs* and the *Treble* are equally perfect; the mean and magnificent Apartments feel no Pleaſure or Pain from the Compariſon. *Pope* might aſk the *Weed*, why it was leſs than the *Oak*, but the *Weed* would never aſk the Queſtion for itſelf. The *Baſs* and *Treble* differ only to the Hearer, Meanneſs

and

and Magnificence only to the Inhabitant. There is no Evil but must inhere in a conscious Being, or be referred to it; that is, Evil must be felt before it is Evil. Yet even on this Subject many Questions might be offered which human Understanding has not yet answered, and which the present Haste of this Extract will not suffer me to dilate.

He proceeds to an humble Detail of *Pope*'s Opinion: "The Universe is a System whose very Essence consists in Subordination; a Scale of Beings descending by insensible Degrees from infinite Perfection to absolute Nothing: In which, though we may justly expect to find Perfection in the Whole, could we possibly comprehend it; yet would it be the highest Absurdity to hope for it in all its Parts, because the Beauty and Happiness of the Whole depend altogether on the just Inferiority of its Parts, that is, on the comparative Imperfections of the several Beings of which it is composed."

"It would have been no more an Instance of God's Wisdom to have created no Beings but of the highest and most perfect Order, than it would be of a Painter's Art to cover his whole Piece with one single Colour, the most Beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to such, nothing could have existed but Demi-gods, or Archangels, and then all inferior Orders must have been void and uninhabited: But as it is surely more agreeable to infinite Benevolence, that all these should be filled up with Beings capable of enjoying Happiness themselves, and contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be filled with inferior Beings, that is, with such as are less perfect, but from whose Existence, notwithstanding that less Perfection, more Felicity upon the Whole accrues to the Universe, than if no such had been created. It is moreover highly probable, that there is such a Connection between all Ranks and Orders by subordinate Degrees, that they

mutually support each others Existence, and every one in its Place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining the whole vast and magnificent Fabrick."

"Our Pretences for Complaint could be of this only, that we are not so high in the Scale of Existence as our ignorant Ambition may desire; a Pretence which must eternally subsist; because, were we ever so much higher, there would be still room for infinite Power to exalt us; and since no Link in the Chain can be broke, the same Reason for Disquiet must remain to those who succeed to that Chasm, which must be occasioned by our Preferment. A Man can have no Reason to repine that he is not an Angel; nor a Horse that he is not a Man; much less, that in their several Stations they possess not the Faculties of another; for this would be an insufferable misfortune."

This Doctrine of the regular Subordination of Beings, the Scale of Existence, and the Chain of Nature, I have often considered, but always left the Inquiry in Doubt and Uncertainty.

That every Being not infinite, compared with Infinity, must be imperfect, is evident to Intuition; that whatever is imperfect must have a certain Line which it cannot pass, is equally certain. But the Reason which determined this Limit, and for which such Being was suffered to advance thus far and no farther, we shall never be able to discern. Our Discoverers tell us, the Creator has made Beings of all Orders, and that therefore one of them must be such as Man. But this System seems to be established on a Concession, which, if it be refused, cannot be extorted.

Every Reason which can be brought to prove, that there are Beings of every possible Sort, will prove that there is the greatest Number possible of every Sort of Beings; but this with respect to Man we know, if we know any Thing, not to be true.

It does not appear even to the Imagination, that of three Orders of Being, the first and the third receive any Advantage from the Imperfection of the second, or that indeed they may not equally exist, though the second had never been, or should cease to be, and why should that be concluded necessary, which cannot be proved even to be useful?

The Scale of Existence from Infinity to Nothing, cannot possibly have Being. The highest Being not infinite must be, as has been often observed, at an infinite Distance below Infinity. *Cheyne*, who, with the Desire inherent in Mathematicians to reduce every thing to mathematical Images, considers all Existence as a *Cone*, allows that the Basis is at an infinite Distance from the Body. And in this Distance between finite and infinite, there will be Room for ever for an infinite Series of indefinable Existence.

Between the lowest positive Existence and Nothing, wherever we suppose positive Existence to cease, is another Chasm infinitely deep; where there is Room again for endless Orders of subordinate Nature, continued for ever and for ever, and yet infinitely superior to Non-existence.

To these Meditations Humanity is unequal. But yet we may ask, not of our Maker, but of each other, since on the one side Creation, wherever it stops, must stop infinitely below Infinity, and on the other infinitely above Nothing, what Necessity there is that it should proceed so far either Way, that Beings so high or so low should ever have existed. We may ask; but I believe no created Wisdom can give an adequate Answer.

Nor is this all. In the Scale, wherever it begins or ends, are infinite Vacuities. At whatever Distance we suppose the next Order of Beings to be above Man, there is Room for an intermediate Order of Beings between them; and if for one Order, then for infinite Orders; since every Thing that admits

of more or less, and consequently all the Parts of that which admits them, may be infinitely divided. So that, as far as we can judge, there may be Room in the Vacuity between any two Steps of the Scale, or between any two Points of the Cone of Being for infinite Exertion of infinite Power.

Thus it appears how little Reason those who repose their Reason upon the Scale of Being have to triumph over them who recur to any other Expedient of Solution, and what Difficulties arise on every Side to repress the Rebellions of presumptuous Decision. *Qui pauca considerat, facile pronunciat.* In our Passage through the boundless Ocean of Disquisition we often take Fogs for Land, and after having long toiled to approach them find, instead of Repose and Harbours, new Storms of Objection and Fluctuations of Uncertainty.

We are next entertained with *Pope*'s Alleviations of those Evils which we are doomed to suffer.

'Poverty, or the Want of Riches, is generally 'compensated by having more Hopes, and fewer 'Fears, by a greater Share of Health, and a more 'exquisite Relish of the smallest Enjoyments, than 'those who possess them are usually blessed with. 'The Want of Taste and Genius, with all the 'Pleasures that arise from them, are commonly 'recompensed by a more useful Kind of common 'Sense, together with a wonderful Delight, as well 'as Success, in the busy Pursuits of a scrambling 'World. The Sufferings of the Sick are greatly 'relieved by many trifling Gratifications imperceptible to others, and sometimes almost repaid by the 'inconceivable Transports occasioned by the Return 'of Health and Vigour. Folly cannot be very 'grievous, because imperceptible; and I doubt not 'but there is some Truth in that Rant of a mad 'Poet, that there is a Pleasure in being mad, which 'none but Madmen know. Ignorance, or the

'Want

'Want of Knowledge and Literature, the appointed Lot of all born to Poverty, and the Drudgeries of Life, is the only Opiate capable of infusing that Insensibility which can enable them to endure the Miseries of the one, and the Fatigues of the other. It is a Cordial administered by the gracious Hand of Providence; of which they ought never to be deprived by an ill-judged and improper Education. It is the Basis of all Subordination, the Support of Society, and the Priviledge of Individuals: and I have ever thought it a most remarkable Instance of the divine Wisdom, that whereas in all Animals, whose Individuals rise little above the Rest of their Species, Knowledge is instinctive; in Man, whose Individuals are so widely different, it is acquired by Education; by which Means the Prince and the Labourer, the Philosopher and the Peasant, are in some Measure fitted for their respective Situations.'

Much of these Positions is perhaps true, and the whole Paragraph might well pass without Censure, were not Objections necessary to the Establishment of Knowledge. *Poverty* is very gently paraphrased by *want of Riches*. In that Sense almost every Man may in his own Opinion be poor. But there is another Poverty which is *want of Competence*, of all that can soften the Miseries of Life, of all that can diversify Attention, or delight Imagination. There is yet another Poverty which is *want of Necessaries*, a Species of Poverty which no Care of the Publick, no Charity of Particulars, can preserve many from feeling openly, and many secretly.

That Hope and Fear are inseparably or very frequently connected with Poverty, and Riches, my Surveys of Life have not informed me. The milder Degrees of Poverty are sometimes supported by Hope, but the more severe often sink down in motionless Despondence. Life must be seen before it can be known. This Author and *Pope* perhaps never

never saw the Miseries which they imagine thus easy to be borne. The Poor indeed are insensible of many little Vexations which sometimes imbitter the Possessions and pollute the Enjoyments of the Rich. They are not pained by casual Incivility, or mortified by the Mutilation of a Compliment; but this Happiness is like that of a Malefactor, who ceases to feel the Cords that bind him when the Pincers are tearing his Flesh.

That Want of Taste for one Enjoyment is supplied by the Pleasures of some other, may be fairly allowed. But the Compensations of Sickness I have never found near to Equivalence, and the Transports of Recovery only prove the Intenseness of the Pain.

With Folly no Man is willing to confess himself very intimately acquainted, and therefore its Pains and Pleasures are kept secret. But what the Author says of its Happiness seems applicable only to Fatuity, or gross Dulness; for that Inferiority of Understanding which makes one Man without any other Reason the Slave, or Tool, or Property of another, which makes him sometimes useless, and sometimes ridiculous, is often felt with very quick Sensibility. On the Happiness of Madmen, as the Case is not very frequent, it is not necessary to raise a Disquisition, but I cannot forbear to observe, that I never yet knew Disorders of Mind encrease Felicity: every Madman is either arrogant and irascible, or gloomy and suspicious, or possessed by some Passion or Notion destructive to his Quiet. He has always Discontent in his Look, and Malignity in his Bosom. And, if he had the Power of Choice, he would soon repent who should resign his Reason to secure his Peace.

Concerning the Portion of Ignorance necessary to make the Condition of the lower Classes of Mankind safe to the Public and tolerable to themselves, both

both Morals and Policy exact a nicer Enquiry than will be very soon or very easily made. There is undoubtedly a Degree of Knowledge which will direct a Man to refer all to Providence, and to acquiesce in the Condition with which omniscient Goodness has determined to allot him; to consider this World as a Phantom that must soon glide from before his Eyes, and the Distresses and Vexations that encompass him, as Dust scattered in his Path, as a Blast that chills him for a Moment, and passes off for ever.

Such Wisdom, arising from the Comparison of a Part with the Whole of our Existence, those that want it most cannot possibly obtain from Philosophy; nor unless the Method of Education, and the general Tenour of Life are changed, will very easily receive it from Religion. The Bulk of Mankind is not likely to be very wise or very good: And I know not whether there are not many States of Life, in which all Knowledge, less than the highest Wisdom, will produce Discontent and Danger. I believe it may be sometimes found, that a *little Learning* is to a poor Man a *dangerous Thing*. But such is the Condition of Humanity, that we easily see, or quickly feel the Wrong, but cannot always distinguish the Right. Whatever Knowledge is superfluous, in irremediable Poverty, is hurtful, but the Difficulty is to determine when Poverty is irremediable, and at what point Superfluity begins. Gross Ignorance every Man has found equally dangerous with perverted Knowledge. Men left wholly to their Appetites and their Instincts, with little Sense of moral or religious Obligation, and with very faint Distinctions of Right and Wrong, can never be safely employed or confidently trusted: They can be honest only by Obstinacy, and diligent only by Compulsion or Caprice. Some Instruction, therefore, is necessary, and much perhaps may be dangerous.

Though

Though it ſhould be granted that thoſe who are *born to Poverty and Drudgery* ſhould not be *deprived* by an *improper Education* of the *Opiate* of *Ignorance*; even this Conceſſion will not be of much Uſe to direct our Practice, unleſs it be determined who are thoſe that are *born to Poverty*. To entail irreverſible Poverty upon Generation after Generation, only becauſe the Anceſtor happened to be poor, is in itſelf cruel, if not unjuſt, and is wholly contrary to the Maxims of a commercial Nation, which always ſuppoſe and promote a Rotation of Property, and offer every Individual a Chance of mending his Condition by his Diligence. Thoſe who communicate Literature to the Son of a poor Man, conſider him as one not born to Poverty, but to the Neceſſity of deriving a better Fortune from himſelf. In this Attempt, as in others, many fail, and many ſucceed. Thoſe that fail will feel their Miſery more acutely; but ſince Poverty is now confeſſed to be ſuch a Calamity as cannot be borne without the Opiate of Inſenſibility, I hope the Happineſs of thoſe, whom Education enables to eſcape from it, may turn the Balance againſt that Exacerbation which the others ſuffer.

I am always afraid of determining on the Side of Envy or Cruelty. The Privileges of Education may ſometimes be improperly beſtowed, but I ſhall always fear to with-hold them, leſt I ſhould be yielding to the Suggeſtions of Pride, while I perſuade myſelf that I am following the Maxims of Policy; and under the Appearance of ſalutary Reſtraints, ſhould be indulging the Luſt of Dominion, and that Malevolence which delights in ſeeing others depreſſed.

Pope's Doctrine is at laſt exhibited in a Compariſon, which, like other Proofs of the ſame Kind, is better adapted to delight the Fancy than convince the Reaſon.

'Thus

'Thus the Univerſe reſembles a large and well-regulated Family, in which all the Officers and Servants, and even the domeſtic Animals, are ſubſervient to each other in a proper Subordination: Each enjoys the Privileges and Perquiſites peculiar to his Place, and at the ſame Time contributes by that juſt Subordination to the Magnificence and Happineſs of the Whole.'

The magnificence of a Houſe is of Uſe or Pleaſure always to the maſter, and ſometimes to the Domeſtics. But the Magnificence of the Univerſe adds nothing to the Supreme Being; for any Part of its Inhabitants with which human Knowledge is acquainted, an Univerſe much leſs ſpacious or ſplendid would have been ſufficient; and of Happineſs it does not appear that any is communicated from the Beings of a lower World to thoſe of a higher.

The Enquiry after the Cauſe of *natural Evil* is continued in the third Letter, in which, as in the former, there is Mixture of borrowed Truth, and native Folly, of ſome Notions juſt and trite, with others uncommon and ridiculous.

His Opinion of the Value and Importance of Happineſs is certainly juſt, and I ſhall inſert it, not that it will give any Information to any Reader, but it may ſerve to ſhew how the moſt common Notion may be ſwelled in Sound, and diffuſed in Bulk, till it ſhall perhaps aſtoniſh the Author himſelf.

'Happineſs is the only Thing of real Value in Exiſtence; neither Riches, nor Power, nor Wiſdom, nor Learning, nor Strength, nor Beauty, nor Virtue, nor Religion, nor even Life itſelf, being of any Importance, but as they contribute to its Production. All theſe are in themſelves neither good nor evil: Happineſs alone is their great End, and they are deſireable only as they tend to promote it.'

Succeſs

Succeſs produces Confidence. After this Diſcovery of the Value of Happineſs, he proceeds without any Diſtruſt of himſelf, to tell us what has been hid from all former Enquirers.

'The true Solution of this important Queſtion, 'ſo long and ſo vainly ſearched for by the Philoſophers of all Ages and all Countries, I take to be 'at laſt no more than this, that theſe real Evils proceed from the ſame Source as thoſe imaginary ones 'of Imperfection before treated of, namely, from 'that Subordination, without which no created 'Syſtem can ſubſiſt; all Subordination implying Imperfection, all Imperfection Evil, and all Evil ſome 'kind of Inconveniency or Suffering: So that there 'muſt be particular Inconveniencies and Sufferings 'annexed to every particular Rank of created Beings by the Circumſtances of Things, and their 'Modes of Exiſtence.

'God indeed might have made us quite other 'Creatures, and placed us in a World quite differently conſtituted; but then we had been no 'longer Men, and whatever Beings had occupied 'our Stations in the univerſal Syſtem, they muſt 'have been liable to the ſame Inconveniences.'

In all this there is nothing that can ſilence the Enquiries of Curioſity, or calm the Perturbations of Doubt. Whether Subordination implies Imperfections may be diſputed. The Means reſpecting themſelves, may be as perfect as the End. The Weed as a Weed is no leſs perfect that the Oak as an Oak. That *Imperfection implies Evil, and Evil Suffering*, is by no Means evident. Imperfection may imply privative Evil, or the Abſence of ſome Good, but this Privation produces no Suffering, but by the Help of Knowledge. An Infant at the Breaſt is yet an imperfect Man, but there is no Reaſon for Belief that he is unhappy by his Immaturity, unleſs ſome poſitive Pain be ſuperadded.

When

When this Author presumes to speak of the Universe, I would advise him a little to distrust his own Faculties, however large and comprehensive. Many Words easily understood on common Occasion, become uncertain and figurative when applied to the Works of Omnipotence. Subordination in human Affairs is well understood; but when it is attributed to the universal System, its Meaning grows less certain, like the petty Distinctions of Locality, which are of good Use upon our own Globe, but have no Meaning with Regard to infinite Space, in which nothing is *high* or *low*.

That if Man, by Exaltation to a higher Nature, were exempted from the Evils which he now suffers, some other Being must suffer them; that if Man were not Man, some other Being must be Man, is a Position arising from his established Notion of the Scale of Being. A notion to which *Pope* has given some Importance by adopting it, and of which I have therefore endeavoured to shew the Uncertainty and Inconsistency. This Scale of Being I have demonstrated to be raised by presumptuous Imagination, to rest on nothing at the Bottom, to lean on nothing at the Top, and to have Vacuities from Step to Step through which any order of Being may sink into Nihility without any Inconvenience, so far as we can judge, to the next Rank above or below it. We are therefore little enlightened by a Writer who tells us that any Being in the State of Man must suffer what Man suffers, when the only Question that requires to be resolved is, Why any Being is in this State?

Of Poverty and Labour he gives just and elegant Representations, which yet do not remove the Difficulty of the first and fundamental Question, though supposing the present State of Man necessary, they may supply some Motives to Content.

'Poverty is what all could not possibly have been 'exempted from, not only by reason of the fluctu- 'ating Nature of human Possessions, but because 'the World could not subsist without it; for had all 'been rich, none could have submitted to the Com- 'mands of another, or the necessary Drudgeries of 'Life; thence all Governments must have been dis- 'solved, Arts neglected, and Lands uncultivated, 'and so an universal Penury have overwhelmed all, 'instead of now and then pinching a few. Hence, 'by the by, appears the great Excellence of Cha- 'rity, by which Men are enabled by a particular 'Distribution of the Blessings and Enjoyments of 'Life, on proper Occasions, to prevent that Po- 'verty which by a general one Omnipotence itself 'could never have prevented: So that, by inforcing 'this Duty, God as it were demands our Assistance 'to promote universal Happiness, and to shut out 'Misery at every Door, where it strives to intrude 'itself.

'Labour, indeed, God might easily have ex- 'cused us from, since at his Command, the Earth 'would readily have poured forth all her Treasures 'without our inconsiderable Assistance: But if the 'severest Labour cannot sufficiently subdue the Ma- 'lignity of human Nature, what Plots and Machi- 'nations, what Wars, Rapine and Devastation, 'what Profligacy and Licentiousness must have been 'the Consequences of universal Idleness! so that 'Labour ought only to be looked upon as a Task 'kindly imposed upon us by our indulgent Creator, 'necessary to preserve our Health, our Safety, and 'our Innocence.'

I am afraid that *the latter End of his Commonwealth forgets the Beginning*. If God *could easily have excused us from Labour*, I do not comprehend why *he could not possibly have exempted all from Poverty*. For Poverty, in its easier and more tolerable Degree, is little

little more than Neceſſity of Labour; and in its more ſevere and deplorable State, little more than Inability for Labour. To be poor is to work for others, or to want the Succour of others without Work. And the ſame exuberant Fertility which would make Work unneceſſary, might make Poverty impoſſible.

Surely a Man who ſeems not completely Maſter of his own Opinion, ſhould have ſpoken more cautiouſly of Omnipotence, nor have preſumed to ſay what it could perform, or what it could prevent. I am in doubt whether thoſe who ſtand higheſt in *the Scale of Beings* ſpeak thus confidently of the Diſpenſations of their Maker:

For Fools ruſh in, where Angels fear to tread.

Of our Inquietudes of Mind his Account is ſtill leſs reaſonable. 'Whilſt Men are injured, they muſt 'be inflamed with Anger; and whilſt they ſee Cru'elties, they muſt be melted with Pity; whilſt they 'perceive Danger they muſt be ſenſible of Fear.' This is to give a Reaſon for all Evil, by ſhewing that one Evil produces another. If there is Danger there ought to be Fear; but if Fear is an Evil, why ſhould there be Danger? His Vindication of Pain is of the ſame Kind: Pain is uſeful to alarm us, that we may ſhun greater Evils, but thoſe greater Evils muſt be preſuppoſed, that the Fitneſs of Pain may appear.

Treating on Death, he has expreſſed the known and true Doctrine with Spritelineſs of Fancy, and Neatneſs of Diction. I ſhall therefore inſert it. There are Truths which, as they are always neceſſary, do not grow ſtale by Repetition.

'Death, the laſt and moſt dreadful of all Evils, 'is ſo far from being one, that it is the infallible 'Cure for all others.

To die, is landing on some silent Shore,
Where Billows never beat, nor Tempests roar.
Ere well we feel the friendly Stroke, 'tis o'er.
GARTH.

'For, abstracted from the Sickness and Sufferings 'usually attending it, it is no more than the Expi- 'ration of that Term of Life God was pleased to 'bestow on us, without any Claim or Merit on our 'Part. But was it an Evil ever so great, it could 'not be remedied but by one much greater, which 'is by living for ever; by which Means our Wick- 'edness, unrestrained by the Prospect of a future 'State, would grow so insupportable, our Sufferings 'so intolerable by Perseverance, and our Pleasures 'so tiresome by Repetition, that no Being in the 'Universe could be so compleatly miserable as a 'Species of immortal Men. We have no Reason, 'therefore, to look upon Death as an Evil, or to 'fear it as Punishment, even without any Suppos- 'tion of a future Life: but if we consider it as a 'Passage to a more perfect State, or a Remove only 'in an eternal Succession of still-improving States '(for which we have the strongest Reasons) it will 'then appear a new Favour from the divine Muni- 'ficence; and a Man must be as absurd to repine 'at dying, as a Traveller would be, who proposed 'to himself a delightful Tour through various un- 'known Countries, to lament that he cannot take 'up his Residence at the first dirty Inn which he 'baits at on the Road.

'The Instability of Human Life, or of the Changes 'of its successive Periods, of which we so frequently 'complain, are no more than the necessary Progress 'of it to this necessary Conclusion; and are so far 'from being Evils deserving these Complaints, that 'they are the Source of our greatest Pleasures, as

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'they are the Source of all Novelty, from which 'our greateſt Pleaſures are ever derived. The con- 'tinual Succeſſion of Seaſons in the Human Life, 'by daily preſenting to us new Scenes, render it 'agreeable, and like thoſe of the Year, afford us 'Delights by their Change, which the choiceſt of 'them could not give us by their Continuance. In 'the Spring of Life, the Gilding of the Sun-ſhine, 'the Verdure of the Fields, and the variegated 'Paintings of the Sky, are ſo exquiſite in the Eyes 'of Infants at their firſt looking abroad into a new 'World, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal. 'The Heat and Vigour of the ſucceeding Summer 'of Youth ripens for us new Pleaſures, the bloom- 'ing Maid, the nightly Revel, and the jovial 'Chace: the ſerene Autumn of complete Manhood 'feaſts us with the golden Harveſts of our worldly 'Purſuits: nor is the hoary Winter of old Age 'deſtitute of its peculiar Comforts and Enjoyments, 'of which the Recollection and Relation of thoſe 'paſt are perhaps none of the leaſt; and at laſt 'Death opens to us a new Proſpect, from whence 'we ſhall probably look back upon the Diverſions 'and Occupations of this World with the ſame 'Contempt we do now on our Tops and Hobby- 'Horſes, and with the ſame Surpriſe, that they 'could ever ſo much entertain or engage us.'

I would not willingly detract from the Beauty of this Paragraph; and in Gratitude to him who has ſo well inculcated ſuch important Truths, I will venture to admoniſh him, ſince the chief Comfort of the old is the Recollection of the paſt, ſo to employ his Time and his Thoughts, that when the Imbecillity of Age ſhall come upon him, he may be able to recreate its Languors by the Remembrance of Hours ſpent, not in preſumptuous Deriſions, but modeſt Inquiries, not in dogmatical Limitations of Omnipotence, but in humble Acquieſcence and fer-

vent Adoration. Old Age will ſhew him that much of the Book now before us has no other Uſe than to perplex the Scrupulous, and to ſhake the Weak, to encourage impious Preſumption, or ſtimulate idle Curioſity.

Having thus diſpatched the Conſideration of particular Evils, he comes at laſt to a general Reaſon for which *Evil* may be ſaid to be *our Good*. He is of Opinion that there is ſome inconceivable Benefit in Pain abſtractedly conſidered; that Pain however inflicted, or wherever felt, communicates ſome Good to the general Syſtem of Being, and that every Animal is ſome way or other the better for the Pain of every other Animal. This Opinion he carries ſo far as to ſuppoſe that there paſſes ſome Principle of Union through all animal Life, as Attraction is communicated to all corporeal Nature; and that the Evils ſuffered on this Globe, may by ſome inconceivable Means contribute to the Felicity of the Inhabitants of the remoteſt Planet.

How the Origin of Evil is brought nearer to Human Conception by any *inconceivable* Means, I am not able to diſcover. We believed that the preſent Syſtem of Creation was right, though we could not explain the Adaption of one Part to the other, or for the whole Succeſſion of Cauſes, and Conſequences. Where has this Enquirer added to the little Knowledge that we had before. He has told us of the Benefits of Evil, which no Man feels, and Relations between diſtant Parts of the Univerſe, which he cannot himſelf conceive. There was enough in this Queſtion inconceivable before, and we have little Advantage from a new inconceivable Solution.

I do not mean to reproach this Author for not knowing what is equally hidden from Learning and from Ignorance. The Shame is to impoſe Words for Ideas upon ourſelves or others. To imagine

that we are going forward when we are only turning round. To think that there is any Difference between him that gives no Reason, and him that gives a Reason, which by his own Confession cannot be conceived.

But that he may not be thought to conceive nothing but Things inconceivable, he has at last thought on a Way by which human Sufferings may produce good Effects. He imagines that as we have not only Animals for Food, but choose some for our Diversion, the same Privilege may be allowed to some Beings above us, *who may deceive, torment, or destroy us for the Ends only of their own Pleasure or Utility.* This he again finds impossible to be conceived, *but that Impossibility lessens not the Probability of the Conjecture, which by Analogy is so strongly confirmed.*

I cannot resist the Temptation of contemplating this Analogy, which I think he might have carried further, very much to the Advantage of his Argument. He might have shewn that these *Hunters whose Game is Man* have many Sports analagous to our own. As we drown Whelps and Kittens, they amuse themselves now and then with sinking a Ship, and stand round the Fields of *Blenheim* or the Walls of *Prague*, as we encircle a Cock-pit. As we shoot a Bird flying, they take a Man in the midst of his Business or Pleasure, and knock him down with an Apoplexy. Some of them, perhaps, are Virtuosi, and delight in the Operations of an Asthma, as a human Philosopher in the Effects of the Air Pump. To swell a Man with a Tympany is as good Sport as to blow a Frog. Many a merry Bout have these frolic Beings at the Vicissitudes of an Ague, and good Sport it is to see a Man tumble with an Epilepsy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. As they are wiser and more powerful than we, they have more exquisite Diversions, for we have no way of procuring any Sport so brisk and so lasting,

as the Paroxyſms of the Gout and Stone, which undoubtedly muſt make high Mirth, eſpecially if the Play be a little diverſified with the Blunders and Puzzles of the Blind and Deaf. We know not how far their Sphere of Obſervation may extend Perhaps now and then a merry Being may place himſelf in ſuch a Situation as to enjoy at once all the Varieties of an epidemical Diſeaſe, or amuſe his Leiſure with the Toſſings and Contortions of every poſſible Pain exhibited together.

One Sport the merry Malice of theſe Beings has found Means of enjoying to which we have nothing equal or ſimilar. They now and then catch a Mortal proud of his Parts, and flattered either by the Subminiſſion of thoſe who court his Kindneſs, or the Notice of thoſe who ſuffer him to court theirs. A Head thus prepared for the Reception of falſe Opinions, and the Projection of vain Deſigns, they eaſily fill with idle Notions, till in Time they make their Plaything an Author: their firſt Diverſion commonly begins with an Ode or an Epiſtle, then riſes perhaps to a political Irony, and is at laſt brought to its Height, by a Treatiſe of Philoſophy. Then begins the poor Animal to entangle himſelf in Sophiſms, and flounder in Abſurdity, to talk confidently of the Scale of Being, and to give Solutions which himſelf confeſſes impoſſible to be underſtood. Sometimes, however, it happens that their Pleaſure is without much Miſchief. The Author feels no Pain, but while they are wondering at the Extravagance of his Opinion, and pointing him out to one another as a new Example of human Folly, he is enjoying his own Applauſe, and that of his Companions, and perhaps is elevated with the Hope of ſtanding at the Head of a new Sect.

Many of the Books which now crowd the World, may be juſtly ſuſpected to be written for the Sake of ſome inviſible Order of Beings, for ſurely they are

of no Use to any of the corporeal Inhabitants of the World. Of the Productions of the last bounteous Year, how many can be said to serve any Purpose of Use or Pleasure? The only End of writing is to enable the Readers better to enjoy Life, or better to endure it: and how will either of those be put more in our Power by him who tells us, that we are Puppets, of which some Creature not much wiser than ourselves manages the Wires. That a Set of Beings unseen and unheard, are hovering about us, trying Experiments upon our Sensibility, putting us in Agonies to see our Limbs quiver, torturing us to Madness, that they may laugh at our Vagaries, sometimes obstructing the Bile, that they may see how a Man looks when he is yellow; sometimes breaking a Traveller's Bones to try how he will get Home; sometimes wasting a Man to a Skeleton, and sometimes killing him fat for the greater Elegance of his Hide.

This is an Account of natural Evil, which though, like the rest, not quite new, is very entertaining, though I know not how much it may contribute to Patience. The only Reason why we should contemplate Evil is, that we may bear it better; and I am afraid nothing is much more placidly endured, for the Sake of making others Sport.

The first Pages of the fourth Letter are such as incline me both to hope and wish that I shall find nothing to blame in the succeeding Part. He offers a Criterion of Action, an Account of Virtue and Vice, for which I have often contended, and which must be embraced by all who are willing to know why they act, or why they forbear, to give any Reason of their Conduct to themselves or others.

'In order to find out the true Origin of moral 'Evil, it will be necessary, in the first Place, to en-'quire into its Nature and Essence; or what it is 'that constitutes one Action evil, and another good.

'Various have been the Opinions of various Authors on this Criterion of Virtue; and this Variety has rendered that doubtful, which must otherwise have been clear and manifest to the meanest Capacity. Some indeed have denied that there is any such Thing, because different Ages and Nations have entertained different Sentiments concerning it: but this is just as reasonable as to assert, that there are neither Sun, Moon, nor Stars, because Astronomers have supported different Systems of the Motions and Magnitudes of these celestial Bodies. Some have placed it in Conformity to Truth, some to the Fitness of Things, and others to the Will of God. But all this is merely superficial: they resolve us not why Truth, or the Fitness of Things, are either eligible or obligatory, or why God should require us to act in one Manner rather than another. The true Reason of which can possibly be no other than this, because some Actions produce Happiness, and others Misery: so that all moral Good and Evil are nothing more than the Production of natural. This alone it is that makes Truth preferable to Falshood, this that determines the Fitness of Things, and this that induces God to command some Actions, and forbid others. They who extol the Truth, Beauty, and Harmony of Virtue, exclusive of its Consequences, deal but in pompous Nonsense; and they who would persuade us, that Good and Evil are things indifferent, depending wholly on the Will of God, do but confound the Nature of Things, as well as all our Notions of God himself, by representing him capable of willing Contradictions; that is, that we should be, and be happy, and at the same Time that we should torment and destroy each other; for Injuries cannot be made Benefits, Pain cannot be made Pleasure, and consequently Vice cannot be made Virtue by any Power whatever. It is

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'the Consequences, therefore, of all Human Actions
'that must stamp their Value. So far as the gene-
'ral Practice of any Action tends to produce Good,
'and introduce Happiness into the World, so far we
'may pronounce it virtuous; so much Evil as it oc-
'casions, such is the Degree of Vice it contains. I
'say the general Practice, because we must always
'remember, in judging by this Rule, to apply it only
'to the general Species of Actions, and not to parti-
'cular Actions; for the infinite Wisdom of God,
'desirous to set Bounds to the destructive Conse-
'quences which must otherwise have followed from
'the universal Depravity of Mankind, has so wonder-
'fully contrived the Nature of Things, that our most
'vicious Actions may sometimes accidentally and
'collaterally produce Good. Thus, for Instance,
'Robbery may disperse useless Hoards to the Benefit
'of the Public; Adultery may bring Heirs and good
'Humour too into many Families, where they would
'otherwise have been wanting; and Murder free
'the World from Tyrants and Oppressors. Luxury
'maintains its Thousands, and Vanity its ten Thou-
'sands. Superstition and arbitrary Power contribute
'to the Grandeur of many Nations, and the Liber-
'ties of others are preserved by the perpetual Con-
'tentions of Avarice, Knavery, Selfishness, and
'Ambition: and thus the worst of Vices, and the
'worst of Men are often compelled by Providence
'to serve the most beneficial Purposes, contrary to
'their own malevolent Tendencies and Inclinations;
'and thus private Vices become public Benefits by
'the Force only of accidental Circumstances. But
'this impeaches not the Truth of the Criterion of
'Virtue before mentioned, the only solid Foundation
'on which any true System of Ethicks can be built,
'the only plain, simple, and uniform Rule by which
'we can pass any Judgment on our Actions; but
'by this we may be enabled, not only to determine

'which

'which are good, and which are evil, but almoſt 'mathematically to demonſtrate the Proportion of 'Virtue or Vice which belongs to each, by com- 'paring them with the Degrees of Happineſs or 'Miſery which they occaſion. But though the 'Production of Happineſs is the Eſſence of Virtue, 'it is by no Means the End; the great End is the 'Probation of Mankind, or the giving them an 'Opportunity of exalting or degrading themſelves 'in another State by their Behaviour in the preſent. 'And thus indeed it anſwers two moſt important 'Purpoſes; thoſe are, the Conſervation of our 'Happineſs, and the Teſt of our Obedience; or 'had not ſuch a Teſt ſeemed neceſſary to God's in- 'finite Wiſdom, and productive of univerſal Good, 'he would never have permitted the Happineſs of 'Men, even in this Life, to have depended on ſo 'precarious a Tenure, as their mutual good Beha- 'viour to each other. For it is obſervable, that he 'who beſt knows our Formation, has truſted no 'one thing of Importance to our Reaſon or Virtue: 'he truſts only to our Appetites for the Support of 'the Individual, and the Continuance of our Spe- 'cies; to our Vanity or Compaſſion, for our Boun- 'ty to others; and to our Fears, for the Preſerva- 'tion of ourſelves; often to our Vices for the Sup- 'port of Government, and ſometimes to our Follies 'for the Preſervation of our Religion. But ſince 'ſome Teſt of our Obedience was neceſſary, no- 'thing ſure could have been commanded for that 'End ſo fit and proper, and at the ſame Time ſo 'uſeful, as the Practice of Virtue: nothing could have 'been ſo juſtly rewarded with Happineſs, as the 'Production of Happineſs in conformity to the 'Will of God. It is this Conformity alone which 'adds Merit to Virtue, and conſtitutes the eſſential 'Difference between Morality and Religion. Mo- 'rality obliges Men to live honeſtly and ſoberly,

'becauſe

'because such Behaviour is most conducive to the 'Publick Happiness, and consequently to their own; 'Religion, to pursue the same Course, because con-'formable to the Will of their Creator. Morality 'induces them to embrace Virtue from prudential 'Considerations: Religion from those of Gratitude 'and Obedience. Morality therefore, entirely ab-'stracted from Religion, can have nothing meri-'torious in it; it being but Wisdom, Prudence, or 'good Œconomy, which, like Health, Beauty, or 'Riches, are rather Obligations conferred upon us 'by God, than Merits in us towards him; for 'though we may be justly punished for injuring 'ourselves, we can claim no Reward for Self-pre-'servation; as Suicide deserves Punishment and In-'famy, but a Man deserves no Reward or Honours 'for not being guilty of it. This I take to be the 'Meaning of all those Passages in our Scriptures in 'which Works are represented to have no Merit 'without Faith; that is, not without believing in 'historical Facts, in Creeds, and Articles; but 'without being done in pursuance of our Belief in 'God, and in Obedience to his Commands. And 'now, having mentioned Scripture, I cannot omit 'observing, that the Christian is the only reli-'gion or moral Institution in the World, that ever 'set in a right Light these two material Points, 'the Essence and the End of Virtue; that ever 'founded the one in the Production of Happiness, 'that is, in universal Benevolence, or, in their 'Language, Charity to all Men; the other, in the 'Probation of Man, and his Obedience to his Crea-'tor. Sublime and magnificent as was the Philo-'sophy of the Antients, all their moral Systems 'were deficient in these two important Articles. 'They were all built on the sandy Foundations of 'the innate Beauty of Virtue, or enthusiastick 'Patriotism; and their great Point in View was the

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'contemptible Reward of human Glory; Foundations which were by means able to support 'the magnificent Structures which they erected upon them; for the Beauty of Virtue, independent 'of its Effects, is unmeaning Nonsense; Patriotism, 'which injuries Mankind in general for the Sake of 'a particular Country, is but a more extended Self-'ishness, and really criminal: and all human Glory 'but a mean and ridiculous Delusion. The whole 'Affair then of Religion and Morality, the Subject 'of so many thousand Volumes, is, in short, no 'more than this: The Supreme Being, infinitely 'good, as well as powerful, desirous to diffuse Happiness by all possible Means, has created innumerable Ranks and Orders of Beings, all subservient 'to each other by proper Subordination. One of 'these is occupied by Man, a Creature endued with 'such a certain degree of Knowledge, Reason, and 'Free-will, as is suitable to his Situation, and placed 'for a Time on this Globe as in a School of Probation and Education. Here he has an Opportunity 'given him of improving or debasing his Nature, in 'such a Manner as to render himself fit for a Rank 'of higher Perfection and Happiness, or to degrade 'himself to a State of greater Imperfection and 'Misery; necessary indeed towards carrying on the 'Business of the Universe, but very grievous and 'burthensome to those Individuals, who, by their 'own Misconduct, are obliged to submit to it. The 'Test of this his Behaviour, is doing Good, that 'is, co-operating with his Creator, as far as his 'narrow Sphere of Action will permit, in the Production of Happiness. And thus the Happiness 'and Misery of a future State will be the just Reward 'or Punishment of promoting or preventing Happiness in this. So artificially by this Means is the 'Nature of all human Virtue and Vice contrived, 'that their Rewards and Punishments are woven as

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'it were in their very Essence; their immediate 'Effects give us a Foretaste of their future, and their 'Fruits in the present Life are the proper Samples 'of what they must unavoidably produce in another. 'We have Reason given us to distinguish these Con-'sequences, and regulate our Conduct; and, lest 'that should neglect its Post, Conscience also is ap-'pointed as an instinctive Kind of Monitor, per-'petually to remind us both of our Interest and our 'Duty.'

Si sic omnia dixisset! To this Account of the Essence of Vice and Virtue, it is only necessary to add, that the Consequences of human Actions being sometimes uncertain, and sometimes remote, it is not possible in many Cases for most Men, nor in all Cases for any Man to determine what Actions will ultimately produce Happiness, and therefore it was proper that *Revelation* should lay down a Rule to be followed invariably in Opposition to Appearances, and in every Change of Circumstances, by which we may be certain to promote the general Felicity, and be set free from the dangerous Temptation of *doing Evil that Good may come.*

Because it may easily happen, and in Effect will happen very frequently, that our own private Happiness may be promoted by an Act injurious to others, when yet no Man can be obliged by Nature to prefer ultimately the Happiness of others to his own; therefore, to the Instructions of infinite Wisdom it was necessary that infinite Power should add penal Sanctions. That every Man to whom those Instructions shall be imparted may know, that he can never ultimately injure himself by benefiting others, or ultimately by injuring others benefit himself; but that however the Lot of the Good and Bad may be huddled together in the seeming Confusion of our present State, the Time shall undoubtedly come, when the most Virtuous will be most Happy.

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I am sorry that the remaining Part of this Letter is not equal to the First. The Author has indeed engaged in a Disquisition in which we need not wonder if he fails, in the Solution of Questions on which Philosophers have employed their Abilities from the earliest Times,

And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.

He denies that Man was created *perfect*, because the System requires Subordination, and because the Power of losing his Perfection, of *rendering himself wicked and miserable is the highest Imperfection imaginable.* Besides, the regular Gradations of the Scale of Being required somewhere *such a Creature as Man with all his Infirmities about him, and the total Removal of those would be altering his Nature, and when he became perfect he must cease to be Man.*

I have already spent some Considerations on the *Scale of Being*, of which yet I am obliged to renew the Mention whenever a new Argument is made to rest upon it; and I must therefore again remark, that Consequences cannot have greater Certainty than the Postulate from which they are drawn, and that no System can be more hypothetical than this, and perhaps no Hypothesis more absurd.

He again deceives himself with respect to the Perfection with which *Man* is held to be originally vested. *That Man came perfect, that is, indued with all possible Perfection, out of the Hands of his Creator, is a false Notion, derived from the Philosophers.—The universal System required Subordination, and consequently comparative Imperfection.* That *Man was ever indued with all possible Perfection*, that is, with all Perfection of which the Idea is not contradictory or destructive of itself, is undoubtedly *false.* But it can hardly be called *a false Notion*, because no Man ever thought it, nor can it be derived from the *Philosophers*; for without pretending to guess what Philosophers he

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may mean, it is very safe to affirm, that no Philosopher ever said it. Of those who now maintain that *Man* was once perfect, who may very easily be found, let the Author enquire whether *Man* was ever omniscient, whether he ever was omnipotent, whether he ever had even the lower Power of Archangels or Angels. Their Answers will soon inform him, that the supposed Perfection of *Man* was not absolute, but respective, that he was perfect in a Sense consistent enough with Subordination, perfect, not as compared with different Beings, but with himself in his present Degeneracy; not perfect as an Angel, but perfect as Man.

From this Perfection, whatever it was, he thinks it necessary that Man should be debarred, because Pain is necessary to the Good of the Universe; and the Pain of one Order of Beings extending its salutary Influence to innumerable Orders above and below, it was necessary that Man should suffer; but because it is not suitable to Justice that Pain should be inflicted on Innocence, it was necessary that Man should be criminal.

This is given as a satisfactory Account of the Original of moral Evil, which amounts only to this, that God created Beings whose Guilt he foreknew, in order that he might have proper Objects of Pain, because the Pain of Part is, no Man knows how or why, necessary to the Felicity of the Whole.

The Perfection which Man once had, may be so easily conceived, that without any unusual Strain of Imagination we can figure its Revival. All the Duties to God or Man that we neglected we may fancy performed, all the Crimes that are committed we may conceive forborn. Man will then be restored to his moral Perfections, and into what Head can it enter that by this Change the universal System would be shaken, or the Condition of any Order of Beings altered for the worse.

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He comes in the fifth Letter to political, and in the Sixth to religious Evils. Of political Evil, if we suppose the Origin of moral Evil discovered, the Account is by no Means difficult: Polity being only the Conduct of immoral Men in public Affairs. The Evils of each particular Kind of Government are very clearly and elegantly displayed, and from their secondary Causes very rationally deduced, but the first Cause lies still in its antient Obscurity. There is in this Letter nothing new, nor any Thing eminently instructive; one of his practical Deductions, that *from Government Evils cannot be eradicated, and their Excess only can be prevented*, has been always allowed; the Question upon which all Dissension arises is, when that Excess begins, at what Point Men shall cease to bear, and attempt to remedy.

Another of his Precepts, though not new, well deserves to be transcribed, because it cannot be too frequently impressed.

'What has here been said of their Imperfections 'and Abuses, is by no Means intended as a De- 'fence of them: Every wise Man ought to redress 'them to the utmost of his Power; which can be 'effected by one Method only; that is, by a Re- 'formation of Manners: For as all political Evils 'derive their Original from moral, these can never 'be removed, until those are first amended. He, 'therefore, who strictly adheres to Virtue and So- 'briety in his Conduct, and inforces them by his 'Example, does more real Service to a State, than 'he who displaces a Minister, or dethrones a Ty- 'rant; this gives but a temporary Relief, but that 'exterminates the Cause of the Disease. No im- 'moral Man then can possibly be a true Patriot; 'and all those who profess outrageous Zeal for the 'Liberty and Prosperity of their Country, and at 'the same Time infringe her Laws, affront her Re- 'ligion, and debauch her People, are but despicable

'Quacks,

'Quacks, by Fraud or Ignorance increasing the 'Disorders they pretend to remedy.'

Of Religion he has said nothing but what he has learned, or might have learned from the Divines; that it is not universal, because it must be received upon Conviction, and successively received by those whom Conviction reached; that its Evidences and Sanctions are not irresistible, because it was intended to induce, not to compel; and that it is obscure, because we want Faculties to comprehend it. What he means by his Assertion, that it wants Policy, I do not well understand; he does not mean to deny that a good Christian will be a good Governor or a good Subject; and he has before justly observed, that the good Man only is a Patriot.

Religion has been, he says, corrupted by the Wickedness of those to whom it was communicated, and has lost Part of its Efficacy by its Connection with temporal Interest and human Passion.

He justly observes, that from all this, no Conclusion can be drawn against the divine Original of Christianity, since the Objections arise not from the Nature of the Revelation, but of him to whom it is communicated.

All this is known, and all this is true; but why, we have not yet discovered. Our Author, if I understand him right, pursues the Argument thus: The Religion of Man produces Evils, because the Morality of Man is imperfect; his Morality is imperfect, that he may be justly a Subject of Punishment: He is made subject to Punishment, because the Pain of Part is necessary to the Happiness of the Whole; Pain is necessary to Happiness no Mortal can tell why or how.

Thus, after having clambered with great Labour from one Step of Argumentation to another, instead of rising into the Light of Knowledge, we are devolved back into dark Ignorance; and all our Effort

ends in Belief, that for the Evils of Life there is some good Reason, and in Confession, that the Reason cannot be found. This is all that has been produced by the Revival of *Chrysippus*'s Untractableness of Matter, and the *Arabian* Scale of Existence. A System has been raised, which is so ready to fall to Pieces of itself, that no great Praise can be derived from its Destruction. To object is always easy, and it has been well observed by a late Writer, that * *the Hand which cannot build a Hovel, may demolish a Temple.*

* New Practice of Physic.

AN

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE Political State of Great-Britain.

Written in the Year 1756.

THE preſent Syſtem of *Engliſh* Politics may properly be ſaid to have taken riſe in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. At this Time the Proteſtant Religion was eſtabliſhed, which naturally allied us to the reformed State, and made all the Popiſh Powers our Enemies.

We began in the ſame Reign to extend our Trade, by which we made it neceſſary to ourſelves to watch the commercial Progreſs of our Neighbours; and, if not to incommode and obſtruct their Traffick, to hinder them from impairing ours.

We then likewiſe ſettled Colonies in *America*, which was become the great Scene of *European* Ambition; for, ſeeing with what Treaſures the *Spaniards* were annually inriched from *Mexico* and *Peru*, every Nation imagined, that an *American* Conqueſt or Plantation would certainly fill the Mother Country with Gold and Silver. This produced a large Extent of very diſtant Dominions, of which we, at this Time, neither knew nor foreſaw the Advantage or Incumbrance: We ſeem to have ſnatched them

into our Hands, upon no very juſt Principles of Policy, only becauſe every State, according to a Prejudice of long Continuance, concludes itſelf more powerful as its Territories become larger.

The Diſcoveries of new Regions, which were then every Day made, the Profit of remote Traffick, and the Neceſſity of long Voyages, produced, in a few Years, a great Multiplication of Shipping. The Sea was conſidered as the wealthy Element; and, by Degrees, a new Kind of Sovereignty aroſe, called Naval Dominion.

As the chief Trade of the World, ſo the chief maritime Power was at firſt in the Hands of the *Portugueſe* and *Spaniards*, who, by a Compact, to which the Conſent of other Princes was not aſked, had divided the newly-diſcovered Countries between them; but the Crown of *Portugal* having fallen to the King of *Spain*, or being ſeized by him, he was Maſter of the Ships of the two Nations, with which he kept all the Coaſts of *Europe* in Alarm, till the *Armada*, which he had raiſed at a vaſt Expence for the Conqueſt of *England*, was deſtroyed, which put a Stop, and almoſt an End, to the naval Power of the *Spaniards*.

At this Time the *Dutch*, who were oppreſſed by the *Spaniards*, and feared yet greater Evils than they felt, reſolved no longer to endure the Inſolence of their Maſters: They therefore revolted; and after a Struggle, in which they were aſſiſted by the Money and Forces of *Elizabeth*, erected an independent and powerful Commonwealth.

When the Inhabitants of the Low-Countries had formed their Syſtem of Government, and ſome Remiſſion of the War gave them Leiſure to form Schemes of future Proſperity, they eaſily perceived, that as their Territories were narrow, and their Numbers ſmall, they could preſerve themſelves only by that Power which is the Conſequence of Wealth;

and that, by a People whose Country produced only the Necessaries of Life, Wealth was not to be acquired, but from foreign Dominions, and by the Transportation of the Products of one Country into another.

From this Necessity, thus justly estimated, arose a Plan of Commerce, which was for many Years prosecuted with Industry and Success, perhaps never seen in the World before, and by which the poor Tenants of mudwalled Villages and impassable Bogs, erected themselves into high and mighty States, who put the greatest Monarchs at Defiance, whose Alliance was courted by the proudest, and whose Power was dreaded by the fiercest Nation. By the Establishment of this State there arose to *England* a new Ally, and a new Rival.

At this Time, which seems to be the Period destined for the Change of the Face of *Europe*, *France* began first to rise into Power; and, from defending her own Provinces with Difficulty and fluctuating Success, to threaten her Neighbours with Incroachments and Devastations. *Henry* the Fourth having, after a long Struggle, obtained the Crown, found it easy to govern Nobles exhausted and wearied with a long Civil War, and having composed the Disputes between the Protestants and Papists, so as to obtain at least a Truce for both Parties, was at Leisure to accumulate Treasure, and raise Forces which he purposed to have employed in a Design of settling for ever the Balance of *Europe*. Of this great Scheme he lived not to see the Vanity, or to feel the Disappointment; for he was murdered in the Midst of his mighty Preparations.

The *French*, however, were in this Reign taught to know their own Power; and the great Designs of a King, whose Wisdom they had so long experienced, even though they were not brought to actual Experiment, disposed them to consider them-

ſelves as Maſters of the Deſtiny of their Neighbours; and, from that Time, he that ſhall nicely examine their Schemes and Conduct, will, I believe, find that they began to take an Air of Superiority to which they had never pretended before; and that they have been always employed more or leſs openly upon Schemes of Dominion, though with frequent Interruptions from domeſtic Troubles, and with thoſe Intermiſſions which human Counſels muſt always ſuffer, as Men intruſted with great Affairs are diſſipated in Youth, and languid in Age, are embarraſſed by Competitors, or, without any external Reaſon, change their Minds.

France was now no longer in dread of Inſults and Invaſions from *England*. She was not only able to maintain her own Territories, but prepared, on all Occaſions, to invade others; and we had now a Neighbour whoſe Intereſt it was to be an Enemy, and who has diſturbed us, from that Time to this, with open Hoſtility or ſecret Machinations.

Such was the State of *England* and its Neighbours, when *Elizabeth* left the Crown to *James* of *Scotland*. It has not, I think, been frequently obſerved by Hiſtorians at how critical a Time the Union of the two Kingdoms happened. Had *England* and *Scotland* continued ſeparate Kingdoms, when *France* was eſtabliſhed in the full Poſſeſſion of her natural Power, the *Scots*, in Continuance of the League, which it would now have been more than ever their Intereſt to obſerve, would, upon every Inſtigation of the *French* Court, have raiſed an Army with *French* Money, and harraſſed us with an Invaſion, in which they would have thought themſelves ſucceſsful, whatever Numbers they might have left behind them. To a People warlike and indigent, an Incurſion into a rich Country is never hurtful. The Pay of *France* and the Plunder of the Northern Counties, would always have tempted them to hazard their Lives,

and we ſhould have been under a Neceſſity of keeping a Line of Garriſons along our Border.

This Trouble, however, we eſcaped by the Acceſſion of King *James*; but it is uncertain, whether his natural Diſpoſition did not injure us more than this accidental Condition happened to benefit us. He was a Man of great theoretical Knowledge, but of no practical Wiſdom; he was very well able to diſcern the true Intereſt of himſelf, his Kingdom, and his Poſterity, but ſacrificed it, upon all Occaſions, to his preſent Pleaſure or his preſent Eaſe; ſo conſcious of his own Knowledge and Abilities, that he would not ſuffer a Miniſter to govern, and ſo lax of Attention, and timorous of Oppoſition, that he was not able to govern for himſelf. With this Character *James* quietly ſaw the *Dutch* invade our Commerce; the *French* grew every Day ſtronger and ſtronger; and the Proteſtant Intereſt, of which he boaſted himſelf the Head, was oppreſſed on every Side, while he writ, and hunted, and diſpatched Ambaſſadors, who, when their Maſter's Weakneſs was once known, were treated in foreign Courts with very little Ceremony. *James*, however, took Care to be flattered at Home, and was neither angry nor aſhamed at the Appearance that he made in other Countries.

Thus *England* grew weaker, or, what is in political Eſtimation the ſame Thing, ſaw her Neighbours grow ſtronger, without receiving proportionable Additions to her own Power. Not that the Miſchief was ſo great as it is generally conceived or repreſented; for, I believe, it may be made to appear, that the Wealth of the Nation was, in this Reign, very much increaſed, though that of the Crown was leſſened. Our Reputation for War was impaired; but Commerce ſeems to have been carried on with great Induſtry and Vigour, and nothing was wanting, but that we ſhould have defended

ourſelves from the Incroachments of our Neighbours.

The Inclination to plant Colonies in *America* ſtill continued, and this being the only Project in which Men of Adventure and Enterpriſe could exert their Qualities in a pacific Reign, Multitudes, who were diſcontented with their Condition in their native Country, and ſuch Multitudes there will always be, ſought Relief, or at leaſt a Change in the Weſtern Regions, where they ſettled in the Northern Part of the Continent, at a Diſtance from the *Spaniards*, at that Time almoſt the only Nation that had any Power or Will to obſtruct us.

Such was the Condition of this Country when the unhappy *Charles* inherited the Crown. He had ſeen the Errors of his Father, without being able to prevent them, and, when he began his Reign, endeavoured to raiſe the Nation to its former Dignity. The *French* Papiſts had begun a new War upon the Proteſtants: *Charles* ſent a Fleet to invade *Rhée* and relieve *Rochelle*, but his Attempts were defeated, and the Proteſtants were ſubdued. The *Dutch*, grown wealthy and ſtrong, claimed the Right of Fiſhing in the *Britiſh* Seas: This Claim the King, who ſaw the increaſing Power of the States of *Holland*, reſolved to conteſt. But for this End it was neceſſary to build a Fleet, and a Fleet could not be built without Expence: He was adviſed to levy Ship-money, which gave Occaſion to the Civil War, of which the Events and Concluſion are too well known.

While the Inhabitants of this Iſland were embroiled among themſelves, the Power of *France* and *Holland* was every Day increaſing. The *Dutch* had overcome the Difficulties of their infant Commonwealth; and as they ſtill retained their Vigour and Induſtry, from rich grew continually richer, and from powerful more powerful. They extended their Traffick, and had not yet admitted Luxury; ſo that

they

they had the Means and the Will to accumulate Wealth without any Incitement to ſpend it. The *French*, who wanted nothing to make them powerful, but a prudent Regulation of their Revenues, and a proper Uſe of their natural Advantages, by the ſucceſſive Care of ſkilful Miniſters became every Day ſtronger, and more conſcious of their Strength.

About this Time it was, that the *French* firſt began to turn their Thoughts to Traffick and Navigation, and to deſire like other Nations an *American* Territory. All the fruitful and valuable Parts of the Weſtern World were already either occupied or claimed, and nothing remained for *France* but the Leavings of other Navigators, for ſhe was not yet haughty enough to ſeize what the neighbouring Powers had already appropriated.

The *French* therefore contented themſelves with ſending a Colony to *Canada*, a cold uncomfortable uninviting Region, from which nothing but Furrs and Fiſh were to be had, and where the new Inhabitants could only paſs a laborious and neceſſitous Life, in perpetual Regret of the Deliciouſneſs and Plenty of their native Country.

Notwithſtanding the Opinion which our Countrymen have been taught to entertain of the Comprehenſion and Foreſight of *French* Politicians, I am not able to perſuade myſelf, that when this Colony was firſt planted, it was thought of much Value, even by thoſe that encouraged it; there was probably nothing more intended than to provide a Drain into which the Waſte of an exuberant Nation might be thrown, a Place where thoſe who could do no Good might live without the Power of doing Miſchief. Some new Advantage they undoubtedly ſaw, or imagined themſelves to ſee, and what more was neceſſary to the Eſtabliſhment of the Colony was ſupplied by natural Inclination to Experiments, and that Impatience

tience of doing nothing, to which Mankind perhaps owe much of what is imagined to be effected by more splendid Motives.

In this Region of desolate Sterility they settled themselves, upon whatever Principle; and as they have from that Time had the Happiness of a Government by which no Interest has been neglected, nor any Part of their Subjects overlooked, they have, by continual Encouragement and Assistance from *France*, been perpetually enlarging their Bounds and increasing their Numbers.

These were at first, like other Nations who invaded *America*, inclined to consider the Neighbourhood of the Natives, as troublesome and dangerous, and are charged with having destroyed great Numbers: but they are now grown wiser, if not honester, and instead of endeavouring to frighten the *Indians* away, they invite them to Intermarriage and Cohabitation, and allure them by all practicable Methods to become the Subjects of the King of *France*.

If the *Spaniards*, when they first took Possession of the newly-discovered World, instead of destroying the Inhabitants by Thousands, had either had the Urbanity or the Policy to have conciliated them by kind Treatment, and to have united them gradually to their own People, such an Accession might have been made to the Power of the King of *Spain*, as would have made him far the greatest Monarch that ever yet ruled in the Globe; but the Opportunity was lost by Foolishness and Cruelty, and now can never be recovered.

When the Parliament had finally prevailed over our King, and the Army over the Parliament, the Interest of the two Commonwealths of *England* and *Holland* soon appeared to be opposite, and a new Government declared War against the *Dutch*. In this Contest was exerted the utmost Power of the

two

two Nations, and the *Dutch* were finally defeated, yet not with such Evidence of Superiority as left us much Reason to boast our Victory; they were obliged however to solicit Peace, which was granted them on easy Conditions; and *Cromwell*, who was now possessed of the Supreme Power, was left at Leisure to pursue other Designs.

The *European* Powers had not yet ceased to look with Envy on the *Spanish* Acquisitions in *America*, and therefore *Cromwell* thought that, if he gained any Part of these celebrated Regions, he should exalt his own Reputation and inrich the Country. He therefore quarrelled with the *Spaniards* upon some such Subject of Contention as he that is resolved upon Hostility may always find, and sent *Penn* and *Venables* into the Western Seas. They first landed in *Hispaniola*, whence they were driven off with no great Reputation to themselves; and that they might not return without having done something, they afterwards invaded *Jamaica*, where they found less Resistance, and obtained that Island, which was afterwards consigned to us, being probably of little Value to the *Spaniards*, and continues to this Day a Place of great Wealth and dreadful Wickedness, a Den of Tyrants, and a Dungeon of Slaves.

Cromwell, who perhaps had not Leisure to study foreign Politics, was very fatally mistaken with regard to *Spain* and *France*. *Spain* had been the last Power in *Europe*, which had openly pretended to give Law to other Nations, and the Memory of this Terror remained when the real Cause was at an End. We had more lately been frighted by *Spain* than by *France*, and though very few were then alive of the Generation that had their Sleep broken by the *Armada*, yet the Name of the *Spaniards* was still terrible, and a War against them was pleasing to the People.

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Our own Troubles had left us very little Desire to look out upon the Continent, and inveterate Prejudice hindered us from perceiving, that for more than Half a Century the Power of *France* had been increasing, and that of *Spain* had been growing less; nor does it seem to have been remembered, which yet required no great Depth of Policy to discern, that of two Monarchs, neither of which could be long our Friend, it was our Interest to have the weaker near us; or that if a War should happen, *Spain*, however wealthy or strong in herself, was by the Dispersion of her Territories more obnoxious to the Attacks of a naval Power, and consequently had more to fear from us, and had it less in her Power to hurt us.

All these Considerations were overlooked by the Wisdom of that Age, and *Cromwell* assisted the *French* to drive the *Spaniards* out of *Flanders* at a Time, when it was our Interest to have supported the *Spaniards* against *France*, as formerly the *Hollanders* against *Spain*, by which we might at least have retarded the Growth of the *French* Power, though I think it must have finally prevailed.

During this Time our Colonies, which were less disturbed by our Commotions than the Mother Country, naturally increased; it is probable that many who were unhappy at Home took Shelter in those remote Regions, where, for the Sake of inviting greater Numbers, every one was allowed to think and live his own Way. The *French* Settlement in the mean Time went slowly forward, too inconsiderable to raise any Jealousy, and too weak to attempt any Incroachments.

When *Cromwell* died, the Confusions that followed produced the Restoration of Monarchy, and some Time was employed in repairing the Ruins of our Constitution, and restoring the Nation to a State of Peace. In every Change there will be many that

that suffer real or imaginary Grievances, and therefore many will be dissatisfied. This was, perhaps, the Reason why several Colonies had their Beginning in the Reign of *Charles* the Second. The *Quakers* willingly sought Refuge in *Pensylvania*; and it is not unlikely that *Carolina* owed its Inhabitants to the Remains of that restless Disposition, which had given so much Disturbance to our Country, and had now no Opportunity of acting at Home.

The *Dutch* still continuing to increase in Wealth and Power, either kindled the Resentment of their Neighbours by their Insolence, or raised their Envy by their Prosperity. *Charles* made War upon them without much Advantage: but they were obliged at last to confess him the Sovereign of the Narrow Seas. They were reduced almost to Extremities by an Invasion from *France*; but soon recovered from their Consternation, and, by the Fluctuation of War, regained their Cities and Provinces with the same Speed as they had lost them.

During the Time of *Charles* the Second the Power of *France* was every Day increasing; and *Charles*, who never disturbed himself with remote Consequences, saw the Progress of her Arms, and the Extension of her Dominions, with very little Uneasiness. He was indeed sometimes driven by the prevailing Faction into Confederacies against her; but as he had, probably, a secret Partiality in her Favour, he never persevered long in acting against her, nor ever acted with much Vigour: so that, by his feeble Resistance, he rather raised her Confidence than hindered her Designs.

About this Time the *French* first began to perceive the Advantage of Commerce, and the Importance of a naval Force; and such Encouragement was given to Manufactures, and so eagerly was every Project received, by which Trade could be advanced, that, in a few Years, the Sea was filled

filled with their Ships, and all the Parts of the World crowded with their Merchants. There is, perhaps, no Inſtance in human Story of ſuch a Change produced, in ſo ſhort a Time, in the Schemes and Manners of a People, of ſo many new Sources of Wealth opened, and ſuch Numbers of Artificers and Merchants made to ſtart out of the Ground, as was ſeen in the Miniſtry of *Colbert*.

Now it was that the Power of *France* became formidable to *England*. Her Dominions were large before, and her Armies numerous; but her Operations were neceſſarily confined to the Continent. She had neither Ships for the Tranſportation of her Troops, nor Money for their Support in diſtant Expeditions. *Colbert* ſaw both theſe Wants, and ſaw that Commerce only would ſupply them. The Fertility of their Country furniſhes the *French* with Commodities; the Poverty of the common People keeps the Price of Labour low. By the obvious Practice of ſelling much and buying little, it was apparent that they would ſoon draw the Wealth of other Countries into their own; and, by carrying out their Merchandize in their own Veſſels, a numerous Body of Sailors would quickly be raiſed.

This was projected, and this was performed. The King of *France* was ſoon enabled to bribe thoſe whom he could not conquer, and to terrify with his Fleets thoſe whom his Armies could not have approached. The Influence of *France* was ſuddenly diffuſed all over the Globe; her Arms were dreaded, and her Penſions received in remote Regions, and thoſe were almoſt ready to acknowledge her Sovereignty, who, a few Years before, had ſcarcely heard her Name. She thundered on the Coaſts of *Africa*, and received Ambaſſadors from *Siam*.

So much may be done by one wiſe Man, endeavouring with Honeſty the Advantage of the Public. But that we may not raſhly condemn all Miniſters

as wanting Wisdom or Integrity whose Counsels have produced no such apparent Benefits to their Country, it must be considered, that *Colbert* had Means of acting, which our Government does not allow. He could enforce all his Orders by the Power of an absolute Monarch; he could compel Individuals to sacrifice their private Profit to the general Good; he could make one Understanding preside over many Hands and remove Difficulties by quick and violent Expedients. Where no Man thinks himself under any Obligation to submit to another, and, instead of co-operating in one great Scheme, every one hastens through By-paths to private Profit, no great Change can suddenly be made; nor is superior Knowledge of much Effect, where every Man resolves to use his own Eyes and his own Judgment, and every one applauds his own Dexterity and Diligence, in proportion as he becomes rich sooner than his Neighbour.

Colonies are always the Effects and Causes of Navigation. They who visit many Countries find some in which Pleasure, Profit, or Safety invite them to settle; and these Settlements, when they are once made, must keep a perpetual Correspondence with the original Country, to which they are subject, and on which they depend for Protection in Danger, and Supplies in Necessity. So that a Country once discovered and planted, must always find Employment for Shipping, more certainly than any foreign Commerce, which, depending on Casualties, may be sometimes more and sometimes less, and which other Nations may contract or suppress. A Trade to Colonies can never be much impaired, being, in reality, only an Intercourse between distant Provinces of the same Empire, from which Intruders are easily excluded; likewise the Interest and Affection of the correspondent Parties, however distant, is the same.

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On this Reaſon all Nations, whoſe Power has been exerted on the Ocean, have fixed Colonies in remote Parts of the World; and while thoſe Colonies ſubſiſted, Navigation, if it did not increaſe, was always preſerved from total Decay. With this Policy the *French* were well acquainted, and therefore improved and augmented the Settlements in *America*, and other Regions, in Proportion as they advanced their Schemes of naval Greatneſs.

The exact Time in which they made their Acquiſitions in *America*, or other Quarters of the Globe, it is not neceſſary to collect. It is ſufficient to obſerve, that their Trade and their Colonies increaſed together; and, if their naval Armaments were carried on, as they really were, in greater Proportion to their Commerce, than can be practiſed in other Countries, it muſt be attributed to the martial Diſpoſition at that Time prevailing in the Nation, to the frequent Wars which *Lewis* the Fourteenth made upon his Neighbours, and to the extenſive Commerce of the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*, which afforded ſo much Plunder to Privateers, that War was more lucrative than Traffick.

Thus the naval Power of *France* continued to increaſe during the Reign of *Charles* the Second, who, between his Fondneſs of Eaſe and Pleaſure, the Struggles of Faction, which he could not ſuppreſs, and his Inclination to the Friendſhip of abſolute Monarchy, had not much Power or Deſire to repreſs it. And of *James* the Second, it could not be expected that he ſhould act againſt his Neighbours with great Vigour, having the whole Body of his Subjects to oppoſe. He was not ignorant of the real Intereſt of his Country; he deſired its Power and its Happineſs, and thought rightly, that there is no Happineſs without Religion; but he thought very erroneouſly and abſurdly, that there is no Religion without Popery.

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When the Neceſſity of Self-preſervation had impelled the Subjects of *James* to drive him from the Throne, there came a Time in which the Paſſions, as well as Intereſt of the Government, acted againſt the *French*, and in which it may perhaps be reaſonably doubted, whether the Deſire of humbling *France* was not ſtronger than that of exalting *England*: Of this, however, it is not neceſſary to inquire, ſince, though the Intention may be different, the Event will be the ſame. All Mouths were now open to declare what every Eye had obſerved before, that the Arms of *France* were become dangerous to *Europe*; and that, if her Incroachments were ſuffered a little longer, Reſiſtance would be too late.

It was now determined to reaſſert the Empire of the Sea; but it was more eaſily determined than performed: the *French* made a vigorous Defence againſt the united Power of *England* and *Holland*, and were ſometimes Maſters of the Ocean, though the two maritime Powers were united againſt them. At length, however, they were defeated at *La Hogue*; a great Part of their Fleet was deſtroyed, and they were reduced to carry on the War only with their Privateers, from whom there was ſuffered much petty Miſchief, though there was no Danger of Conqueſt or Invaſion. They diſtreſſed our Merchants, and obliged us to the continual Expence of Convoys and Fleets of Obſervation; and, by ſkulking in little Coves and ſhallow Waters, eſcaped our Purſuit.

In this Reign began our Confederacy with the *Dutch*, which mutual Intereſt has now improved into a Friendſhip, conceived by ſome to be inſeparable: And from that Time the States began to be termed, in the Stile of Politicians, our faithful Friends, the Allies which Nature has given us, our proteſtant Confederates, and by many other Names of national Endearment. We have, it is true, the

ſame Intereſt, as oppoſed to *France*, and ſome Reſemblance of Religion, as oppoſed to Popery; but we have ſuch a Rivalry, in reſpect of Commerce, as will always keep us from very cloſe Adherence to each other. No mercantile Man, or mercantile Nation, has any Friendſhip but for Money, and Alliance between them will laſt no longer than their common Safety or common Profit is endangered; no longer than they have an Enemy, who threatens to take from each more than either can ſteal from the other.

We were both ſufficiently intereſted in repreſſing the Ambition, and obſtructing the Commerce of *France*; and therefore we concurred with as much Fidelity and as regular Co-operation as is commonly found. The *Dutch* were in immediate Danger, the Armies of their Enemies hovered over their Country, and therefore they were obliged to diſmiſs for a Time their Love of Money, and their narrow Projects of private Profit, and to do what a Trader does not willingly at any Time believe neceſſary, to ſacrifice a Part for the Preſervation of the Whole.

A Peace was at length made, and the *French* with their uſual Vigour and Induſtry rebuilt their Fleets, reſtored their Commerce, and became in a very few Years able to conteſt again the Dominion of the Sea. Their Ships were well built, and always very numerouſly manned; their Commanders, having no Hopes but from their Bravery or their Fortune, were reſolute, and being very carefully educated for the Sea, were eminently ſkilful.

All this was ſoon perceived, when Queen *Anne*, the then Darling of *England*, declared War againſt *France*. Our Succeſs by Sea, though ſufficient to keep us from Dejection, was not ſuch as dejected our Enemies. It is, indeed, to be confeſſed, that we did not exert our whole naval Strength; *Marlborough* was the Governor of our Counſels, and the great

great View of *Marlborough* was a War by Land, which he knew well how to conduct, both to the Honour of his Country, and his own Profit. The Fleet was therefore ſtarved that the Army might be ſupplied, and naval Advantages were neglected for the ſake of taking a Town in *Flanders*, to be garriſoned by our Allies. The *French*, however, were ſo weakened by one Defeat after another, that, tho' their Fleet was never deſtroyed by any total Overthrow, they at laſt retained it in their Harbours, and applied their whole Force to the Reſiſtance of the confederate Army, that now began to approach their Frontiers, and threatened to lay waſte their Provinces and Cities.

In the latter Years of this War, the Danger of their Neighbourhood in *America* ſeems to have been conſidered, and a Fleet was fitted out and ſupplied with a proper Number of Land Forces to ſeize *Quebec*, the Capital of *Canada*, or *New France*; but this Expedition miſcarried, like that of *Anſon* againſt the *Spaniards*, by the Lateneſs of the Seaſon, and our Ignorance of the Coaſts on which we were to act. We returned with Loſs, and only excited our Enemies to greater Vigilance, and perhaps to ſtronger Fortifications.

When the Peace of *Utrecht* was made, which thoſe who clamoured among us moſt loudly againſt it, found it their Intereſt to keep, the *French* applied themſelves with the utmoſt Induſtry to the Extenſion of their Trade, which we were ſo far from hindering, that for many Years our Miniſtry thought their Friendſhip of ſuch Value, as to be cheaply purchaſed by whatever Conceſſion.

Inſtead therefore of oppoſing, as we had hitherto profeſſed to do, the boundleſs Ambition of the Houſe of *Bourbon*, we became on a ſudden ſolicitous for its Exaltation, and ſtudious of its Intereſt. We aſſiſted the Schemes of *France* and *Spain* with our

Fleets, and endeavoured to make those our Friends by Servility, whom nothing but Power will keep quiet, and who must always be our Enemies while they are endeavouring to grow greater, and we determine to remain free.

That nothing might be omitted which could testify our Willingness to continue on any Terms the good Friends of *France*, we were content to assist not only their Conquests but their Traffick; and though we did not openly repeal the prohibitory Laws, we yet tamely suffered Commerce to be carried on between the two Nations, and Wool was daily imported to enable them to make Cloth, which they carried to our Markets and sold cheaper than we.

During all this Time, they were extending and strengthening their Settlements in *America*, contriving new Modes of Traffick, and framing new Alliances with the *Indian* Nations. They began now to find these Northern Regions, barren and desolate as they are, sufficiently valuable to desire at least a nominal Possession, that might furnish a Pretence for the Exclusion of others; they therefore extended their Claim to Tracts of Land, which they could never hope to occupy, took Care to give their Dominions an unlimited Magnitude, have given in their Maps the Name of *Louisiana* to a Country, of which Part is claimed by the *Spaniards*, and Part by the *English*, without any Regard to ancient Boundaries, or prior Discovery.

When the Return of *Columbus* from his great Voyage had filled all *Europe* with Wonder and Curiosity, *Henry* the Seventh sent *Sebastian Cabot* to try what could be found for the Benefit of *England*: He declined the Track of *Columbus*, and, steering to the Westward, fell upon the Island, which, from that Time, was called by the *English*, *Newfoundland*. Our Princes seem to have considered themselves as entitled by their Right of prior Seizure to the Northern

thern Parts of *America*, as the *Spaniards* were allowed by univerſal Conſent their Claim to the Southern Region for the ſame Reaſon, and we accordingly made our principal Settlements within the Limits of our own Diſcoveries, and, by Degrees, planted the Eaſtern Coaſt from *Newfoundland* to *Georgia*.

As we had, according to the *European* Principles, which allow nothing to the Natives of theſe Regions, our Choice of Situation in this extenſive Country, we naturally fixed our Habitations along the Coaſt, for the Sake of Traffick and Correſpondence, and all the Conveniencies of navigable Rivers. And when one Port or River was occupied, the next Colony, inſtead of fixing themſelves in the inland Parts behind the former, went on Southward, till they pleaſed themſelves with another maritime Situation. For this Reaſon our Colonies have more Length than Depth; their Extent from Eaſt to Weſt, or from the Sea to the interior Country, bears no Proportion to their Reach along the Coaſt from North to South.

It was, however, underſtood, by a Kind of tacit Compact among the commercial Powers, that Poſſeſſion of the Coaſt included a Right to the Inland; and, therefore, the Charters granted to the ſeveral Colonies limit their Diſtricts only from North to South, leaving their Poſſeſſions from Eaſt to Weſt unlimited and diſcretional, ſuppoſing that, as the Colony increaſes, they may take Lands as they ſhall want them, the Poſſeſſion of the Coaſts excluding other Navigators, and the unhappy *Indians* having no Right of Nature or of Nations.

This Right of the firſt *European* Poſſeſſor was not diſputed till it became the Intereſt of the *French* to queſtion it. *Canada*, or *New-France*, on which they made their firſt Settlement, is ſituated Eaſtward of our Colonies, between which they paſs up the great River of *St. Laurence*, with *Newfoundland* on the

North, and *Nova Scotia* on the South. Their Eſtabliſhment in this Country was neither envied nor hindered; and they lived here, in no great Numbers a long Time, neither moleſting their *European* Neighbours, nor moleſted by them.

But when they grew ſtronger and more numerous, they began to extend their Territories; and, as it is natural for Men to ſeek their own Convenience, the Deſire of more fertile and agreeable Habitations tempted them Southward. There is land enough to the North and Weſt of their Settlements, which they may occupy with as good Right as can be ſhewn by the other *European* Uſurpers, and which neither the *Engliſh* nor *Spaniards* will conteſt; but of this cold Region they have enough already, and their Reſolution was to get a better Country. This was not to be had but by ſettling to the Weſt of our Plantations, on Ground which has been hitherto ſuppoſed to belong to us.

Hither, therefore, they reſolved to remove, and to fix, at their own Diſcretion, the Weſtern Border of our Colonies, which was heretofore conſidered as unlimited. Thus by forming a Line of Forts, in ſome Meaſure parallel to the Coaſt, they incloſe us between their Garriſons and the Sea, and not only hinder our Extenſion Weſtward, but, whenever they have a ſufficient Navy in the Sea, can harraſs us on each Side, as they can invade us at Pleaſure from one or other of their Forts.

This Deſign was not perhaps diſcovered as ſoon as it was formed, and was certainly not oppoſed ſo ſoon as it was diſcovered; we fooliſhly hoped, that their Incroachments would ſtop, that they would be prevailed on by Treaty and Remonſtrance, to give up what they had taken, or to put Limits to themſelves. We ſuffered them to eſtabliſh one Settlement after another, to paſs Boundary after Boundary, and add

Fort

Fort to Fort, till at last they grew strong enough to avow their Designs, and defy us to obstruct them.

By these Provocations long continued, we are at length forced into a War, in which we have had hitherto very ill Fortune. Our Troops under *Braddock* were dishonourably defeated; our Fleets have yet done nothing more than taken a few Merchantships, and have distressed some private Families, but have very little weakened the Power of *France*. The Detention of their Seamen makes it indeed less easy for them to fit out their Navy; but this Deficiency will be easily supplied by the Alacrity of the Nation, which is always eager for War.

It is unpleasing to represent our Affairs to our own Disadvantage; yet it is necessary to shew the Evils which we desire to be removed; and, therefore, some Account may very properly be given of the Measures which have given them their present Superiority.

They are said to be supplied from *France* with better Governors than our Colonies have the Fate to obtain from *England*. A *French* Governor is seldom chosen for any other Reason than his Qualifications for his Trust. To be a Bankrupt at Home, or to be so infamously vicious that he cannot be decently protected in his own Country, seldom recommends any Man to the Government of a *French* Colony. Their Officers are commonly skilful either in War or Commerce, and are taught to have no Expectation of Honour or Preferment, but from the Justice and Vigour of their Administration.

Their great Security is the Friendship of the Natives, and to this Advantage they have certainly an indubitable Right; because it is the Consequence of their Virtue. It is ridiculous to imagine, that the Friendship of Nations, whether civil or barbarous, can be gained and kept but by kind Treatment; and surely they who intrude, uncalled, upon the Country of a distant People, ought to consider the Na-

tives as worthy of common Kindneſs, and content themſelves to rob without inſulting them. The *French*, as has been already obſerved, admit the *Indians*, by Intermarriage, to an Equality with themſelves; and thoſe Nations, with which they have no ſuch near Intercourſe, they gain over to their Intereſt by Honeſty in their Dealings. Our Factors and Traders having no other Purpoſe in view than immediate Profit, uſe all the Arts of an *European* Counting-Houſe, to defraud the ſimple Hunter of his Furs.

Theſe are ſome of the Cauſes of our preſent Weakneſs; our Planters are always quarrelling with their Governor, whom they conſider as leſs to be truſted than the *French*; and our Traders hourly alienate the *Indians* by their Tricks and Oppreſſions, and we continue every Day to ſhew by new Proofs, that no People can be great who have ceaſed to be virtuous.

A Re-

A REVIEW of FOUR LETTERS

FROM

Sir ISAAC NEWTON to Dr. BENTLEY,

CONTAINING

Some Arguments in Proof of a DEITY.

IT will certainly be required, that Notice ſhould be taken of a Book, however ſmall, written on ſuch a Subject, by ſuch an Author. Yet I know not whether theſe Letters will be very ſatisfactory; for they are Anſwers to Inquiries not publiſhed; and therefore, though they contain many Poſitions of great Importance, are, in ſome Parts, imperfect and obſcure, by their Reference to Dr. *Bentley*'s Letters.

Sir *Iſaac* declares, that what he has done is *due to nothing but Induſtry and patient Thought*; and indeed long Conſideration is ſo neceſſary in ſuch abſtruſe Inquiries, that it is always dangerous to publiſh the Productions of great Men, which are not known to have been deſigned for the Preſs, and of which it is uncertain, whether much Patience and Thought have been beſtowed upon them. The principal Queſtion of theſe Letters gives Occaſion to obſerve how even the Mind of *Newton* gains Ground gradually upon Darkneſs.

'As

'As to your first Query,' says he, 'it seems to 'me, that if the Matter of our Sun and Planets, 'and all the Matter of the Universe, were evenly 'scattered throughout all the Heavens, and every 'Particle had an innate Gravity towards all the Rest, 'and the whole Space throughout which this Matter 'was scattered, was but finite; the Matter on the 'Outside of this Space would by its Gravity tend 'towards all the Matter on the Inside, and by Con-'sequence fall down into the Middle of the whole 'Space, and there compose one great spherical Mass. 'But if the Matter was evenly disposed throughout 'an infinite Space, it could never convene into one 'Mass; but some of it would convene into one 'Mass, and some into another, so as to make an 'infinite Number of great Masses, scattered at great 'Distances from one to another throughout all that 'infinite Space. And thus might the Sun and fixed 'Stars be formed, supposing the Matter were of a 'lucid Nature. But how the Matter should divide 'itself into two Sorts, and that Part of it which is 'fit to compose a shining Body, should fall down 'into one Mass and make a Sun, and the Rest, 'which is fit to compose an opaque Body, should 'coalesce, not into one great Body, like the shining 'Matter, but into many little ones; or if the Sun 'at first were an opaque Body like the Planets, or 'the Planets lucid Bodies like the Sun, how he 'alone should be changed into a shining Body, 'whilst all they continue opaque, or all they be 'changed into opaques ones, whilst he remains un-'changed, I do not think more explicable by mere 'natural Causes, but am forced to ascribe it to the 'Counsel and Contrivance of a voluntary Agent.'

The Hypothesis of Matter evenly disposed through infinite Space, seems to labour with such Difficulties, as makes it almost a contradictory Supposition, or a Supposition destructive of itself.

Matter

Matter evenly disposed through infinite Space, is either created or eternal; if it was created, it infers a Creator: If it was eternal, it had been from Eternity *evenly spread through infinite Space*; or it had been once coalesced in Masses, and afterwards been diffused. Whatever State was first, must have been from Eternity, and what had been from Eternity could not be changed, but by a Cause beginning to act as it had never acted before, that is, by the voluntary Act of some external Power. If Matter infinitely and evenly diffused was a Moment without Coalition, it could never coalesce at all by its own Power. If Matter originally tended to coalesce, it could never be evenly diffused through infinite Space. Matter being supposed eternal, there never was a Time when it could be diffused before its Conglobation, or conglobated before its Diffusion.

This Sir *Isaac* seems by Degrees to have understood; for he says, in his second Letter, 'The 'Reason why Matter evenly scattered through a 'finite Space would convene in the Midst, you con'ceive the same with me; but that there should be 'a central Particle, so accurately placed in the Mid'dle, as to be always equally attracted on all Sides, 'and thereby continue without Motion, seems to 'me a Supposition fully as hard as to make the 'sharpest Needle stand upright upon its Point on a 'Looking-glass. For if the very mathematical Center 'of the central Particle be not accurately in the very 'mathematical Center of the attractive Power of 'the whole Mass, the Particle will not be attracted 'equally on all Sides. And much harder is it to 'suppose all the Particles in an infinite Space should 'be so accurately poised one among another, as to 'stand still in a perfect Equilibrium. For I reckon 'this as hard as to make not one Needle only, but 'an infinite Number of them (so many as there are 'Particles in an infinite Space) stand accurately

'poised

'poiſed upon their Points. Yet I grant it poſſible, 'at leaſt by a divine Power; and if they were once 'to be placed, I agree with you that they would 'continue in that Poſture without Motion for ever, 'unleſs put into new Motion by the ſame Power. 'When therefore I ſaid, that Matter evenly ſpread 'through all Space, would convene by its Gravity 'into one or more great Maſſes, I underſtand it of 'Matter not reſting in an accurate Poiſe.'

Let not it be thought Irreverence to this great Name, if I obſerve, that by *Matter evenly ſpread* through infinite Space, he now finds it neceſſary to mean *Matter not evenly ſpread*. Matter *not evenly ſpread* will indeed convene, but it will convene as ſoon as it exiſts. And, in my Opinion, this puzzling Queſtion about Matter is only how *that could be that never could have been*, or what a Man thinks on when he thinks of nothing.

Turn Matter on all Sides, make it eternal, or of late Production, finite or infinite, there can be no regular Syſtem produced but by a voluntary and meaning Agent. This the great *Newton* always aſſerted, and this he aſſerts in the third Letter; but proves in another Manner, in a Manner perhaps more happy and concluſive.

'The Hypotheſis of deriving the Frame of the 'World by mechanical Principles from Matter evenly 'ſpread through the Heavens being inconſiſtent with 'my Syſtem, I had conſidered it very little before 'your Letter put me upon it, and therefore trouble 'you with a Line or two more about it, if this 'comes not too late for your Uſe.

'In my former I repreſented that the diurnal 'Rotations of the Planets could not be derived from 'Gravity, but required a divine Arm to impreſs 'them. And though Gravity might give the Pla-'nets a Motion of Deſcent towards the Sun, either 'directly, or with ſome little Obliquity, yet the

'tranſverſe

'transverse Motions by which they revolve in their 'several Orbs, required the divine Arm to impress 'them according to the Tangents of their Orbs. 'I would now add, that the Hypothesis of Matter's 'being at first evenly spread through the Heavens, 'is, in my Opinion, inconsistent with the Hypo-'thesis of innate Gravity, without a supernatural 'Power to reconcile them, and therefore it infers a 'Deity. For if there be innate Gravity it is im-'possible now for the Matter of the Earth, and all 'the Planets and Stars, to fly up from them, and 'become evenly spread throughout all the Heavens, 'without a supernatural Power; and certainly that 'which can never be hereafter without a supernatural Power, could never be heretofore without the 'same Power.'

THE

THE PREFACE TO THE PRECEPTOR.

CONTAINING

A General Plan of Education.

THE Importance of Education is a Point ſo generally underſtood and confeſſed, that it would be of little Uſe to attempt any new Proof or Illuſtration of its Neceſſity and Advantages.

At a Time when ſo many Schemes of Education have been projected, ſo many Propoſals offered to the Public, ſo many Schools opened for general Knowledge, and ſo many Lectures in particular Sciences attended; at a Time when Mankind ſeems intent rather upon familiariſing than enlarging the ſeveral Arts; and every Age, Sex, and Profeſſion, is invited to an Acquaintance with thoſe Studies, which were formerly ſuppoſed acceſſible only to ſuch as had devoted themſelves to literary Leiſure, and dedicated their Powers to philoſophical Enquiries; it ſeems rather requiſite that an Apology ſhould be made for any further Attempt to ſmooth a Path ſo frequently

frequently beaten, or to recommend Attainments so ardently pursued, and so officiously directed.

That this general Desire may not be frustrated, our Schools seem yet to want some Book, which may excite Curiosity by its Variety, encourage Diligence by its Facility, and reward Application by its Usefulness. In examining the Treatises hitherto offered to the Youth of this Nation, there appeared none that did not fail in one or other of these essential Qualities; none that were not either unpleasing, or abstruse, or crowded with Learning, very rarely applicable to the Purposes of common Life.

Every Man, who has been engaged in Teaching, knows with how much Difficulty youthful Minds are confined to close Application, and how readily they deviate to any Thing, rather than attend to that which is imposed as a Task. That this Disposition, when it becomes inconsistent with the Forms of Education, is to be checked, will be readily granted; but since, though it may be in some Degree obviated, it cannot wholly be suppressed, it is surely rational to turn it to Advantage, by taking Care that the Mind shall never want Objects on which its Faculties may be usefully employed. It is not impossible, that this restless Desire of Novelty, which gives so much Trouble to the Teacher, may be often the Struggle of the Understanding starting from that, to which it is not by Nature adapted, and travelling in Search of something on which it may fix with greater Satisfaction. For without supposing each Man particularly marked out by his Genius for particular Performances, it may be easily conceived, that when a numerous Class of Boys is confined indiscriminately to the same Forms of Composition, the Repetition of the same Words, or the Explication of the same Sentiments, the Employment must, either by Nature or Accident, be less suitable to some than others; that the Ideas to be contemplated, may

be too difficult for the Apprehenſion of one, and too obvious for that of another: They may be ſuch as ſome Underſtandings cannot reach, though others look down upon them as below their Regard. Every Mind in its Progreſs through the different Stages of ſcholaſtic Learning, muſt be often in one of theſe Conditions, muſt either flag with the Labour, or grow wanton with the Facility of the Work aſſigned; and in either State it naturally turns aſide from the Track before it. Wearineſs looks out for Relief, and Leiſure for Employment, and ſurely it is rational to indulge the Wanderings of both. For the Faculties which are too lightly burdened with the Buſineſs of the Day, may with great Propriety add to it ſome other Enquiry; and he that finds himſelf over-wearied by a Taſk, which perhaps, with all his Efforts, he is not able to perform, is undoubtedly to be juſtified in addicting himſelf rather to eaſier Studies, and endeavouring to quit that which is above his Attainment, for that which Nature has not made him incapable of purſuing with Advantage.

That therefore this roving Curioſity may not be unſatisfied, it ſeems neceſſary to ſcatter in its Way ſuch Allurements as may withhold it from an uſeleſs and unbounded Diſſipation; ſuch as may regulate it without Violence, and direct it without Reſtraint; ſuch as may ſuit every Inclination, and fit every Capacity; may employ the ſtronger Genius, by Operations of Reaſon, and engage the leſs active or forcible Mind, by ſupplying it with eaſy Knowledge, and obviating that Deſpondence, which quickly prevails, when nothing appears but a Succeſſion of Difficulties, and one Labour only ceaſes that another may be impoſed.

A Book intended thus to correſpond with all Diſpoſitions, and afford Entertainment for Minds of different Powers, is neceſſarily to contain Treatiſes

on

on different Subjects. As it is designed for Schools, though for the higher Classes, it is confined wholly to such Parts of Knowledge as young Minds may comprehend; and as it is drawn up for Readers yet unexperienced in Life, and unable to distinguish the useful from the ostentatious or unnecessary Parts of Science, it is requisite that a very nice Distinction should be made, that nothing unprofitable should be admitted for the Sake of Pleasure, nor any Arts of Attraction neglected, that might fix the Attention upon more important Studies.

These Considerations produced the Book which is here offered to the Public, as better adapted to the great Design of pleasing by Instruction, than any which has hitherto been admitted into our Seminaries of Literature. There are not indeed wanting in the World Compendiums of Science, but many were written at a Time ween Philosophy was imperfect, as that of *G. Valla*; many contain only naked Schemes, or Synoptical Tables, as that of *Stierius*; and others are too large and voluminous, as that of *Alstedius*; and, what is not to be considered as the least Objection, they are generally in a Language, which, to Boys, is more difficult than the Subject; and it is too hard a Task to be condemned to learn a new Science in an unknown Tongue. As in Life, so in Study, it is dangerous to do more Things than one at a Time; and the Mind is not to be harrassed with unnecessary Obstructions, in a Way, of which the natural and unavoidable Asperity is such as too frequently produces Despair.

If the Language however had been the only Objection to any of the Volumes already extant, the Schools might have been supplied at a small Expence by a Translation; but none could be found that was not so defective, redundant, or erroneous, as to be of more Danger than Use. It was necessary then to

examine, whether upon every ſingle Science there was not ſome Treatiſe written for the Uſe of Scholars, which might be adapted to this Deſign, ſo that a Collection might be made from different Authors, without the Neceſſity of writing new Syſtems. This Search was not wholly without Succeſs; for two Authors were found, whoſe Performances might be admitted with little Alteration. But ſo widely does this Plan differ from all others, ſo much has the State of many Kinds of Learning been changed, or ſo unfortunately have they hitherto been cultivated, that none of the other Subjects were explained in ſuch a Manner as was now required; and therefore neither Care nor Expence has been ſpared to obtain new Lights, and procure to this Book the Merit of an Original.

With what Judgment the Deſign has been formed, and with what Skill it has been executed, the Learned World is now to determine. But before Sentence ſhall paſs, it is proper to explain more fully what has been intended, that Cenſure may not be incurred by the Omiſſion of that which the original Plan did not comprehend; to declare more particularly who they are to whoſe Inſtruction theſe Treatiſes pretend, that a Charge of Arrogance and Preſumption may be obviated; to lay down the Reaſons which directed the Choice of the ſeveral Subjects; and to explain more minutely the Manner in which each particular Part of theſe Volumes is to be uſed.

The Title has already declared, that theſe Volumes are particularly intended for the Uſe of Schools, and therefore it has been the Care of the Authors to explain the ſeveral Sciences, of which they have treated, in the moſt familiar Manner; for the Mind uſed only to common Expreſſions, and inaccurate Ideas, does not ſuddenly conform itſelf to ſcholaſtic Modes of Reaſoning, or conceive the nice Diſtinctions of a ſubtile Philoſophy, and may be

properly initiated in ſpeculative Studies by an Introduction like this, in which the Groſſneſs of vulgar Conception is avoided, without the Obſervation of metaphyſical Exactneſs. It is obſerved, that in the Courſe of the natural World no Change is inſtantaneous, but all its Viciſſitudes are gradual and ſlow; the Motions of Intellect proceed in the like imperceptible Progreſſion, and proper Degrees of Tranſition from one Study to another are therefore neceſſary; but let it not be charged upon the Writers of this Book, that they intended to exhibit more than the Dawn of Knowledge, or pretended to raiſe in the Mind any nobler Product than the Bloſſoms of Science, which more powerful Inſtitutions may ripen into Fruit.

For this Reaſon it muſt not be expected, that in the following Pages ſhould be found a complete Circle of the Sciences; or that any Authors, now deſervedly eſteemed, ſhould be rejected to make way for what is here offered. It was intended by the Means of theſe Precepts, not to deck the Mind with Ornaments, but to protect it from Nakedneſs; not to enrich it with Affluence, but to ſupply it with Neceſſaries. The *Enquiry* therefore was not what Degrees of Knowledge are deſirable, but what are in moſt Stations of Life indiſpenſibly required; and the *Choice* was determined not by the Splendor of any Part of Literature, but by the Extent of its Uſe, and the Inconvenience which its Neglect was likely to produce.

I. The Prevalence of this Conſideration appears in the firſt Part, which is appropriated to the humble Purpoſes of teaching to *Read*, and *Speak*, and *Write Letters*; an Attempt of little Magnificence, but in which no Man needs to bluſh for having employed his Time, if Honour be eſtimated by Uſe. For Precepts of this Kind, however neglected, extend their Importance as far as Men are found who com-

municate their Thoughts one to another; they are equally useful to the highest and the lowest; they may often contribute to make Ignorance less inelegant; and may it not be observed, that they are frequently wanted for the Embellishment even of Learning?

In order to shew the proper Use of this Part, which consists of various Exemplifications of such Differences of Stile as require correspondent Diversities of Pronunciation, it will be proper to inform the Scholar, that there are in general three Forms of Stile, each of which demands its particular Mode of Elocution: The *Familiar*, the *Solemn*, and the *Pathetic*. That in the *Familiar*, he that reads is only to talk with a Paper in his Hand, and to indulge himself in all the lighter Liberties of Voice, as when he reads the common Articles of a News-Paper, or a cursory Letter of Intelligence or Business. That the *Solemn* Stile, such as that of a serious Narrative, exacts an uniform Steadiness of Speech, equal, clear, and calm. That for the *Pathetic*, such as an animated Oration, it is necessary the Voice be regulated by the Sense, varying and rising with the Passions. These Rules, which are the most general, admit a great Number of subordinate Observations, which must be particularly adapted to every Scholar; for it is observable, that though very few read well, yet every Man errs in a different Way. But let one Remark never be omitted: Inculcate strongly to every Scholar the Danger of copying the Voice of another; an Attempt, which though it has been often repeated, is always unsuccessful.

The Importance of writing Letters with Propriety justly claims to be considered with Care, since, next to the Power of pleasing with his Presence, every Man would wish to be able to give Delight at a Distance. This great Art should be diligently taught, the rather, because of those Letters which are most

useful,

uſeful, and by which the general Buſineſs of Life is tranſacted, there are no *Examples* eaſily to be found. It ſeems the general Fault of thoſe who undertake this Part of Education, that they propoſe for the Exerciſe of their Scholars, Occaſions which rarely happen; ſuch as Congratulations and Condolances, and neglect thoſe without which Life cannot proceed. It is poſſible to paſs many Years without the Neceſſity of writing Panegyrics or Epithalamiums; but every Man has frequent Occaſion to ſtate a Contract, or demand a Debt, or make a Narrative of ſome minute Incidents of common Life. On theſe Subjects, therefore, young Perſons ſhould be tanght to think juſtly, and write clearly, neatly, and ſuccinctly, leſt they come from School into the World without any Acquaintance with common Affairs, and ſtand idle Spectators of Mankind, in Expectation that ſome great Event will give them an Opportunity to exert their Rhetoric.

II. The ſecond Place is aſſigned to *Geometry*; on the Uſefulneſs of which it is unneceſſary to expatiate in an Age when mathematical Studies have ſo much engaged the Attention of all Claſſes of Men. This Treatiſe is one of thoſe which have been borrowed, being a Tranſlation from the Work of Mr. *Le Clerc*; and is not intended as more than the firſt Initiation. In delivering the fundamental Principles of *Geometry*, it is neceſſary to proceed by ſlow Steps, that each Propoſition may be fully underſtood before another is attempted. For which Purpoſe it is not ſufficient, that when a Queſtion is aſked in the Words of the Book, the Scholar likewiſe can in the Words of the Book return the proper Anſwer; for this may be only an Act of Memory, not of Underſtanding; it is always proper to vary the Words of the Queſtion, to place the Propoſition in different Points of View, and to require of the Learner an Explanation in his own Terms, informing him

however when they are improper. By this Method the Scholar will become cautious and attentive, and the Master will know with Certainty the Degree of his Proficiency. Yet, though this Rule is generally right, I cannot but recommend a Precept of *Pardie's*, that when the Student cannot be made to comprehend some particular Part, it should be, for that Time, laid aside, till new Light shall arise from subsequent Observation.

When this Compendium is completely understood, the Scholar may proceed to the Perusal of *Tacquet*, afterwards of *Euclid* himself, and then of the modern Improvers of *Geometry*, such as *Barrow*, *Keil*, and Sir *Isaac Newton*.

III. The Necessity of some Acquaintance with *Geography* and *Astronomy* will not be disputed. If the Pupil is born to the Ease of a large Fortune, no Part of Learning is more necessary to him than the Knowledge of the Situation of Nations, on which their Interests generally depend; if he is dedicated to any of the Learned Professions, it is scarcely possible that he will not be obliged to apply himself in some Part of his Life to these Studies, as no other Branch of Literature can be fully comprehended without them; if he is designed for the Arts of Commerce or Agriculture, some general Acquaintance with these Sciences will be found extremely useful to him; in a Word, no Studies afford more extensive, more wonderful, or more pleasing Scenes; and therefore there can be no Ideas impressed upon the Soul, which can more conduce to its future Entertainment.

In the Pursuit of these Sciences, it will be proper to proceed with the same Gradation and Caution as in *Geometry*. And it is always of Use to decorate the Nakedness of Science, by interspersing such Observations and Narratives as may amuse the Mind, and excite Curiosity. Thus, in explaining the State

of

of the Polar Regions, it might be fit to read the Narrative of the *Engliſhmen* that wintered in *Greenland*, which will make young Minds ſufficiently curious after the Cauſe of ſuch a Length of Night, and Intenſeneſs of Cold; and many Stratagems of the ſame Kind might be practiſed to intereſt them in all Parts of their Studies, and call in their Paſſions to animate their Inquiries. When they have read this Treatiſe, it will be proper to recommend to them *Varenius's* Geography, and *Gregory's* Aſtronomy.

IV. The Study of *Chronology* and *Hiſtory* ſeems to be one of the moſt natural Delights of the Human Mind. It is not eaſy to live without inquiring by what Means every Thing was brought into the State in which we behold it, or without finding in the Mind ſome Deſire of being informed concerning the Generations of Mankind, that have been in Poſſeſſion of the World before us, whether they were better or worſe than ourſelves; or what Good or Evil has been derived to us from their Schemes, Practices, and Inſtitutions. Theſe are Inquiries which *Hiſtory* alone can ſatisfy; and *Hiſtory* can only be made intelligible by ſome Knowledge of *Chronology*, the Science by which Events are ranged in their Order, and the Periods of Computation are ſettled; and which therefore aſſiſt the Memory by Method, and enlighten the Judgment, by ſhewing the Dependence of one Tranſaction on another. Accordingly it ſhould be diligently inculcated to the Scholar, that unleſs he fixes in his Mind ſome Idea of the Time in which each Man of Eminence lived, and each Action was performed, with ſome Part of the contemporary Hiſtory of the reſt of the World, he will conſume his Life in uſeleſs Reading, and darken his Mind with a Crowd of unconnected Events; his Memory will be perplexed with diſtant Tranſactions reſembling one another, and his Re-

flections be like a Dream in a Fever, busy and turbulent, but confused and indistinct.

The Technical Part of Chronology, or the Art of computing and adjusting Time, as it is very difficult, so it is not of absolute Necessity, but should however be taught, so far as it can be learned without the Loss of those Hours which are required for Attainments of nearer Concern. The Student may join with this Treatise *Le Clerc's Compendium of History*; and afterwards may, for the Historical Part of *Chronology*, procure *Helvicus's* and *Isaacson's* Tables; and, if he is desirous of attaining the Technical Part, may first peruse *Holder's Account of Time*, *Hearne's Ductor Historicus*, *Strauchius*, the first Part of *Petavius's Rationarium Temporum*; and at length *Scaliger de Emendatione Temporum*. And for Instruction in the Method of his Historical Studies, he may consult *Hearne's Ductor Historicus*, *Wheare's* Lectures, *Rawlinson's Directions for the Study of History*; and for Ecclesiastical History, *Cave* and *Dupin*, *Baronius* and *Fleury*.

V. *Rhetoric* and *Poetry* supply Life with its highest intellectual Pleasures; and in the Hands of Virtue are of great Use for the Impression of just Sentiments, and Recommendation of illustrious Examples. In the Practice of these great Arts, so much more is the Effect of Nature than the Effect of Education, that nothing is attempted here but to teach the Mind some general Heads of Observation, to which the beautiful Passages of the best Writers may commonly be reduced. In the Use of this it is not proper that the Teacher should confine himself to the Examples before him, for by that Method he will never enable his Pupils to make just Application of the Rules; but, having inculcated the true Meaning of each Figure, he should require them to exemplify it by their own Observations, pointing to them the Poem, or, in longer Works, the Book or Canto

Canto in which an Example may be found, and leaving them to discover the particular Passage by the Light of the Rules which they have lately learned.

For a farther Progress in these Studies, they may consult *Quintilian* and *Vossius's* Rhetoric; the Art of Poetry will be best learned from *Bossu* and *Bohours* in *French*, together with *Dryden's* Essays and Prefaces, the critical Papers of *Addison*, *Spence* on *Pope's Odyssey*, and *Trapp's Prælectiones Poeticæ*; but a more accurate and philosophical Account is expected from a Commentary upon *Aristotle's* Art of Poetry, with which the Literature of this Nation will be in a short Time augmented.

VI. With regard to the Practice of *Drawing*, it is not necessary to give any Directions, the Use of the Treatise being only to teach the proper Method of imitating the Figures which are annexed. It will be proper to incite the Scholar to Industry, by shewing in other Books the Use of the Art, and informing them how much it assists the Apprehension, and relieves the Memory; and if they are obliged sometimes to *write* Descriptions of Engines, Utensils, or any complex Pieces of Workmanship, they will more fully apprehend the Necessity of an Expedient which so happily supplies the Defects of Language, and enables the Eye to receive what cannot be conveyed to the Mind any other Way. When they have read this Treatise, and practised upon these Figures, their Theory may be improved by the *Jesuit's Perspective*, and their manual Operations by other Figures which may be easily procured.

VII. *Logic*, or the Art of arranging and connecting Ideas, of forming and examining Arguments, is universally allowed to be an Attainment in the utmost Degree worthy the Ambition of that Being whose highest Honour is to be endued with Reason; but it is doubted whether that Ambition has yet been

been gratified, and whether the Powers of Ratiocination have been much improved by any Syſtems of Art, or methodical Inſtitutions. The *Logic* which for ſo many Ages keep Poſſeſſion of the Schools, has at laſt been condemned as a mere Art of Wrangling, of very little Uſe in the Purſuit of Truth; and later Writers have contented themſelves with giving an Account of the Operations of the Mind, marking the various Stages of her Progreſs, and giving ſome general Rules for the Regulation of her Conduct. The Method of theſe Writers is here followed; but without a ſervile Adherence to any, and with Endeavours to make Improvements upon all. This Work, however laborious, has yet been fruitleſs, if there be Truth in an Obſervation very frequently made, that Logicians out of the School do not reaſon better than Men unaſſiſted by thoſe Lights which their Science is ſuppoſed to beſtow. It is not to be doubted but that Logicians may be ſometimes overborne by their Paſſions, or blinded by their Prejudices; and that a Man may reaſon ill, as he may act ill, not becauſe he does not know what is right, but becauſe he does not regard it; yet it is no more the Fault of his Art that it does not direct him when his Attention is withdrawn from it, than it is the Defect of his Sight that he miſſes his Way when he ſhuts his Eyes. Againſt this Cauſe of Error there is no Proviſion to be made, otherwiſe than by inculcating the Value of Truth, and the Neceſſity of conquering the Paſſions. But *Logic* may likewiſe fail to produce its Effects upon common Occaſions, for Want of being frequently and familiarly applied, till its Precepts may direct the Mind imperceptibly, as the Fingers of a Muſician are regulated by his Knowledge of the Tune. This Readineſs of Recollection is only to be procured by frequent Impreſſion; and therefore it will be proper, when *Logic* has been once learned, the Teacher take

frequent

frequent Occaſion, in the moſt eaſy and familiar Converſation, to obſerve when its Rules are preſerved, and when they are broken; and that afterwards he read no Authors, without exacting of his Pupil an Account of every remarkable Exemplification or Breach of the Laws of Reaſoning.

When this Syſtem has been digeſted, if it be thought neceſſary to proceed farther in the Study of Method, it will be proper to recommend *Crouſaz*, *Watts*, *Le Clerc*, *Wolfius*, and *Locke*'s Eſſay on Human Underſtanding; and if there be imagined any Neceſſity of adding the Peripatetic Logic, which has been perhaps condemned without a candid Trial, it will be convenient to proceed to *Sanderſon*, *Wallis*, *Crackranthorp*, and *Ariſtotle*.

VIII. To excite a Curioſity after the Works of God, is the chief Deſign of the ſmall Specimen of *Natural Hiſtory* inſerted in this Collection; which, however, may be ſufficient to put the Mind in Motion, and in ſome meaſure to direct its Steps; but its Effects may eaſily be improved by a philoſophic Maſter, who will every Day find a thouſand Opportunities of turning the Attention of his Scholars to the Contemplation of the Objects that ſurround them, of laying open the wonderful Art with which every Part of the Univerſe is formed, and the Providence which governs the Vegetable and Animal Creation. He may lay before them the *Religious Philoſopher*, *Ray*, *Derham*'s *Phyſico-Theology*, together with the *Spectacle de la Nature*; and in time recommend to their Peruſal *Rondoletius* and *Aldrovandus*.

IX. But how much ſoever the Reaſon may be ſtrengthened by *Logic*, or the Conceptions of the Mind inlarged by the Study of Nature, it is neceſſary the Man be not ſuffered to dwell upon them ſo long as to neglect the Study of himſelf, the Knowledge of his own Station in the Ranks of Being,

and

and his various Relations to the innumerable Multitudes which ſurround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united for the Reception and Communication of Happineſs. To conſider theſe aright is of the greateſt Importance, ſince from theſe ariſe Duties which he cannot neglect. *Ethics*, or *Morality*, therefore, is one of the Studies which ought to begin with the firſt Glimpſe of Reaſon, and only end with Life itſelf. Other Acquiſitions are merely temporary Benefits, except as they contribute to illuſtrate the Knowledge, and confirm the Practice, of Morality and Piety, which extend their Influence beyond the Grave, and increaſe our Happineſs through endleſs Duration.

This great Science, therefore, muſt be inculcated with Care and Aſſiduity, ſuch as its Importance ought to incite in reaſonable Minds; and for the Proſecution of this Deſign, fit Opportunities are always at hand. As the Importance of *Logic* is to be ſhewn by detecting falſe Arguments; the Excellence of Morality is to be diſplayed by proving the Deformity, the Reproach, and the Miſery of all Deviations from it. Yet it is to be remembered, that the Laws of mere Morality are no coercive Power; and, however they may by Conviction of their Fitneſs pleaſe the Reaſoner in the Shade, when the Paſſions ſtagnate without Impulſe, and the Appetites are ſecluded from their Objects, they will be of little Force againſt the Ardour of Deſire, or the Vehemence of Rage, amidſt the Pleaſures and Tumults of the World. To counteract the Power of Temptations, Hope muſt be excited by the Proſpect of Rewards, and Fear by the Expectation of Puniſhment; and Virtue may owe her Panegyrics to Morality, but muſt derive her Authority from Religion.

When therefore the Obligations of Morality are taught, let the Sanctions of Chriſtianity never be forgotten;

forgotten; by which it will be ſhewn, that they give Strength and Luſtre to each other; Religion will appear to be the Voice of Reaſon, and Morality the Will of GOD. Under this Article muſt be recommended *Tully*'s *Offices*, *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, *Cumberland*'s *Laws of Nature*, and the excellent Mr. *Addiſon*'s *Moral and Religious Eſſays*.

X. Thus far the Work is compoſed for the Uſe of Scholars, merely as they are Men. But it was thought neceſſary to introduce ſomething that might be particularly adapted to that Country for which it is deſigned; and therefore a Diſcourſe has been added upon *Trade* and *Commerce*, of which it becomes every Man of this Nation to underſtand at leaſt the general Principles, as it is impoſſible that any ſhould be high or low enough not to be in ſome Degree affected by their Declenſion or Proſperity. It is therefore neceſſary that it ſhould be univerſally known among us, what Changes of Property are advantageous, or when the Balance of Trade is on our Side; what are the Products or Manufactures of other Countries; and how far one Nation may in any Species of Traffick obtain or preſerve Superiority over another. The Theory of Trade is yet but little underſtood, and therefore the Practice is often without real Advantage to the Public: But it might be carried on with more general Succeſs, if its Principles were better conſidered; and to excite that Attention is our chief Deſign. To the Peruſal of this Book may ſucceed that of *Mun* upon Foreign Trade, Sir *Joſiah Child*, *Locke* upon *Coin*, *Davenant*'s Treatiſes, the *Britiſh Merchant*, *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, and, for an Abſtract or Compendium, *Gee*, and an Improvement that may hereafter be made upon his Plan.

XI. The Principles of *Laws* and *Government* come next to be conſidered; by which Men are taught to whom Obedience is due, for what it is paid, and in what

what Degree it may be justly required. This Knowledge, by peculiar Necessity, constitutes a Part of the Education of an *Englishman*, who professes to obey his Prince according to the Law, and who is himself a secondary Legislator, as he gives his Consent, by his Representative, to all the Laws by which he is bound, and has a Right to petition the great Council of the Nation, whenever he thinks they are deliberating upon an Act detrimental to the Interest of the Community. This is therefore a Subject to which the Thoughts of a young Man ought to be directed; and that he may obtain such Knowledge as may qualify him to act and judge as one of a free People, let him be directed to add to this Introduction *Fortescue*'s *Treatises*, *N. Bacon*'s *Historical Discourse on the Laws and Government of England*, *Temple*'s *Introduction*, *Locke on Government*, *Zouch*'s *Elementa Juris Civilis*, *Plato Redivivus*, *Gurdon*'s *History of Parliaments*, and *Hooker*'s *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

XII. Having thus supplied the young Student with Knowledge, it remains now that he learns its Application; and that thus qualified to act his Part, he be at last taught to chuse it. For this Purpose a Section is added upon *Human Life* and *Manners*; in which he is cautioned against the Danger of indulging his *Passions*, of vitiating his *Habits*, and depraving his *Sentiments*. He is instructed in these Points by three Fables, two of which were of the highest Authority in the ancient *Pagan* World. But at this he is not to rest; for if he expects to be wise and happy, he must diligently study the SCRIPTURES of GOD.

Such is the Book now proposed, as the first Initiation into the Knowledge of Things, which has been thought by many to be too long delayed in the present Forms of Education. Whether the Complaints be not often ill-grounded, may perhaps be disputed; but it is at least reasonable to believe, that greater Proficiency might sometimes be made; that real

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Knowledge might be more early communicated; and that Children might be allowed, without Injury to Health, to ſpend many of thoſe Hours upon uſeful Employments, which are generally loſt in Idleneſs and Play; therefore the Public will ſurely encourage an Experiment, by which, if it fails, nobody is hurt; and if it ſucceeds, all the future Ages of the World may find Advantage; which may eradicate or prevent Vice, by turning to a better Uſe thoſe Moments in which it is learned or indulged; and in ſome Senſe lengthen Life, by teaching Poſterity to enjoy thoſe Years which have hitherto been loſt. The Succeſs, and even the Trial of this Experiment, will depend upon thoſe to whom the Care of our Youth is committed; and a due Senſe of the Importance of their Truſt will eaſily prevail upon them to encourage a Work which purſues the Deſign of improving Education. If any Part of the following Performance ſhall upon Trial be found capable of Amendment; if any thing can be added or altered, ſo as to render the Attainment of Knowledge more eaſy; the Editor will be extremely obliged to any Gentleman, particularly thoſe who are engaged in the Buſineſs of Teaching, for ſuch Hints or Obſervations as may tend towards the Improvement, and will ſpare neither Expence nor Trouble in making the beſt Uſe of their Information.

THE

THE VISION OF THEODORE,

THE Hermit of Teneriffe, found in his Cell.

SON of Perſeverance, whoever thou art, whoſe Curioſity has led thee hither, read, and be wiſe. He that now calls upon thee is *Theodore* the Hermit of *Teneriffe*, who in the fifty-ſeventh Year of his Retreat left this Inſtruction to Mankind, leſt his ſolitary Hours ſhould be ſpent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a Groveller on the Earth, and a Gazer at the Sky; I trafficked and heaped Wealth together, I loved and was favoured, I wore the Robe of Honour, and heard the Muſic of Adulation; I was ambitious, and roſe to Greatneſs; I was unhappy, and retired. I ſought for ſome time what I at length found here, a Place where all real Wants might be eaſily ſupplied, and where I might not be under the Neceſſity of purchaſing the Aſſiſtance of Men by the Toleration of their Follies. Here I ſaw Fruits and Herbs and Water, and here determined to wait the Hand of Death, which I hope, when at laſt it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight Years had I now paſſed in Forgetfulneſs of all mortal Cares, and without any Inclination to wander farther than the Neceſſity of procuring Suſtenance required; but as I ſtood one Day be-

beholding the Rock that overhangs my Cell, I found in myself a Desire to climb it; and when I was on its Top, was in the same Manner determined to scale the next, till by degrees I conceived a Wish to view the Summit of the Mountain, at the Foot of which I had so long resided. This Motion of my Thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all Change not evidently for the better, alarms a Mind taught by Experience to distrust itself, I was often afraid that my Heart was deceiving me, that my Impatience of Confinement rose from some earthly Passion, and that my Ardour to survey the Works of Nature, was only a hidden Longing to mingle once again in the Scenes of Life. I therefore endeavoured to settle my Thoughts into their former State, but found their Distraction every Day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the Want of Happiness within my Reach; and at last began to question whether it was not Laziness rather than Caution, that restrained me from climbing to the Summit of *Teneriffe*.

I rose therefore before the Day, and began my Journey up the Steep of the Mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was and burdened with Provisions, when the Day began to shine upon me; the Declivities grew more precipitous, and the Sand slided from beneath my Feet; at last, fainting with Labour, I arrived at a small Plain, almost inclosed by Rocks, and open only to the East. I sat down to rest awhile, in full Persuasion that when I had recovered my Strength, I should proceed on my Design; but when once I had tasted Ease, I found many Reasons against disturbing it. The Branches spread a Shade over my Head, and the Gales of Spring wafted Odours to my Bosom.

As I sat thus forming alternately Excuses for Delay, and Resolutions to go forward, an irresistible

Heavineſs ſuddenly ſurpriſed me; I laid my Head upon the Bank and reſigned myſelf to Sleep: When methought I heard the Sound as of the Flight of Eagles, and a Being of more than human Dignity ſtood before me. While I was deliberating how to addreſs him, he took me by the Hand with an Air of Kindneſs, and aſked me ſolemnly, but without Severity, 'Theodore, whither art thou going?' I am climbing, anſwered I, to the Top of the Mountain, to enjoy a more extenſive Proſpect of the Works of Nature. 'Attend firſt, ſaid he, to the 'Proſpect which this Place affords, and what thou 'doſt not underſtand I will explain. I am one of 'the benevolent Beings who watch over the Children of the Duſt, to preſerve them from thoſe 'Evils which will not ultimately terminate in Good, 'and which they do not, by their own Faults, bring 'upon themſelves. Look round therefore without 'Fear: Obſerve, contemplate, and be inſtructed.'

Encouraged by this Aſſurance, I looked, and beheld a Mountain higher than *Teneriffe*, to the Summit of which the Human Eye could never reach; when I had tired myſelf with gazing upon its Height, I turned my Eyes towards its Foot, which I could eaſily diſcover, but was amazed to find it without Foundation, and placed inconceivably in Emptineſs and Darkneſs. Thus I ſtood terrified and confuſed; above were Tracts inſcrutable, and below was total Vacuity. But my Protector, with a Voice of Admonition, cried out, 'Theodore, be not affrighted, 'but raiſe thy Eyes again; the *Mountain* of *Exiſtence* 'is before thee, ſurvey it, and be wiſe.'

I then looked with more deliberate Attention, and obſerved the Bottom of the Mountain to be of gentle Riſe, and overſpread with Flowers; the Middle to be more ſteep, embarraſſed with Crags, and interrupted by Precipices, over which hung Branches loaded with Fruits, and among which were ſcattered

Palaces

Palaces and Bowers. The Tracts which my Eye could reach neareſt the Top were generally barren; but there were among the Clefts of the Rocks, a few hardy Evergreens, which though they did not give much Pleaſure to the Sight or Smell, yet ſeemed to chear the Labour and facilitate the Steps of thoſe who were clambering among them.

Then beginning to examine more minutely the different Parts, I obſerved at a great Diſtance, a Multitude of both Sexes iſſuing into View from the Bottom of the Mountain. Their firſt Actions I could not accurately diſcern; but as they every Moment approached nearer, I found that they amuſed themſelves with gathering Flowers under the Superintendence of a modeſt Virgin in a white Robe, who ſeemed not over-ſolicitous to confine them to any ſettled Pace, or certain Track; for ſhe knew that the whole Ground was ſmooth and ſolid, and that they could not eaſily be hurt or bewildered. When, as it often happened, they plucked a Thiſtle for a Flower, *Innocence*, ſo was ſhe called, would ſmile at the Miſtake. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are under ſo gentle a Government, and yet are ſafe. But I had no Opportunity to dwell long on the Conſideration of their Felicity; for I found that *Innocence* continued her Attendance but a little Way, and ſeemed to conſider only the flowery Bottom of the Mountain as her proper Province. Thoſe whom ſhe abandoned ſcarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themſelves in the Hands of *Education*, a Nymph more ſevere in her Aſpect and imperious in her Commands, who confined them to certain Paths, in their Opinion too narrow and too rough. Theſe they were continually ſolicited to leave by *Appetite*, whom *Education* could never fright away, though ſhe ſometimes awed her to ſuch Timidity, that the Effects of her Preſence were ſcarcely perceptible. Some went back to the firſt Part of the

Mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking Flowers, but were no longer guarded by *Innocence*; and such as *Education* could not force back, proceeded up the Mountain by some miry Road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As *Education* led her Troop up the Mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them Caution to beware of *Habits*; and was calling out to one or another at every Step, that a *Habit* was ensnaring them; that they would be under the Dominion of *Habit* before they perceived their Danger; and that those whom a *Habit* should once subdue, had little Hope of regaining their Liberty.

Of this Caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the Reason, when my Protector directed my Regard to a Troop of Pygmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the Mountain, and each to smooth the Way before her Follower. I found that I had missed the Notice of them before, both because they were so minute, as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every Moment nearer in their Colour to the Objects with which they were surrounded. As the Followers of *Education* did not appear to be sensible of the Presence of these dangerous Associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive Size, did not think it possible that human Beings should ever be brought into Subjection by such feeble Enemies, they generally heard her Precepts of Vigilance with Wonder; and, when they thought her Eye withdrawn, treated them with Contempt. Nor could I myself think her Caution so necessary as her frequent Inculcation seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty Beings held secretly a Chain in her Hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her Power. Yet these *Habits* under

under the Eye of *Education* went quietly forward, and seemed very little to increase in Bulk or Strength; for though they were always willing to join with *Appetite*, yet when *Education* kept them apart from her, they would very punctually obey Command, and make the narrow Roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their Stature was never at a Stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same Proportions; nor could I forbear to express my Admiration, when I saw in how much less Time they generally gained than lost Bulk. Though they grew slowly on the Road of *Education*, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the Call of *Appetite*, their Stature soon became gigantic, and their Strength was such, that *Education* pointed out to her Tribe many that were led in Chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their Slavery. She pointed them out, but with little Effect; for all her Pupils appeared confident of their own Superiority to the strongest *Habit*, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the Triumph of *Appetite*.

It was the peculiar Artifice of *Habit* not to suffer her Power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the Address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her Chains upon her Companies, which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the Attention was engaged by other Objects, they were not easily perceived. Each Link grew tighter as it had been longer worn, and when by continual Additions they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When *Education* had proceeded in this Manner to the Part of the Mountain where the Declivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her Charge to two

Powers of superior Aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in Senates or governing Nations, and yet watching the Steps of the other with the most anxious Attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her Reward to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her Submission as pleasing, but with such a Condescension as plainly shewed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her Dignity and Sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

'*Theodore*,' said my Protector, 'be fearless, 'and be wise; approach these Powers, whose Do-'minion extends to all the remaining Part of the '*Mountain* of *Existence*.' I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior Nymph, whose Eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. 'Bright Power,' said I, 'by whatever Name it is 'lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who pre-'sidest here, on what Condition thy Protection 'will be granted?' 'It will be granted,' said she, 'only to Obedience. I am *Reason*, of all subor-'dinate Beings the noblest and the greatest; who, 'if thou wilt receive my Laws, will reward thee 'like the rest of my Votaries, by conducting thee 'to *Religion*.' Charmed by her Voice and Aspect, I professed my Readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her *Mistress*, who looked upon me with Tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When *Education* delivered up those for whose Happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some Gratitude for her Care, or some Regret at the Loss of that Protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover, by the Alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her Presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teach-

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ing those who felt in themselves no Want of Instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would no longer be subject to her Caprices, or disturbed by her Documents, but should be now under the Direction only of *Reason*, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady Adherence to all her Precepts. *Reason* counselled them at their first Entrance upon her Province, to inlist themselves among the Votaries of *Religion*; and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same Fate with her other Admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against *Appetites* and *Passions*, and who having been seized by *Habits* in the Regions of *Desire*, had been dragged away to the Caverns of *Despair*. Her Admonition was vain, the greater Number declared against any other Direction, and doubted not but by her Superintendency they should climb with Safety up the *Mountain* of *Existence*. 'My 'Power,' said *Reason*, 'is to advise, not to compel; 'I have already told you the Danger of your 'Choice. The Path seems now plain and even, 'but there are Asperities and Pitfalls, over which '*Religion* only can conduct you. Look upwards, 'and you perceive a Mist before you, settled upon 'the highest visible Part of the Mountain, a Mist 'by which my Prospect is terminated, and which 'is pierced only by the Eyes of *Religion*. Beyond 'it are the Temples of *Happiness*, in which those 'who climb the Precipice by her Direction, after 'the Toil of their Pilgrimage repose for ever. I 'know not the Way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better Guide. *Pride* has sometimes reproached me with the Narrowness of my 'View, but when she endeavoured to extend it, 'could only shew me, below the Mist, the Bowers 'of *Content*; even they vanished as I fixed my 'Eyes upon them; and those whom she persuaded

'to travel towards them were inchanted by *Habits*, 'and ingulfed by *Despair*, a cruel Tyrant, whose 'Caverns are beyond the Darkness on the right 'Side and on the left, from whose Prisons none 'can escape, and whom I cannot teach you to 'avoid.'

Such was the Declaration of *Reason* to those who demanded her Protection. Some that recollected the Dictates of *Education*, finding them now seconded by another Authority, submitted with Reluctance to the strict Decree, and engaged themselves among the Followers of *Religion*, who were distinguished by the Uniformity of their March, though many of them were Women, and by their continual Endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the Prospects which at every Step courted their Attention.

All those who determined to follow either *Reason* or *Religion*, were continually importuned to forsake the Road, sometimes by *Passions*, and sometimes by *Appetites*, of whom both had Reason to boast the Success of their Artifices; for so many were drawn into By-paths, that any Way was more populous than the right. The Attacks of the *Appetites* were more impetuous, those of the *Passions* longer continued. The *Appetites* turned their Followers directly from the true Way, but the *Passions* marched at first in a Path nearly in the same Direction with that of *Reason* and *Religion*; but deviated by slow Degrees, till at last they intirely changed their Course. *Appetite* drew aside the dull, and *Passion* the sprightly. Of the *Appetites*, *Lust* was the strongest; and of the *Passions*, *Vanity*. The most powerful Assault was to be feared, when a *Passion* and an *Appetite* joined their Enticements; and the Path of *Reason* was best followed, when a Passion called to one Side, and an Appetite to the other.

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These Seducers had the greatest Success upon the Followers of *Reason*, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same Triumphs over the Votaries of *Religion*; for though they were often led aside for a Time, *Religion* commonly recalled them by her Emissary *Conscience*, before *Habit* had Time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey *Reason*, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no Messenger to summon them but *Pride*, who generally betrayed her Confidence, and employed all her Skill to support *Passion*; and if ever she did her Duty, was found unable to prevail, if *Habit* had interposed.

I soon found that the great Danger to the Followers of *Religion* was only from *Habit*; every other Power was easily resisted, nor did they find any Difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the Direction of *Conscience*, unless they had given Time to *Habit* to draw her Chain behind them, and bar up the Way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the Condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every Call of *Conscience*, and tried, but without Effect, to burst the Chains of *Habit*: Saw Religion walking forward at a Distance, saw her with Reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, with-held by *Habit*, and languished in sordid Bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the *Habits* were so far from growing weaker by these repeated Contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every Struggle enlarged their Bulk and increased their Strength; and a *Habit* opposed and victorious was more than twice as strong as before the Contest. The Manner in which those who were weary of their Tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the

Event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their Chains one by one, and to retreat by the same Degrees as they advanced; but before the Deliverance was completed, *Habit* always threw new Chains upon her Fugitive: Nor did any escape her but those who, by an Effort sudden and violent, burst their Shackles at once, and left her at a Distance; and even of these, many, rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their Terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own Vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that Power from whom an Escape must be so dearly bought, and whose Tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some however there always were, who, when they found *Habit* prevailing over them, called upon *Reason* or *Religion* for Assistance; each of them willingly came to the Succour of her Suppliant; but neither with the same Strength, nor the same Success. *Habit*, insolent with her Power, would often presume to parley with *Reason*, and offer to loose some of her Chains if the rest might remain. To this *Reason*, who was never certain of Victory, frequently consented, but always found her Concession destructive, and saw the Captive led away by *Habit* to his former Slavery. *Religion* never submitted to Treaty, but held out her Hand with Certainty of Conquest; and if the Captive to whom she gave it did not quit his Hold, always led him away in Triumph, and placed him in the direct Path to the Temple of *Happiness*, where *Reason* never failed to congratulate his Deliverance, and encourage his Adherence to that Power to whose timely Succour he was indebted for it.

When the Traveller was again placed in the Road of *Happiness*, I saw *Habit* again gliding before him, but reduced to the Stature of a Dwarf, without Strength and without Activity; but when the *Pas-*

sions

sians or *Appetite*, which had before seduced him, made their Approach, *Habit* would on a sudden start into Size, and with unexpected Violence push him towards them. The Wretch, thus impelled on one Side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the Road of *Happiness*, to which, after his second Deviation from it, he rarely returned. But if, by a timely Call upon *Religion*, the Force of *Habit* was eluded, her Attacks grew fainter, and at last her Correspondence with the Enemy was intirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless Faculties in Compliance with the Power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in Stature and in Strength, cleared away the Asperities of the Road to *Happiness*.

From this Road I could not easily withdraw my Attention, because all who travelled it appeared chearful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their Alacrity, and the stronger their Conviction of the Wisdom of their Guide. Some who had never deviated but by short Excursions had *Habit* in the Middle of their Passage vigorously supporting them, and driving off their *Appetites* and *Passions* which attempted to interrupt their Progress. Others, who had entered this Road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her Help at least, and commonly against her Endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren Top, that few were able to proceed without some Support from *Habit*; and that they, whose *Habits* were strong, advanced towards the Mists with little Emotion, and entered them at last with Calmness and Confidence; after which, they were seen only by the Eye of *Religion*; and though *Reason* looked after them with the most earnest Curiosity, she could only obtain a faint Glimpse, when her Mistress, to enlarge her Prospect, raised her from the Ground.

Reason,

Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but *Religion* saw that they were happy.

'Now, *Theodore*,' said my Protector, 'withdraw 'thy View from the Regions of Obscurity, and see 'the Fate of those who, when they were dismissed 'by *Education*, would admit no Direction but that 'of *Reason*. Survey their Wanderings, and be 'wise.'

I looked then upon the Road of *Reason*, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of *Religion*, nor had *Reason* discovered it but by her Instruction. Yet when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and *Pride* had sometimes incited her to declare that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a Guide to *Religion*, whom, after many vain Experiments, she found it her highest Privilege to follow. *Reason* was however at last well instructed in Part of the Way, and appeared to teach it with some Success, when her Precepts were not misrepresented by *Passion*, or her Influence overborne by *Appetite*. But neither of these Enemies was she able to resist. When *Passion* seized upon her Votaries, she seldom attempted Opposition: She seemed indeed to contend with more Vigour against *Appetite*, but was generally over-wearied in the Contest; and if either of her Opponents had confederated with *Habit*, her Authority was wholly at an End. When *Habit* endeavoured to captivate the Votaries of *Religion*, she grew by slow Degrees, and gave Time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy Followers of *Reason*, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her Size, and doubled her Chains, without Intermission, and without Reserve.

Of those who forsook the Directions of *Reason*, some were led aside by the Whispers of *Ambition*, who was perpetually pointing to stately Palaces, situated on Eminences on either Side, recounting the

Delights

Delights of Affluence, and boasting the Security of Power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and *Habit* quickly threw her Chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the Folly of their Choice, but few of them attempted to return. *Ambition* led them forward from Precipice to Precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped were, after a long Series of Hazards, generally delivered over to *Avarice*, and enlisted by her in the Service of *Tyranny*, where they continued to heap up Gold till their Patrons or their Heirs pushed them headlong at last into the Caverns of *Despair*.

Others were inticed by *Intemperance* to ramble in Search of those Fruits that hung over the Rocks, and filled the Air with their Fragrance. I observed, that the *Habits* which hovered about these soon grew to an enormous Size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to *Reason*, or sooner sunk into the Gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the Road, *Reason* looked after them with a Frown of Contempt, but had little Expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the Bowl of Intoxication was of such Qualities as to make them lose all Regard but for the present Moment; neither *Hope* nor *Fear* could enter their Retreats; and *Habit* had so absolute a Power, that even *Conscience*, if *Religion* had employed her in their Favour, would not have been able to force an Entrance.

There were others whose Crime it was rather to neglect *Reason* than to disobey her; and who retreated from the Heat and Tumult of the Way, not to the Bowers of *Intemperance*, but to the Maze of *Indolence*. They had this Peculiarity in their Condition, that they were always in Sight of the Road of *Reason*, always wishing for her Presence, and always resolving to return To-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the Subtlety of *Habit*, who

who hung imperceptible Shackles upon them, and was every Moment leading them farther from the Road, which they always imagined that they had the Power of reaching. They wandering on from one Double of the Labyrinth to another with the Chains of *Habit* hanging secretly upon them, till, as they advanced, the Flowers grew paler, and the Scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary March without Pleasure in their Progress, yet without Power to return; and had this Aggravation above all others, that they were criminal but not delighted. The Drunkard for a Time laughed over his Wine; the ambitious Man triumphed in the Miscarriage of his Rival; but the Captives of *Indolence* had neither Superiority nor Merriment. *Discontent* lowered in their Looks, and *Sadness* hovered round their Shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the Depth of the Recess, varied only with Poppies and Nightshade, where the Dominion of *Indolence* terminates, and the hopeless Wanderer is delivered up to *Melancholy:* The Chains of *Habit* are riveted for ever; and *Melancholy*, having tortured her Prisoner for a Time, consigns him at last to the Cruelty of *Despair*.

While I was musing on this miserable Scene, my Protector called out to me, 'Remember, *Theodore*, 'and be wise, and let not HABIT prevail against 'thee.' I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the Rocks of *Teneriffe*; the Birds of Light were singing in the Trees, and the Glances of the Morning darted upon me.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

KING OF PRUSSIA,

Written in the Year, 1756.

CHARLES FREDERICK the preſent King of *Pruſſia*, whoſe Actions and Deſigns now keep *Europe* in Attention, is the Eldeſt Son of *Frederick William* by *Sophia Dorothea*, Daughter of *George* the Firſt, King of *England*. He was born *January* 24, 1711-12. Of his early Years nothing remarkable has been tranſmitted to us. As he advanced towards Manhood, he became remarkable by his Diſagreement with his Father.

The late King of *Pruſſia*, was of a Diſpoſition violent and arbitrary, of narrow Views, and vehement Paſſions, earneſtly engaged in little Purſuits, or in Schemes terminating in ſome ſpeedy Conſequence, without any Plan of laſting Advantage to himſelf or his Subjects, or any Proſpect of diſtant Events. He was therefore always buſy though no Effects of his Activity ever appeared, and always eager though he had nothing to gain. His Behaviour was to the laſt Degree rough and ſavage. The leaſt Provocation, whether deſigned or accidental, was returned by Blows, which he did not always forbear to the Queen and Princeſſes.

From

From such a King and such a Father it was not any enormous Violation of Duty in the immediate Heir of a Kingdom sometimes to differ in Opinion, and to maintain that Difference with decent Pertinacity. A Prince of a quick Sagacity and comprehensive Knowledge must find many Practices in the Conduct of Affairs which he could not approve, and some which he could scarcely forbear to oppose.

The chief Pride of the old King was to be Master of the tallest Regiment in *Europe*. He therefore brought together from all Parts Men above the common military Standard. To exceed the Height of six Feet was a certain Recommendation to Notice, and to approach that of Seven a Claim to Distinction. Men will readily go where they are sure to be caressed, and he had therefore such a Collection of Giants as perhaps was never seen in the World before.

To review this towering Regiment was his daily Pleasure, and to perpetuate it was so much his Care, that when he met a tall Woman, he immediately commanded one of his Titanian Retinue to marry her, that they might propagate Procerity, and produce Heirs to the Father's Habiliments.

In all this there was apparent Folly, but there was no Crime. The tall Regiment made a fine Shew at an Expence not much greater, when once it was collected, than would have been bestowed upon common Men. But the King's military Pastimes were sometimes more pernicious. He maintained a numerous Army of which he made no other Use than to review and to talk of it, and when he, or perhaps his Emissaries, saw a Boy, whose form and sprightliness promised a future Soldier, he ordered a Kind of a Badge to be put about his Neck by which he was marked out for the Service, like the Sons of Christian Captives in *Turkey*, and his

his Parents were forbidden to deſtine him to any other Mode of Life.

This was ſufficiently oppreſſive, but this was not the utmoſt of his Tyranny. He had learned, though otherwiſe perhaps no very great Politician, that to be rich was to be powerful; but that the Riches of a King, ought to be ſeen in the Opulence of his Subjects, he wanted either Ability or Benevolence to underſtand. He therefore raiſed exorbitant Taxes from every Kind of Commodity and Poſſeſſion, and piled up the Money in his Treaſury, from which it iſſued no more. How the Land which had paid Taxes once was to pay them a ſecond Time, how Impoſts could be levied without Commerce, or Commerce continued without Money, it was not his Cuſtom to enquire. Eager to ſnatch at Money and delighted to count it, he felt new Joy at every Receipt, and thought himſelf enriched by the Impoveriſhment of his Dominions.

By which of theſe Freaks of Royalty the Prince was offended, or whether, as perhaps more frequently happens, the Offences of which he complained were of a domeſtic and perſonal Kind, it is not eaſy to diſcover. But his Reſentment, whatever was its Cauſe, roſe ſo high, that he reſolved not only to leave his Father's Court, but his Territories, and to ſeek a Refuge among the neighbouring or kindred Princes. It is generally believed that his Intention was to come to *England*, and live under the Protection of his Uncle, till his Father's Death or Change of Conduct ſhould give him Liberty to return.

His Deſign, whatever it was, he concerted with an Officer of the Army whoſe Name was *Kat*, a Man in whom he placed great Confidence, and whom having choſen him for the Companion of his Flight, he neceſſarily truſted with the preparatory Meaſures. A Prince cannot leave his Country with the Speed of

a meaner Fugitive. Something was to be provided, and something to be adjusted. And, whether *Kat* found the Agency of others neceſſary, and therefore was conſtrained to admit ſome Partners of the Secret; whether Levity or Vanity incited him to diſburden himſelf of a Truſt that ſwelled in his Boſom, or to ſhew to a Friend or Miſtreſs his own Importance; or whether it be in itſelf difficult for Princes to tranſact any thing in ſecret; ſo it was, that the King was informed of the intended Flight, and the Prince and his Favourite, a little before the Time ſettled for their Departure, were arreſted, and confined in different Places.

The Life of Princes is ſeldom in Danger, the Hazard of their Irregularities falls only on thoſe whom Ambition or Affection combines with them. The King, after an Impriſonment of ſome Time, ſet his ſon at Liberty, but poor *Kat* was ordered to be tried for a capital Crime. The Court examined the Cauſe and acquitted him; the King remanded him to a ſecond Trial, and obliged his Judges to condemn him. In conſequence of the Sentence thus tyrannically extorted, he was publicly beheaded, leaving behind him ſome Papers of Reflections made in the Priſon, which were afterwards printed, and among others an Admonition to the Prince for whoſe Sake he ſuffered, not to foſter in himſelf the Opinion of Deſtiny, for that a Providence is diſcoverable in every Thing round us.

This cruel Proſecution of a Man who had committed no Crime, but by Compliance with Influence not eaſily to be reſiſted, was not the only Act by which the old King irritated his Son. A Lady with whom the Prince was ſuſpected of Intimacy, perhaps more than Virtue allowed, was ſeized, I know not upon what Accuſation, and, by the King's Order, notwithſtanding all the Reaſons of Decency and Tenderneſs that operate in other Countries and other

other Judicatures, was publicly whipped in the Streets of *Berlin*.

At last, that the Prince might feel the Power of a King and a Father in its utmost Rigour, he was in 1733 married against his Will to the Princess *Elizabetha Christina* of *Brunswick Lunenburg Beveren*. He married her indeed at his Father's Command, but without professing for her either Esteem or Affection, and considering the Claim of parental Authority fully satisfied by the external Ceremony, obstinately and perpetually during the Life of his Father, refrained from her Bed. The poor Princess lived about seven Years in the Court of *Berlin*, in a State which the World has not often seen, a Wife without a Husband, married so far as to engage her Person to a Man who did not desire her Affection, and of whom it was doubtful whether he thought himself restrained from the Power of Repudiation by an Act performed under evident Compulsion.

Thus he lived secluded from public Business, in Contention with his Father, in Alienation from his Wife. This State of Uneasiness he found the only Means of softening. He diverted his Mind from the Scenes about him by Studies and liberal Amusements. The Studies of Princes seldom produce great Effects, for Princes draw with meaner Mortals the Lot of Understanding; and since of many Students not more than one can be hoped to advance far towards Perfection, it is scarcely to be expected that we should find that one a Prince; that the Desire of Science should overpower in any Mind the Love of Pleasure when it is always present or always within Call; that laborious Meditation should be preferred in the Days of Youth to Amusements and Festivity; or that Perseverance should press forward in Contempt of Flattery; and that he in whom moderate Acquisitions would be extolled as Prodigies, should exact from himself that Excellence

of which the whole World conſpires to ſpare him the Neceſſity.

In every great Performance, perhaps in every great Character, Part is the Gift of Nature, Part the Contribution of Accident, and Part, very often not the greateſt Part, the Effect of voluntary Election, and regular Deſign. The King of *Pruſſia* was undoubtedly born with more than common Abilities; but that he has cultivated them with more than common Diligence was probably the Effect of his peculiar Condition, of that which he then conſidered as Cruelty and Misfortune.

In this long Interval of Unhappineſs and Obſcurity he acquired Skill in the mathematical Sciences, ſuch as is ſaid to put him on the Level with thoſe who have made them the Buſineſs of their Lives. This is probably to ſay too much, the Acquiſitions of Kings are always magnified. His Skill in Poetry and in the *French* Language have been loudly praiſed by *Voltaire*, a Judge without Exception, if his Honeſty were equal to his Knowledge. Muſick he not only underſtands but practiſes on the German Flute in the higheſt Perfection, ſo that according to the regal Cenſure of *Philip* of *Macedon*, he may be aſhamed to play ſo well.

He may be ſaid to owe to the Difficulties of his Youth an Advantage leſs frequently obtained by Princes than Literature and Mathematics. The Neceſſity of paſſing his Time without Pomp, and of partaking of the Pleaſures and Labours of a lower Station, made him acquainted with the various Forms of Life, and with the genuine Paſſions, Intereſts, Deſires and Diſtreſſes of Mankind. Kings without this Help from temporary Infelicity ſee the World in a Miſt, which magnifies every Thing near them, and bounds their View to a narrow Compaſs, which few are able to extend by the mere Force of Curioſity. I have always thought that what *Cromwell*

well had more than our lawful Kings, he owed to the private Condition in which he firſt entered the World, and in which he long continued; in that State he learned his Art of ſecret Tranſaction, and the Knowledge by which he was able to oppoſe Zeal to Zeal, and make one Ethuſiaſt deſtroy another.

The King of *Pruſſia* gained the ſame Arts, and being born to fairer Opportunities of uſing them, brought to the Throne the Knowledge of a private Man without the Guilt of Uſurpation. Of this general Acquaintance with the World there may be found ſome Traces in his whole Life. His Converſation is like that of other Men upon common Topics, his Letters have an Air of familiar Elegance, and his whole Conduct is that of a Man who has to do with Men, and who is ignorant what Motives will prevail over Friends or Enemies.

In 1740 the old King fell ſick, and ſpoke and acted in his Illneſs with his uſual Turbulence and Roughneſs, reproaching his Phyſicians in the groſſeſt Terms with their Unſkilfulneſs and Impotence, and imputing to their Ignorance or Wickedneſs the Pain which their Preſcriptions failed to relieve. Theſe Inſults they bore with the Submiſſion which is commonly paid to deſpotic Monarchs; till at laſt the celebrated *Hoffman* was conſulted, who failing like the reſt to give Eaſe to his Majeſty was like the reſt treated with injurious Language. *Hoffman*, conſcious of his own Merit, replied, that he could not bear Reproaches which he did not deſerve; that he had tried all the Remedies that Art could ſupply, or Nature could admit; that he was indeed a Profeſſor by his Majeſty's Bounty, but that if his Abilities or Integrity were doubted, he was willing to leave not only the Univerſity but the Kingdom, and that he could not be driven into any Place where the Name of *Hoffman* would want Reſpect. The King, however unaccuſtomed to ſuch Returns, was ſtruck with

Conviction of his own Indecency, told *Hoffman* that he had ſpoken well, and requeſted him to continue his Attendance.

The King finding his Diſtemper gaining upon his Strength, grew at laſt ſenſible that his End was approaching, and ordering the Prince to be called to his Bed, laid ſeveral Injunctions upon him, of which one was to perpetuate the tall Regiment by continual Recruits, and another to receive his eſpouſed Wife. The Prince gave him a reſpectful Anſwer, but wiſely avoided to diminiſh his own Right or Power by an abſolute Promiſe, and the King died uncertain of the Fate of the tall Regiment.

The young King began his Reign with great expectations, which he has yet ſurpaſſed. His Father's Faults produced many Advantages to the firſt Years of his Reign. He had an army of ſeventy thouſand Men well diſciplined, without any Imputation of Severity to himſelf, and was Maſter of a vaſt Treaſure without the Crime or Reproach of raiſing it. It was publicly ſaid in our Houſe of Commons, that he had Eight Millions Sterling of our Money, but, I believe, he that ſaid it had not conſidered how difficultly Eight Millions would be found in all the *Pruſſian* Dominions. Men judge of what they do not ſee by that which they ſee. We are uſed to talk in *England* of Millions with great Familiarity, and imagine that there is the ſame Affluence of Money in other Countries, in Countries whoſe Manufactures are few, and Commerce little.

Every Man's firſt Cares are neceſſarily domeſtic. The King being now no longer under Influence or its Appearance, determined how to act towards the unhappy Lady who had poſſeſſed for ſeven Years the empty Title of the Princeſs of *Pruſſia*. The Papers of thoſe Times exhibited the Converſation of their firſt Interview; as if the King who plans Campaigns in ſilence would not accommodate a Difference with his

his Wife, but with Writers of News admitted as Witneſſes. It is certain that he received her as Queen, but whether he treats her as a Wife is yet in Diſpute.

In a few Days his Reſolution was known with Regard to the tall Regiment; for ſome Recruits being offered him, he rejected them, and this Body of Giants, by continued Diſregard, mouldered away.

He treated his Mother with great Reſpect, ordered that ſhe ſhould bear the Title of Queen-Mother, and that inſtead of addreſſing him as *his Majeſty*, ſhe ſhould only call him Son.

As he was paſſing ſoon after between *Berlin* and *Potſdam*, a thouſand Boys who had been marked out for military Service, ſurrounded his Coach, and cried out, *Merciful King deliver us from our Slavery*. He promiſed them their Liberty, and ordered the next Day that the Badge ſhould be taken off.

He ſtill continued that Correſpondence with learned Men, which he began when he was Prince, and the Eyes of all Scholars, a Race of Mortals formed for Dependance, were upon him, as a man likely to renew the Times of Patronage, and to emulate the Bounties of *Lewis* the Fourteenth.

It ſoon appeared that he was reſolved to govern with very little miniſterial Aſſiſtance; he took Cognizance of every Thing with his own Eyes, declared that in all Contrarieties of Intereſt between him and his Subjects, the public Good ſhould have the Preference, and in one of the firſt Exertions of regal Power baniſhed the prime Miniſter and Favourite of his Father, as one that had *betrayed his Maſter and abuſed his Truſt*.

He then declared his Reſolution to grant a general Toleration of Religion, and among other Liberalities of Conceſſion allowed the Profeſſion of *Free Maſonry*. It is the great Taint of his Character that he has given Reaſon to doubt, whether this

Toleration is the Effect of Charity or Indifference, whether he means to support good Men of every Religion, or considers all Religions as equally good.

There had subsisted for some Time in *Prussia* an Order called the *Order for Favour*, which, according to its Denomination, had been conferred with very little Distinction. The King instituted the *Order for Merit*, with which he honoured those whom he considered as deserving. There were some who thought their Merit not sufficiently recompensed by this new Title, but he was not very ready to grant pecuniary Rewards. Those who were most in his Favour he sometimes presented with Snuff-boxes, on which was inscribed, *Amitie augmente le Prix.*

He was, however, charitable if not liberal, for he ordered the Magistrates of the several Districts to be very attentive to the Relief of the Poor, and if the Funds established for that Use were not sufficient, permitted that the Deficiency should be supplied out of the Revenues of the Town.

One of his first Cares was the Advancement of Learning. Immediately upon his Accession, he wrote to *Rollinand* and *Voltaire* that he desired the Continuance of their Friendship, and sent for Mr. *Maupertuis* the Principal of the *French* Academicians who passed a Winter in *Lapland* to verify, by the Mensuration of a Degree near the Pole, the *Newtonian* Doctrine of the Form of the Earth. He requested of *Maupertuis* to come to *Berlin* to settle an Academy, in Terms of great Ardour and great Condescension.

At the same Time he shewed the World that literary Amusements were not likely, as has more than once happened to royal Students, to withdraw him from the Care of the Kingdom, or make him forget his Interest. He began by reviving a Claim to *Herstal* and *Hermal*, two Districts in the Possession of the Bishop of *Liege*. When he sent his Commissary

to-

to demand the Homage of the Inhabitants, they refuſed him Admiſſion, declaring that they acknowledged no Sovereign but the Biſhop. The King then wrote a Letter to the Biſhop, in which he complained of the Violation of his Right, and the Contempt of his Authority, charged the Prelate with countenancing the late Act of Diſobedience, and required an Anſwer in two Days.

In three Days the Anſwer was ſent, in which the Biſhop founds his Claim to the two Lordſhips, upon a Grant of *Charles* the Fifth, guarantied by *France* and *Spain*; alledges that his Predeceſſors had enjoyed this Grant above a Century, and that he never intended to infringe the Rights of *Pruſſia*; but as the Houſe of *Brandenburg* had always made ſome Pretenſions to that Territory, he was willing to do what other Biſhops had offered, to purchaſe that Claim for an hundred thouſand Crowns.

To every Man that knows the State of the feudal Countries, the Intricacy of their Pedigrees, the Confuſion of their Alliances, and the different Rules of Inheritance that prevail in different Places, it will appear evident, that of reviving antiquated Claims there can be no End, and that the Poſſeſſion of a Century is a better Title than can commonly be produced. So long a Preſcription ſuppoſes an Acquieſcence in the other Claimants, and that Acquieſcence ſuppoſes alſo ſome Reaſon, perhaps now unknown, for which the Claim was forborn. Whether this Rule could be conſidered as valid in the Controverſy between theſe Sovereigns may however be doubted, for the Biſhop's Anſwer ſeems to imply that the Title of the Houſe of *Brandenburg* had been kept alive by repeated Claims, though the Seizure of the Territory had been hitherto forborn.

The King did not ſuffer his Claim to be ſubjected to any Altercations, but having publiſhed a Declaration in which he charged the Biſhop with Violence

Violence and Injuſtice, and remarked that the feudal Laws allowed every Man whoſe Poſſeſſion was withheld from him, to enter it with an armed Force, he immediately diſpatched two thouſand Soldiers into the controverted Countries, where they lived without Controul, exerciſing every Kind of military Tyranny, till the Cries of the Inhabitants forced the Biſhop to relinquiſh them to the quiet Government of *Pruſſia*.

This was but a petty Acquiſition, the Time was now come when the King of *Pruſſia* was to form and execute greater Deſigns. On the 9th of *October* 1740, half *Europe* was thrown into Confuſion by the Death of *Charles* the Sixth, Emperor of *Germany*, by whoſe Death all the hereditary Dominions of the Houſe of *Auſtria* deſcended, according to the pragmatic Sanction, to his eldeſt Daughter, who was married to the Duke of *Lorrain*, at the Time of the Emperor's Death, Duke of *Tuſcany*.

By how many Securities the pragmatic Sanction was fortified, and how little it was regarded when thoſe Securities became neceſſary: How many Claimants ſtarted up at once to the ſeveral Dominions of the Houſe of *Auſtria*: How vehemently their Pretenſions were enforced, and how many Invaſions were threatened or attempted: The Diſtreſſes of the Emperor's Daughter, known for ſeveral Years by the Title only of the Queen of *Hungary*, becauſe *Hungary* was the only Country to which her Claim had not been diſputed: The Firmneſs with which ſhe ſtruggled with her Difficulties, and the good Fortune by which ſhe ſurmounted them: The narrow Plan of this Eſſay will not ſuffer me to relate. Let them be told by ſome other Writer of more Leiſure and wider Intelligence.

Upon the Emperor's Death, many of the *German* Princes fell upon the *Auſtrian* Territories as upon a dead Carcaſe to be diſmembered among them without

out Reſiſtance. Among theſe with whatever Juſtice, certainly with very little Generoſity, was the King of *Pruſſia*, who having aſſembled his Troops, as was imagined to ſupport the pragmatic Sanction, on a ſudden entered *Sileſia* with thirty thouſand Men, publiſhing a Declaration in which he diſclaims any Deſign of injuring the Rights of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, but urges his Claim to *Sileſia*, as ariſing *from antient Conventions of Family and Confraternity between the Houſe of* Brandenburg, *and the Princes of* Sileſia, *and other honourable Titles*. He ſays, the Fear of being defeated by other Pretenders to the *Auſtrian* Dominions, obliged him to enter *Sileſia* without any previous Expoſtulation with the Queen, and that he ſhall *ſtrenuouſly eſpouſe the Intereſts of the Houſe of* Auſtria.

Such a Declaration was, I believe, in the Opinion of all *Europe*, nothing leſs than the Aggravation of Hoſtility by Inſult, and was received by the *Auſtrians* with ſuitable Indignation. The King purſued his Purpoſe, marched forward, and in the Frontiers of *Sileſia* made a Speech to his Followers, in which he told them, that he conſidered them rather 'as Friends 'than Subjects, that the Troops of *Brandenburg* had 'been always eminent for their Bravery, that they 'would always fight in his Preſence, and that he 'would recompenſe thoſe who ſhould diſtinguiſh 'themſelves in his Service, rather as a Father than 'as a King.'

The Civilities of the Great are never thrown away. The Soldiers would naturally follow ſuch a Leader with Alacrity; eſpecially becauſe they expected no Oppoſition: But human Expectations are frequently deceived.

Entering thus ſuddenly into a Country which he was ſuppoſed rather likely to protect than to invade, he acted for ſome Time with abſolute Authority; but ſuppoſing that this Submiſſion would not always laſt,

laſt, he endeavoured to perſuade the Queen to a ceſſion of *Sileſia*, imagining that ſhe would eaſily be perſuaded to yield what was already loſt. He therefore ordered his Miniſters to declare at *Vienna*, 'That he was ready to guaranty all the *German* 'Dominions of the Houſe of *Auſtria*. That he 'would conclude a Treaty with *Auſtria*, *Ruſſia*, and 'and the maritime Powers. That he would endea-'vour that the Duke of *Lorrain* ſhould be elected 'Emperor, and believed that he could accompliſh 'it. That he would immediately advance to the 'Queen two Millions of Florins. That in Recom-'pence for all this he required *Sileſia* to be yielded 'to him.'

Theſe ſeem not to be the offers of a Prince very much convinced of his own Right. He afterwards moderated his Claim, and ordered his Miniſter to hint at *Vienna*, that Half of *Sileſia* would content him.

The Queen anſwered, That though the King alledged as his Reaſon for entering *Sileſia*, the Danger of the *Auſtrian* Territories from other Pretenders, and endeavours to perſuade her to give up Part of her Poſſeſſions for the Preſervation of the reſt, it was evident that he was the firſt and only Invader, and that till he entered in a hoſtile Manner, all her Eſtates were unmoleſted.

To his Promiſes of Aſſiſtance ſhe replied, That ſhe ſet an high Value on the King of *Pruſſia*'s Friendſhip, but that he was already obliged to aſſiſt her againſt Invaders both by the golden Bull, and the pragmatic Sanction, of which he was a Guarantee, and that if theſe Ties were of no Force ſhe knew not what to hope from other Engagements. Of his Offers of Alliances with *Ruſſia* and the maritime Powers, ſhe obſerved, that it could be never fit to alienate her Dominions for the Conſolidation of an Alliance formed only to keep them intire.

With

With regard to his Intereſt in the Election of an Emperor ſhe expreſſed her Gratitude in ſtrong Terms, but added, that the Election ought to be free, and that it muſt be neceſſarily embarraſſed by Contentions thus raiſed in the Heart of the Empire. Of the pecuniary Aſſiſtance propoſed ſhe remarks, that no Prince ever made War to oblige another to take Money, and that the Contributions already levied in *Sileſia* exceed the two Millions offered as its Purchaſe.

She concluded, that as ſhe values the King's Friendſhip, ſhe was willing to purchaſe it by any Compliance but the Diminution of her Dominions, and exhorted him to perform his Part in ſupport of the pragmatic Sanction.

The King finding Negociation thus ineffectual, puſhed forward his Inroads, and now began to ſhow how ſecretly he could take his Meaſures. When he called a Council of War, he propoſed the Queſtion in a few Words; all his Generals wrote their Opinions in his Preſence upon ſeparate Papers, which he carried away, and examining them in private formed his Reſolution without imparting it otherwiſe than by his Orders.

He began not without Policy to ſeize firſt upon the Eſtates of the Clergy, an Order every where neceſſary, and every where envied. He plundered the Convents of their Stores of Proviſion, and told them that he never had heard of any Magazines erected by the Apoſtles.

This Inſult was mean, becauſe it was unjuſt, but thoſe who could not reſiſt were obliged to bear it. He proceeded in his Expedition, and a Detachment of his Troops took *Jablunca*, one of the ſtrong Places of *Sileſia*, which was ſoon after abandoned for want of Proviſions, which the *Auſtrian* Huſſars, who were now in Motion, were buſy to interrupt.

One

One of the moſt remarkable Events of the *Sileſia* War, was the Conqueſt of great *Glogaw*, which was taken by an Aſſault in the Dark, headed by Prince *Leopold* of *Anhalt Deſſau*. They arrived at the Foot of the Fortifications about Twelve at Night, and in two Hours were Maſters of the Place. In Attempts of this Kind many Accidents happen which cannot be heard without Surprize. Four *Pruſſian* Grenadiers who had climbed the Ramparts, miſſing their own Company, met an *Auſtrian* Captain with fifty-two Men; they were at firſt frighted, and were about to retreat, but gathering Courage, commanded the *Auſtrians* to lay down their Arms, and in the Terror of Darkneſs and Confuſion were unexpectedly obeyed.

At the ſame Time a Conſpiracy to kill or carry away the King of *Pruſſia* was ſaid to be diſcovered. The *Pruſſians* publiſhed a Memorial in which the *Auſtrian* Court was accuſed of employing Emiſſaries and Aſſaſſins againſt the King; and it was alledged in direct Terms, that one of them had confeſſed himſelf obliged by Oath to deſtroy him, which Oath had been given him in an Aulic Council in the Preſence of the Duke of *Lorrain*.

To this the *Auſtrians* anſwered, That the Character of the Queen and Duke was too well known not to deſtroy the Force of ſuch an Accuſation, that the Tale of the Confeſſion was an Impoſture, and that no ſuch Attempt was ever made.

Each Party was now inflamed, and Orders were given to the Auſtrian General to hazard a Battle. The two Armies met at *Molwitz*, and parted without a complete Victory on either Side. The *Auſtrians* quitted the Field in good Order, and the King of *Pruſſia* rode away upon the firſt Diſorder of his Troops without waiting for the laſt Event. This Attention to his perſonal Safety has not yet been forgotten.

After

After this there was no Action of much Importance. But the King of *Pruſſia* irritated by Oppoſition, transferred his Intereſt in the Election to the Duke of *Bavaria*; and the Queen of *Hungary*, now attacked by *France*, *Spain*, and *Bavaria*, was obliged to make Peace with him at the Expence of Half *Sileſia*, without procuring thoſe Advantages which were once offered her.

To enlarge Dominions has been the Boaſt of many Princes, to diffuſe Happineſs and Security through wide Regions has been granted to few. The King of *Pruſſia* has aſpired to both theſe Honours, and endeavoured to join the Praiſe of Legiſlator to that of Conqueror.

To ſettle Property, to ſuppreſs falſe Claims, and ro regulate the Adminiſtration of civil and criminal Juſtice, are Attempts ſo difficult and ſo uſeful, that I ſhall willingly ſuſpend or contract the Hiſtory of Battles and Sieges, to give a larger Account of this pacific Enterprize.

That the King of *Pruſſia* has conſidered the Nature and the Reaſons of Laws with more Attention than is common to Princes, appears from his Diſſertation on the *Reaſons for enacting and repealing Laws*. A Piece which yet deſerves Notice, rather as a Proof of good Inclination than of great Ability. For there is nothing to be found in it more than the moſt obvious Books may ſupply, or the weakeſt Intellect diſcover. Some of his Obſervations are juſt and uſeful, but upon ſuch a Subject who can think without often thinking right? It is however not to be omitted, that he appears always propenſe towards the Side of Mercy. 'If a poor Man,' ſays he, 'ſteals in his Want a Watch, or a few Pieces from 'one to whom the Loſs is inconſiderable, is this a 'Reaſon for condemning him to Death?'

He regrets that the Laws againſt Duels have been ineffectual, and is of Opinion, that they can never

attain their End, unleſs the Princes of *Europe* ſhall agree not to afford an Aſylum to Duelliſts, and to puniſh all who ſhall inſult their Equals either by Word, Deed, or Writing. He ſeems to ſuſpect this Scheme of being chimerical. 'Yet why,' ſays he, 'ſhould not perſonal Quarrels be ſubmitted to Judges 'as well as Queſtions of Poſſeſſion, and why 'ſhould not a Congreſs be appointed for the general 'Good of Mankind, as well as for ſo many Pur-'poſes of leſs Importance.'

He declares himſelf with great Ardour againſt the uſe of Torture, and by ſome Miſinformation charges the Engliſh that they ſtill retain it.

It is perhaps impoſſible to review the Laws of any Country without diſcovering many Defects and many Superfluities. Laws often continue, when their Reaſons have ceaſed. Laws made for the firſt State of the Society continue unabroliſhed, when the general Form of Life is changed. Parts of the judicial Procedure which were at firſt only accidental became in Time eſſential; and Formalities are accumulated on each other, till the Art of Litigation requires more Study than the Diſcovery of Right.

The King of *Pruſſia* examining the Inſtitutions of his own Country, thought them ſuch as could only be amended by a general Abrogation, and the Eſtabliſhment of a new Body of Law, to which he gave the Name of the CODE FREDERIC, which is comprized in one Volume of no great Bulk, and muſt therefore unavoidably contain general Poſitions, to be accommodated to particular Caſes by the Wiſdom and Integrity of the Courts. To embarraſs Juſtice by Multiplicity of Laws, or to hazard it by Confidence in Judges, ſeem to be the oppoſite Rocks on which all civil Inſtitutions have been wrecked, and between which legiſlative Wiſdom has never yet found an open Paſſage.

Of

Of this new Syſtem of Laws, contracted as it is, a full Account cannot be expected in theſe Memoirs, but that Curioſity may not be diſmiſſed without ſome Gratification, it has been thought proper to epitomiſe the King's *Plan for the Reformation of his Courts.*

'The Differences which ariſe between Members 'of the ſame Society may be terminated by a volun- 'tary Agreement between the Parties, by Arbitra- 'tion, or by a judicial Proceſs.

'The two firſt Methods produce more frequently 'a temporary Suſpenſion of Diſputes than a final 'Termination. Courts of Juſtice are therefore ne- 'ceſſary, with a ſettled Method of Procedure, of 'which the moſt ſimple is to cite the Parties, to 'hear their Pleas, and diſmiſs them with immediate 'Deciſion.

'This however is in many Caſes impracticable, 'and in others is ſo ſeldom practiſed that it is fre- 'quent rather to incur Loſs than to ſeek for legal 'Reparation, by entering a Labyrinth of which 'there is no End.

'This Tedioufneſs of Suits keeps the Parties in 'Diſquiet and Perturbation, rouſes and perpetuates 'Animoſities, exhauſts the Litigants by Expence, 'retards the Progreſs of their Fortune, and diſ- 'courages Strangers from ſettling.

'Theſe Inconveniences, with which the beſt re- 'gulated Polities of *Europe* are embarraſſed, muſt 'be removed, not by the total Prohibition of Suits, 'which is impoſſible, but by Contraction of Pro- 'ceſſes; by opening an eaſy Way for the Appear- 'ance of Truth, and removing all Obſtructions by 'which it is concealed.

'The Ordonance of 1667, by which *Lewis* XIV. 'eſtabliſhed an Uniformity of Procedure through 'all his Courts, has been conſidered as one of the 'greateſt Benefits of his Reign.

'The King of *Prussia* observing that each of his 'Provinces had a different Method of judicial Pro- 'cedure, proposed to reduce them all to one Form, 'which being tried with Success in *Pomerania*, a 'Province remarkable for Contention, he afterwards 'extended to all his Dominions, ordering the Judges 'to inform him of any Difficulties which arose from 'it.

'Some settled Method is necessary in judicial Pro- 'cedures. Small and simple Causes might be de- 'cided upon the oral Pleas of the two Parties ap- 'pearing before the Judge: But many Cases are so 'entangled and perplexed as to require all the Skill 'and Abilities of those who devote their Lives to 'the Study of the Law.

'Advocates, or Men who can understand and 'explain the Question to be discussed, are therefore 'necessary. But these Men, instead of endeavouring 'to promote Justice, and discover Truth, have ex- 'erted their Wits in the Defence of bad Causes, by 'Forgeries of Facts and Fallacies of Argument.

'To remedy this Evil the King has ordered an 'Inquiry into the Qualifications of the Advocates. 'All those who practise without a regular Admission, 'or who can be convicted of disingenuous Practice, 'are discarded. And the Judges are commanded 'to examine which of the Causes now depending 'have been protracted by the Crimes and Ignorance 'of the Advocates, and to dismiss those who shall 'appear culpable.

'When Advocates are too numerous to live by 'honest Practice they busy themselves in exciting 'Disputes, and disturbing the Community: The 'Number of these to be employed in each Court is 'therefore fixed.

'The Reward of the Advocates is fixed with due 'Regard to the Nature of the Cause, and the La- 'bour required; but not a Penny is received by them

'till

'till the Suit is ended, that it may be their Intereſt, 'as well as that of the Clients, to ſhorten the Pro-'ceſs.

'No Advocate is admitted in petty Courts, ſmall 'Towns, or Villages; where the Poverty of the 'People, and for the moſt Part the low Value 'of the Matter conteſted, make Diſpatch abſolutely 'neceſſary. In thoſe Places the Parties ſhall appear 'in Perſon, and the Judge make a ſummary De-'ciſion.

'There muſt be likewiſe allowed a Subordination 'of Tribunals, and a Power of Appeal. No 'Judge is ſo ſkilful and attentive as not ſometimes 'to err. Few are ſo honeſt as not ſometimes to 'be partial. Petty Judges would become inſup-'portably tyrannical if they were not reſtrained by 'the Fear of a ſuperior Judicature; and their De-'ciſions would be negligent or arbitrary if they 'were not in Danger of ſeeing them examined and 'cancelled.

'The Right of Appeal muſt be reſtrained, that 'Cauſes may not be transferred without End from 'Court to Court; and a peremptory Deciſion muſt 'at laſt be made.

'When an Appeal is made to a higher Court, 'the Appellant is allowed only four Weeks to frame 'his Bill, the Judge of the lower Court being to 'tranſmit to the higher all the Evidences and In-'formations. If upon the firſt View of the Cauſe 'thus opened, it ſhall appear that the Appeal was 'made without juſt Cauſe, the firſt Sentence ſhall 'be confirmed without Citation of the Defendant. 'If any new Evidence ſhall appear, or any Doubts 'ariſe, both the Parties ſhall be heard.

'In the Diſcuſſion of Cauſes Altercation muſt be 'allowed; yet to Altercation ſome Limits muſt be 'put. There are therefore allowed a Bill, an An-

'swer, a Reply, and a Rejoinder, to be delivered in 'Writing.

'No Cause is allowed to be heard in more than 'three different Courts. To further the first Deci- 'sion, every Advocate is enjoined under severe Pe- 'nalties not to begin a Suit till he has collected all 'the necessary Evidence. If the first Court has 'decided in an unsatisfactory Manner, an Appeal 'may be made to the second, and from the second 'to the third. The Process on each Appeal is 'limited to six Months. The third Court may in- 'deed pass an erroneous Judgment, and then the 'Injury is without Redress. But this Objection is 'without End, and therefore without Force. No 'Method can be found of preserving Humanity 'from Error, but of Contest there must some time 'be an End; and he who thinks himself injured for 'want of an Appeal to a fourth Court, must con- 'sider himself as suffering for the Public.

'There is a special Advocate appointed for the 'Poor.

'The Attornies who had formerly the Care of 'collecting Evidence, and of adjusting all the Pre- 'liminaries of a Suit, are now totally dismissed; 'the whole Affair is put into the Hands of the Ad- 'vocates, and the Office of an Attorney is annulled 'for ever.

'If any Man is hindered by some lawful Impedi- 'ment from attending his Suit, Time will be granted 'him upon the Representation of his Case.'

Such is the Order according to which civil Justice is administered through the extensive Dominions of the King of *Prussia*; which if it exhibits nothing very subtle or profound, affords one Proof more that the Right is easily discovered, and that Men do not so often want Ability to find, as Willingness to practise it.

We now return to the War.

The

The Time at which the Queen of *Hungary* was willing to purchaſe Peace by the Reſignation of *Sileſia*, though it came at laſt, was not come yet. She had all the Spirit, though not all the Power of her Anceſtors, and could not bear any Thought of loſing any Part of her patrimonial Dominions to the Enemies, which the Opinion of her Weakneſs raiſed every where againſt her.

In the Beginning of the Year 1742, the Elector of *Bavaria* was inveſted with the imperial Dignity, ſupported by the Arms of *France*, Maſter of the Kingdom of *Bohemia*; and confederated with the Elector *Palatine*, and the Elector of *Saxony*, who claimed *Moravia*; and with the King of *Pruſſia*, who was in Poſſeſſion of *Sileſia*.

Such was the State of the Queen of *Hungary*, preſſed on every Side, and on every Side preparing for Reſiſtance; ſhe yet refuſed all Offers of Accommodation, for every Prince ſet Peace at a Price which ſhe was not yet ſo far humbled as to pay.

The King of *Pruſſia* was among the moſt zealous and forward in the Confederacy againſt her. He promiſed to ſecure *Bohemia* to the Emperor, and *Moravia* to the Elector of *Saxony*; and finding no Enemy in the Field able to reſiſt him, he returned to *Berlin*, and left *Schwerin* his General to proſecute the Conqueſt.

The *Pruſſians* in the Midſt of Winter took *Olmutz*, the Capital of *Moravia*, and laid the whole Country under Contribution. The Cold then hindred them from Action, and they only blocked up the Fortreſſes of *Brinn* and *Spielberg*.

In the Spring the King of *Pruſſia* came again into the Field, and undertook the Siege of *Brinn*, but upon the Approach of Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain* retired from before it, and quitted *Moravia*, leaving only a Garriſon in the Capital.

The Condition of the Queen of *Hungary* was now changed. She was a few Months before without Money, without Troops, incircled with Enemies. The *Bavarians* had entered *Auſtria*, *Vienna* was threatened with a Siege, and the Queen left it to the Fate of War, and retired into *Hungary*, where ſhe was received with Zeal and Affection, not unmingled however with that Neglect which muſt always be borne by Greatneſs in Diſtreſs. She bore the Diſreſpect of her Subjects with the ſame Firmneſs as the Outrages of her Enemies; and at laſt perſuaded the *Engliſh* not to deſpair of her Preſervation by not deſpairing herſelf.

Voltaire in his late Hiſtory has aſſerted that a large Sum was raiſed for her Succour by voluntary Subſcriptions of the *Engliſh* Ladies. It is the great Failing of a ſtrong Imagination to catch greedily at Wonders. He was miſinformed, and was perhaps unwilling to learn by a ſecond Enquiry, a Truth leſs ſplendid and amuſing. A Contribution was by News-writers upon their own Authority, fruitleſly, and, I think, illegally propoſed. It ended in nothing. The Parliament voted a Supply, and five hundred thouſand Pounds were remitted to her.

It has been always the Weakneſs of the *Auſtrian* Family to ſpend in the Magnificence of Empire thoſe Revenues which ſhould be kept for its Defence. The Court is ſplendid, but the Treaſury is empty; and at the Beginning of every War, Advantages are gained againſt them, before their Armies can be aſſembled and equipped.

The *Engliſh* Money was to the *Auſtrians* as a Shower to a Field, where all the vegetative Powers are kept unactive by a long Continuance of Drought. The Armies which had hitherto been hid in Mountains and Foreſts ſtarted out of their Retreats, and wherever the Queen's Standard was erected, Nations ſcarcely known by their Names ſwarmed immediately

mediately about it. An Army, especially a defensive Army, multiplies itself. The Contagion of Enterprize spreads from one Heart to another. Zeal for a Native or Detestation of a foreign Sovereign, Hope of sudden Greatness or Riches, Friendship or Emulation between particular Men, or, what are perhaps more general and powerful, Desire of Novelty and Impatience of Inactivity, fill a Camp with Adventurers, add Rank to Rank, and Squadron to Squadron.

The Queen had still Enemies on every Part, but she now on every Part had Armies ready to oppose them. *Austria* was immediately recovered; the Plains of *Bohemia* were filled with her Troops, though the Fortresses were garrisoned by the *French*. The *Bavarians* were recalled to the Defence of their own Country, now wasted by the Incursions of Troops that were called Barbarians, greedy enough of Plunder, and daring perhaps beyond the Rules of War, but otherwise not more cruel than those whom they attacked. Prince *Lobkowitz* with one Army observed the Motions of *Broglio*, the *French* General in *Bohemia*, and Prince *Charles* with another put a Stop to the Advances of the King of *Prussia*.

It was now the Turn of the *Prussians* to retire. They abandoned *Olmutz*, and left behind them Part of their Cannon and their Magazines. And the King finding that *Broglio* could not long oppose Prince *Lobkowitz*, hastened into *Bohemia* to his Assistance, and having received a Reinforcement of twenty-three thousand Men, and taken the Castle of *Glatz*, which being built upon a Rock scarcely accessible would have defied all his Power had the Garrison been furnished with Provisions, he purposed to join his Allies and prosecute his Conquests.

Prince *Charles* seeing *Moravia* thus evacuated by the *Prussians*, determined to garrison the Towns

which he had just recovered, and pursue the Enemy, who by the Assistance of the *French* would have been too powerful for Prince *Lobkowitz*.

Success had now given Confidence to the *Austrians*, and had proportionably abated the Spirit of their Enemies. The *Saxons* who had co-operated with the King of *Prussia* in the Conquest of *Moravia*, of which they expected the perpetual Possession, seeing all Hopes of sudden Acquisition defeated, and the Province left again to its former Masters, grew weary of following a Prince, whom they considered as no longer acting the Part of their Confederate, and when they approached the Confines of *Bohemia* took a different Road, and left the *Prussians* to their own Fortune.

The King continued his March, and *Charles* his Pursuit. At *Czaslaw* the two Armies came in Sight of one another, and the *Austrians* resolved on a decisive Day. On the 6th of *May* about Seven in the Morning, the *Austrians* began the Attack: their Impetuosity was matched by the Firmness of the *Prussians*. The Animosity of the two Armies was much inflamed: the *Austrians* were fighting for their Country, and the *Prussians* were in a Place where Defeat must inevitably end in Death or Captivity. The Fury of the Battle continued four Hours: the *Prussian* Horse were at length broken, and the *Austrians* forced their Way to the Camp, where the wild Troops who had fought with so much Vigour and Constancy, at the Sight of Plunder forgot their Obedience, nor had any Man the least Thought but how to load himself with the richest Spoils.

While the right Wing of the *Austrians* was thus employed, the main Body was left naked, the *Prussians* recovered from their Confusion and regained the Day. *Charles* was at last forced to retire, and carried with him the Standards of his Enemies, the

Proofs

Proofs of a Victory which, though so nearly gained, he had not been able to keep.

The Victory however was dearly bought, the *Prussian* Army was much weakened, and the Cavalry almost totally destroyed. Peace is easily made when it is necessary to both Parties, and the King of *Prussia* had now Reason to believe that the *Austrians* were not his only Enemies. When he found *Charles* advancing he sent to *Broglio* for Assistance, and was answered that, 'he must have Orders from *Versailles*.' Such a Desertion of his most powerful Ally disconcerted him, but the Battle was unavoidable.

When the *Prussians* were returned to the Camp, the King hearing that an *Austrian* Officer was brought in mortally wounded, had the Condescension to visit him. The Officer struck with this Act of Humanity said, after a short Conversation, 'I 'should die, Sir, contentedly after this Honour, if 'I might first shew my Gratitude to your Majesty 'by informing you with what Allies you are now 'united, Allies that have no Intention but to de-'ceive you.' The King appearing to suspect this Intelligence, 'Sir,' said the *Austrian*, 'if you will 'permit me to send a Messenger to *Vienna*, I believe 'the Queen will not refuse to transmit an inter-'cepted Letter now in her Hands, which will put 'my Report beyond all doubt.'

The Messenger was sent, and the Letter transmitted, which contained the Order sent to *Broglio*, who was 1st, forbidden to mix his Troops on any Occasion with the *Prussians*. 2d, He was ordered to act always at a Distance from the King. 3d, To keep always a Body of twenty thousand Men to observe the *Prussian* Army. 4th, To observe very closely the Motions of the King for important Reasons. 5th, To hazard nothing, but to pretend Want of Reinforcements, or the Absence of *Belisle*.

The

The King now with great Reason considered himself as disengaged from the Confederacy, being deserted by the *Saxons*, and betrayed by the *French*, he therefore accepted the Mediation of King *George*, and in three Weeks after the Battle of *Czaslaw* made Peace with the Queen of *Hungary*, who granted to him the whole Province of *Silesia*, a Country of such Extent and Opulence that he is said to receive from it one third Part of his Revenues. By one of the Articles of this Treaty it is stipulated, 'That neither should assist the Enemies 'of the other.'

The Queen of *Hungary* thus disentangled on one Side, and set free from the most formidable of her Enemies, soon persuaded the *Saxons* to Peace; took Possession of *Bavaria*; drove the Emperor after all his imaginary Conquests to the Shelter of a neutral Town, where he was treated as a Fugitive; and besieged the *French* in *Prague*, in the City which they had taken from her.

Having thus obtained *Silesia* the King of *Prussia* returned to his own Capital, where he reformed his Laws, forbid the Torture of Criminals, concluded a defensive Alliance with *England*, and applied himself to the Augmentation of his Army.

This Treaty of Peace with the Queen of *Hungary* was one of the first Proofs given by the King of *Prussia* of the Secrecy of his Counsels. *Belliste*, the *French* General was with him in the Camp as a Friend and Coadjutor in Appearance, but in Truth a Spy, and a Writer of Intelligence. Men who have great Confidence in their own Penetration, are often by that Confidence deceived; they imagine that they can pierce through all the Involutions of Intrigue without the Diligence necessary to weaker Minds, and therefore sit idle and secure; they believe that none can hope to deceive them, and therefore that none will try. *Belliste* with all his Re-

Reputation of Sagacity, though he was in the *Pruſſian* Camp, gave every Day freſh Aſſurances of the King's Adherence to the Allies; while *Broglio*, who commanded the Army at a Diſtance, diſcovered ſufficient Reaſon to ſuſpect his Deſertion. *Broglio* was ſlighted and *Belliſle* believed, till on the 11th of *June* the Treaty was ſigned, and the King declared his Reſolution to keep a Neutrality.

This is one of the great Performances of Polity which Mankind ſeem agreed to celebrate and admire, yet to all this nothing was neceſſary but the Determination of a very few Men to be ſilent.

From this Time the Queen of *Hungary* proceeded with an uninterrupted Torrent of Succeſs. The *French* driven from Station to Station, and deprived of Fortreſs after Fortreſs, were at laſt encloſed with their two Generals *Belliſle* and *Broglio* in the Walls of *Prague*, which they had ſtored with all Proviſions neceſſary to a Town beſieged, and where they defended themſelves three Months before any Proſpect appeared of Relief.

The *Auſtrians* having been engaged chiefly in the Field, and in ſudden and tumultuary Excurſions rather than a regular War, had no great Degree of Skill in attacking or defending Towns. They likewiſe would naturally conſider all the Miſchiefs done to the City, as falling ultimately on themſelves, and therefore were willing to gain it by Time rather than by Force.

It was apparent that how long ſoever *Prague* might be defended, it muſt be yielded at laſt, and therefore all Arts were tried to obtain an honourable Capitulation. The Meſſengers from the City were ſent back ſometimes unheard, but always with this Anſwer, That no Terms would be allowed, but that they ſhould yield themſelves Priſoners of War.

The Condition of the Garriſon was in the Eyes of all *Europe* deſperate; but the *French*, to whom the Praiſe

Praiſe of Spirit and Activity cannot be denied, reſolved to make an Effort for the Honour of their Arms. *Maillebois* was at that Time encamped with his Army in *Weſtphalia*. Orders were ſent him to relieve *Prague*. The Enterprize was conſidered as romantic. *Maillebois* was a March of forty Days diſtant from *Bohemia*, the Paſſes were narrow, and the Ways foul; and it was likely that *Prague* would be taken before he could reach it. The March was, however, begun, the Army being joined by that of Count *Saxe*, conſiſted of fifty thouſand Men, who, notwithſtanding all the Difficulties which two *Auſtrian* Armies could put in their Way, at laſt entered *Bohemia*. The Siege of *Prague* though not raiſed, was remitted, and a Communication was now opened to it with the Country. But the *Auſtrians*, by perpetual Intervention, hindered the Garriſon from joining their Friends. The Officers of *Maillebois* incited him to a Battle, becauſe the Army was hourly leſſening by the Want of Proviſions; but inſtead of preſſing on to *Prague*, he retired into *Bavaria*, and completed the Ruin of the Emperor's Territories.

The Court of *France* diſappointed and offended, conferred the chief Command upon *Broglio*, who eſcaped from the Beſiegers with very little Difficulty, and kept the *Auſtrians* employed till *Belliſle* by a ſudden Sally quitted *Prague*, and without any great Loſs joined the main Army. *Broglio* then retired over the *Rhine* into the *French* Dominions, waſting in his Retreat the Country which he had undertaken to protect, and burning Towns and deſtroying Magazines of Corn with ſuch Wantonneſs as gave Reaſon to believe that he expected Commendation from his Court for any Miſchiefs done, by whatever Means.

The *Auſtrians* purſued their Advantages, recovered all their ſtrong Places, in ſome of which

French

French Garrisons had been left, and made themselves Masters of *Bavaria*, by taking not only *Munich* the Capital, but *Ingolstadt* the strongest Fortification in the Elector's Dominions, where they found a great Number of Cannon and Quantity of Ammunition intended in the Dreams of projected Greatness for the Siege of *Vienna*, all the Archives of the State, the Plate and Ornaments of the Electoral Palace, and what had been considered as most worthy of Preservation. Nothing but the warlike Stores were taken away. An Oath of Allegiance to the Queen was required of the *Bavarians*, but without any Explanation whether temporary or perpetual.

The Emperor lived at *Francfort* in the Security that was allowed to neutral Places, but without much Respect from the *German* Princes, except that upon some Objections made by the Queen to the Validity of his Election, the King of *Prussia* declared himself determined to support him in the Imperial Dignity with all his Power.

This may be considered as a Token of no great Affection to the Queen of *Hungary*, but it seems not to have raised much Alarm. The *German* Princes were afraid of new Broils. To contest the Election of an Emperor once invested and acknowledged, would be to overthrow the whole *Germanic* Constitution. Perhaps no Election by Plurality of Suffrages was ever made among human Beings, to which it might not be objected that Voices were procured by illicit Influence.

Some Suspicions, however, were raised by the King's Declaration, which he endeavoured to obviate by ordering his Ministers to declare at *London* and at *Vienna*, that he was resolved not to violate the Treaty of *Breslaw*. This Declaration was sufficiently ambiguous, and could not satisfy those whom it might silence. But this was not a Time

for

for nice Diſquiſitions: to diſtruſt the King of *Pruſſia* might have provoked him, and it was moſt convenient to conſider him as a Friend, till he appeared openly as an Enemy.

About the Middle of the Year 1744, he raiſed new Alarms by collecting his Troops and putting them in Motion. The Earl of *Hindford* about this Time demanded the Troops ſtipulated for the Protection of *Hanover*, not perhaps becauſe they were thought neceſſary, but that the King's Deſigns might be gueſſed from his Anſwer, which was, that Troops were not granted for the Defence of any Country till that Country was in Danger, and that he could not believe the Elector of *Hanover* to be in much Dread of an Invaſion, ſince he had withdrawn the native Troops and put them into the Pay of *England*.

He had, undoubtedly, now formed Deſigns which made it neceſſary that his Troops ſhould be kept together, and the Time ſoon came when the Scene was to be opened. Prince *Charles* of *Lorrain* having chaſed the *French* out of *Bavaria*, lay for ſome Months encamped on the *Rhine*, endeavouring to gain a Paſſage into *Alſace*. His Attempts had long been evaded by the Skill and Vigilance of the *French* General, till at laſt, June 21, 1744, he executed his Deſign, and lodged his Army in the *French* Dominions, to the Surpriſe and Joy of a great Part of *Europe*. It was now expected that the Territories of *France* would in their Turn feel the Miſeries of War, and the Nation which ſo long kept the World in Alarm, be taught at laſt the Value of Peace.

The King of *Pruſſia* now ſaw the *Auſtrian* Troops at a great Diſtance from him, engaged in a foreign Country againſt the moſt powerful of all their Enemies. Now, therefore, was the Time to diſcover that he had lately made a Treaty at *Franc-*

fort with the Emperor, by which he had engaged, 'that as the Court of *Vienna* and its Allies appeared backward to re-eſtabliſh the Tranquility of 'the Empire, and more cogent Methods appeared 'neceſſary, he, being animated with a Deſire of 'co-operating towards the Pacification of *Germany*, 'ſhould make an Expedition for the Conqueſt of '*Bohemia*, and to put it into the Poſſeſſion of the 'Emperor, his Heirs and Succeſſors for ever; in 'Gratitude for which, the Emperor ſhould reſign to 'him and his Succeſſors, a certain Number of 'Lordſhips, which are now Part of the Kingdom 'of *Bohemia*. His Imperial Majeſty likewiſe gua-'ranties to the King of *Pruſſia* the perpetual Poſ-'ſeſſion of upper *Sileſia*, and the King guaranties 'to the Emperor the perpetual Poſſeſſion of upper '*Auſtria*, as ſoon as he ſhall have occupied it by 'Conqueſt.'

It is eaſy to diſcover that the King began the War upon other Motives than Zeal for Peace, and that whatever Reſpect he was willing to ſhew to the Emperor, he did not purpoſe to aſſiſt him without Reward. In Proſecution of this Treaty he put his Troops in Motion; and according to his Promiſe, while the *Auſtrians* were invading *France*, he invaded *Bohemia*.

Princes have this remaining of Humanity, that they think themſelves obliged not to make War without a Reaſon. Their Reaſons are indeed not always very ſatisfactory. *Lewis* XIV. ſeemed to think his own Glory a ſufficient Motive for the Invaſion of *Holland*. The *Czar* attacked *Charles* of *Sweden*, becauſe he had not been treated with ſufficient Reſpect when he made a Journey in Diſguiſe. The King of *Pruſſia* having an Opportunity of attacking his Neighbour, was not long without his Reaſons. On *July* 30, he publiſhed his Declaration, in which he declares,

That

That he can no longer ſtand an idle Spectator of the Troubles in *Germany*, but finds himſelf obliged to make Uſe of Force to reſtore the Power of the Laws, and the Authority of the Emperor.

That the Queen of *Hungary* has treated the Emperor's Hereditary Dominions with inexpreſſible Cruelty.

That *Germany* has been overrun with foreign Troops, which have marched through neutral Countries without the cuſtomary Requiſitions.

That the Emperor's Troops have been attacked under neutral Fortreſſes, and obliged to abandon the Empire, of which their Maſter is the Head.

That the Imperial Dignity has been treated with Indecency by the *Hungarian* Troops.

The Queen declaring the Election of the Emperor void, and the Diet of *Francfort* illegal, had not only violated the Imperial Dignity, but injured all the Princes who have the Right of Election.

That he has no particular Quarrel with the Queen of *Hungary*, and that he deſires Nothing for himſelf, and only enters as an Auxiliary into a War for the Liberties of *Germany*.

That the Emperor had offered to quit his Pretenſion to the Dominions of *Auſtria*, on Condition that his Hereditary Countries be reſtored to him.

That this Propoſal had been made to the King of *England* at *Hanau*, and rejected in ſuch a Manner as ſhewed that the King of *England* had no Intention to reſtore Peace, but rather to make his Advantage of the Troubles.

That the Mediation of the *Dutch* had been deſired, but that they declined to interpoſe, knowing the Inflexibility of the *Engliſh* and *Auſtrian* Courts.

That the ſame Terms were again offered at *Vienna*, and again rejected: that therefore the Queen muſt impute

impute it to her own Council that her Enemies find new Allies.

That he is not fighting for any Intereſt of his own, that he demands nothing for himſelf, but is determined to exert all his Power in Defence of the Emperor, in Vindication of the Right of Election, and in Support of the Liberties of *Germany*, which the Queen of *Hungary* would enſlave.

When this Declaration was ſent to the *Pruſſian* Miniſter in *England*, it was accompanied with a Remonſtrance to the King, in which many of the foregoing Poſitions were repeated; the Emperor's Candour and Diſintereſtedneſs were magnified; the dangerous Deſigns of the *Auſtrians* were diſplayed; it was imputed to them as the moſt flagrant Violation of the *Germanic* Conſtitution, that they had driven the Emperor's Troops out of the Empire; the public Spirit and Generoſity of his *Pruſſian* Majeſty were again heartily declared; and it was ſaid that this Quarrel having no Connection with *Engliſh* Intereſts, the *Engliſh* ought not to interpoſe.

Auſtria and all her Allies were put into Amazement by this Declaration, which at once diſmounted them from the Summit of Succeſs, and obliged them to fight through the War a ſecond Time. What Succours, or what Promiſes *Pruſſia* received from *France* was never publicly known, but it is not to be doubted, that a Prince ſo watchful of Opportunity ſold Aſſiſtance when it was ſo much wanted at the higheſt Rate; nor can it be ſuppoſed that he expoſed himſelf to ſo much Hazard only for the Freedom of *Germany*, and a few petty Diſtricts in *Bohemia*.

The *French*, who from ravaging the Empire at Diſcretion, and waſting whatever they found, either among Enemies or Friends, were now driven into their own Dominions, and in their own Dominions

were insulted and pursued, were on a Sudden by this new Auxiliary restored to their former Superiority, at least were disburthened of their Invaders, and delivered from their Terrors. And all the Enemies of the House of *Bourbon* saw with Indignation and Amazement the Recovery of that Power which they had with so much Cost and Bloodshed brought low, and which their Animosity and Elation had disposed them to imagine yet lower than it was.

The Queen of *Hungary* still retained her Firmness. The *Prussian* Declaration was not long without an Answer, which was transmitted to the *European* Princes with some Observations on the *Prussian* Minister's Remonstrance to the Court of *Vienna*, which he was ordered by his Master to read to the *Austrian* Council, but not to deliver. The same Caution was practised before when the *Prussians*, after the Emperor's Death, invaded *Silesia*. This Artifice of political Debate may, perhaps, be numbered by the Admirers of Greatness among the Refinements of Conduct, but as it is a Method of Proceeding not very difficult to be contrived or practised, as it can be of very rare Use to Honesty or Wisdom, and as it has been long known to that Class of Men whose Safety depends upon Secresy, though hitherto applied chiefly in petty Cheats and slight Transactions, I do not see that it can much Advance the Reputation of regal Understanding, or indeed that it can add more to the Safety than it takes away from the Honour of him that shall adopt it.

The Queen in her Answer, after charging the King of *Prussia* with Breach of the Treaty of *Breslaw*, and observing how much her Enemies will exult to see the Peace now the third Time broken by him, declares,

That

That she had no Intention to injure the Rights of the Electors, and that she calls in Question not the Event but the Manner of the Election.

That she had spared the Emperor's Troops with great Tenderness, and that they were driven out of the Empire only because they were in the Service of *France*.

That she is so far from disturbing the Peace of the Empire, that the only Commotions now raised in it, are the Effect of the Armaments of the King of *Prussia*.

Nothing is more tedious than public Records, when they relate to Affairs which by Distance of Time or Place lose their Power to interest the Reader. Every Thing grows little, as it grows remote, and of Things thus diminished it is sufficient to survey the Aggregate without a minute Examination of the Parts.

It is easy to perceive, that if the King of *Prussia*'s Reasons be sufficient, Ambition or Animosity can never want a Plea for Violence and Invasion. What he charges upon the Queen of *Hungary*, the Waste of Countries, the Expulsion of the *Bavarians*, and the Employment of foreign Troops, is the unavoidable Consequence of a War inflamed on either Side to the utmost Violence. All these Grievances subsisted when he made the Peace, and therefore they could very little justify its Breach.

It is true that every Prince of the Empire is obliged to support the imperial Dignity, and assist the Emperor when his Rights are violated. And every subsequent Contract must be understood in a Sense consistent with former Obligations: Nor had the King Power to make a Peace on Terms contrary to that Constitution by which he held a Place among the *Germanic* Electors. But he could have easily discovered that not the Emperor but the Duke of *Ba-*

varia was the Queen's Enemy, not the Administrator of the imperial Power, but the Claimant of the *Auſtrian* Dominions. Nor did his Allegiance to the Emperor, ſuppoſing the Emperor injured, oblige him to more than a Succour of ten thouſand Men. But ten thouſand Men could not conquer *Bohemia*, and without the Conqueſt of *Bohemia* he could receive no Reward for the Zeal and Fidelity which he ſo loudly profeſſed.

The Succeſs of this Enterprize he had taken all poſſible Precaution to ſecure. He was to invade a Country guarded only by the Faith of Treaties, and therefore left unarmed, and unprovided of all Defence. He had engaged the *French* to attack Prince *Charles* before he ſhould repaſs the *Rhine*, by which the *Auſtrians* would at leaſt have been hindered from a ſpeedy March into *Bohemia:* They were likewiſe to yield him ſuch other Aſſiſtance as he might want.

Relying therefore upon the Promiſes of the *French*, he reſolved to attempt the Ruin of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, and in *Auguſt* 1744, broke in *Bohemia* at the Head of an hundred and four thouſand Men. When he entered the Country he publiſhed a Proclamation, promiſing, That his Army ſhould obſerve the ſtricteſt Diſcipline, and that thoſe who made no Reſiſtance ſhould be ſuffered to remain at quiet in their Habitations. He required that all Arms, in the Cuſtody of whomſoever they might be placed, ſhould be given up, and put into the Hands of public Officers. He ſtill declared himſelf to act only as an Auxiliary to the Emperor, and with no other Deſign than to eſtabliſh Peace and Tranquillity throughout *Germany*, his dear Country.

In this Proclamation there is one Paragraph of which I do not remember any Precedent He threatens that if any Peaſant ſhall be found with Arms he ſhall be hanged without further Enquiry; and that if any

Lord shall connive at his Vassals keeping Arms in their Custody, his Village shall be reduced to Ashes.

It is hard to find upon what Pretence the King of *Prussia* could treat the *Bohemians* as Criminals, for preparing to defend their native Country, or maintain their Allegiance to their lawful Sovereign against an Invader, whether he appears Principal or Auxiliary, whether he professes to intend Tranquillity or Confusion.

His Progress was such as gave great Hopes to the Enemies of *Austria*; like *CÆSAR* he conquered as he advanced, and met with no Opposition till he reached the Walls of *Prague*. The Indignation and Resentment of the Queen of *Hungary* may be easily conceived; the Alliance of *Frankfort* was now laid open to all *Europe*, and the Partition of the *Austrian* Dominions was again publicly projected. They were to be shared among the Emperor, the King of *Prussia*, the Elector Palatine, and the Landgrave of *Hesse*. All the Powers of *Europe* who had dreamed of controling *France*, were awakened to their former Terrors, all that had been done was now to be done again, and every Court, from the Straits of *Gibraltar* to the *Frozen Sea*, was filled with Exultation or Terror, with Schemes of Conquest or Precautions for Defence.

The King delighted with his Progress, and expecting like other Mortals, elated with Success, that his Prosperity could not be interrupted, continued his March, and began in the latter End of *September* the Siege of *Prague*. He had gained several of the outer Posts, when he was informed that the Convoy which attended his Artillery was attacked by an unexpected Party of the *Austrians*. The King went immediately to their Assistance with the third Part of his Army, and found his Troops put to flight, and the *Austrians* hasting away with his Cannons;

such a Loss would have disabled him at once. He fell upon the *Austrians*, whose Number would not enable them to withstand him, recovered his Artillery, and having also defeated *Bathiani*, raised his Batteries, and there being no Artillery to be played against him, he destroyed a great Part of the City. He then ordered four Attacks to be made at once, and reduced the Besieged to such Extremities, that in fourteen Days the Governor was obliged to yield the Place.

At the Attack commanded by *Schwerin*, a Grenadier is reported to have mounted the Bastion alone, and to have defended himself for some Time with his Sword, till his Followers mounted after him; for this Act of Bravery the King made him a Lieutenant, and gave him a Patent of Nobility.

Nothing now remained but that the *Austrians* should lay aside all Thought of invading *France*, and apply their whole Power to their own Defence. Prince *Charles*, at the first News of the *Prussian* Invasion, prepared to repass the *Rhine*. This the *French*, according to their Contract with the King of *Prussia*, should have attempted to hinder; but they knew by Experience that the *Austrians* would not be beaten without Resistance, and that Resistance always incommodes an Assailant. As the King of *Prussia* rejoiced in the Distance of the *Austrians*, whom he considered as entangled in the *French* Territories; the *French* rejoiced in the Necessity of their Return, and pleased themselves with the Prospect of easy Conquests, while Powers whom they considered with equal Malevolence should be employed in massacring each other.

Prince *Charles* took the Opportunity of bright Moonshine to repass the *Rhine*; and *Noailles*, who had early Intelligence of his Motions, gave him very little Disturbance, but contented himself with attacking the Rear-guard, and when they retired to the main Body ceased his Pursuit.

The

The King upon the Reduction of *Prague* ſtruck a Medal, which had on one Side a Plan of the Town, with this Inſcription;

Prague taken by the King of Pruſſia,
September 16, 1744;
For the third Time in three Years.

On the other Side were two Verſes, in which he prayed, *That his Conqueſts might produce Peace.* He then marched forward with the Rapidity which conſtitutes his military Character, took Poſſeſſion of almoſt all *Bohemia*, and began to talk of entering *Auſtria* and beſieging *Vienna*.

The Queen was not yet wholly without Reſource. The Elector of *Saxony*, whether invited or not, was not compriſed in the Union of *Frankfort*; and as every Sovereign is growing leſs as his next Neighbour is growing greater, he could not heartily wiſh Succeſs to a Confederacy which was to aggrandize the other Powers of *Germany*. The *Pruſſians* gave him likewiſe a particular and immediate Provocation to oppoſe them; for when they departed to the Conqueſt of *Bohemia*, with all the Elation of imaginary Succeſs, they paſſed through his Dominions with unlicenſed and contemptuous Diſdain of his Authority. As the Approach of Prince *Charles* gave a new Proſpect of Events, he was eaſily perſuaded to enter into an Alliance with the Queen, whom he furniſhed with a very large Body of Troops.

The King of *Pruſſia* having left a Garriſon in *Prague*, which he commanded to put the Burghers to death if they left their Houſes in the Night, went forward to take the other Towns and Fortreſſes, expecting perhaps that Prince *Charles* would be interrupted in his March; but the *French*, though they appeared to follow him, either could not or would not overtake him.

In a short Time by Marches pressed on with the utmost Eagerness, *Charles* reached *Bohemia*, leaving the *Bavarians* to regain the Possession of the wasted Plains of their Country, which their Enemies who still kept the strong Places might again seize at will. At the Approach of the *Austrian* Army the Courage of the King of *Prussia* seemed to have failed him. He retired from Post to Post, and evacuated Town after Town, and Fortress after Fortress, without Resistance, or Appearance of Resistance, as if he was resigning them to the rightful Owners.

It might have been expected that he should have made some Effort to secure *Prague*; but after a faint Attempt to dispute the Passage of the *Elbe*, he ordered his Garrison of eleven thousand Men to quit the Place. They left behind them their Magazines, and heavy Artillery, among which were seven Pieces of remarkable Excellence, called *The Seven Electors*. But they took with them their field Cannon and a great Number of Carriages laden with Stores and Plunder, which they were forced to leave in their Way to the *Saxons* and *Austrians* that harrassed their March. They at last entered *Silesia* with the Loss of about a third Part.

The King of *Prussia* suffered much in his Retreat, for besides the military Stores, which he left every where behind him, even to the Cloaths of his Troops, there was a Want of Provisions in his Army, and consequently frequent Desertions and many Diseases; and a Soldier sick or killed was equally lost to a flying Army.

At last he re-entered his own Territories, and having stationed his Troops in Places of Security, returned for a Time to *Berlin*, where he forbad all to speak either ill or well of the Campaign.

To what End such a Prohibition could conduce, it is difficult to discover: There is no Country in which Men

Men can be forbidden to know what they know, and what is universally known may as well be spoken. It is true, that in popular Governments seditious Discourses may inflame the Vulgar, but in such Governments they cannot be restrained, and in absolute Monarchies they are of little Effect.

When the *Prussians* invaded *Bohemia*, and this whole Nation was fired with Resentment, the King of *England* gave Orders in his Palace that none should mention his Nephew with Disrespect; by this Command he maintained the Decency necessary between Princes, without enforcing and probably without expecting Obedience but in his own Presence.

The King of *Prussia*'s Edict regarded only himself, and therefore it is difficult to tell what was his Motive, unless he intended to spare himself this Mortification of absurd and illiberal Flattery, which to a Mind stung with Disgrace, must have been in the highest Degree painful and disgusting.

Moderation in Prosperity is a Virtue very difficult to all Mortals; Forbearance of Revenge, when Revenge is within reach, is scarcely ever to be found among Princes. Now was the Time when the Queen of *Hungary* might perhaps have made Peace on her own Terms, but Keenness of Resentment, and Arrogance of Success with-held her from the due Use of the present Opportunity. It is said that the King of *Prussia* in his Retreat sent Letters to Prince *Charles*, which were supposed to contain ample Concessions, but were sent back unopened. The King of *England* offered likewise to mediate between them, but his Propositions were rejected at *Vienna*, where a Resolution was taken not only to revenge the Interruption of their Success on the *Rhine* by the Recovery of *Silesia*, but to reward the *Saxons* for their seasonable Help by giving them Part of the *Prussian* Dominions.

In

In the beginning of the Year 1745 died the Emperor *Charles* of *Bavaria*, the Treaty of *Frankfort* was consequently at an End, and the King of *Prussia*, being no longer able to maintain the Character of Auxiliary to the Emperor, and having avowed no other Reason for the War, might have honourably withdrawn his Forces, and on his own Principles have complied with Terms of Peace: But no Terms were offered him; the Queen pursued him with the utmost Ardour of Hostility, and the *French* left him to his own Conduct, and his own Destiny.

His *Bohemian* Conquests were already lost, and he was now chased back into *Silesia*, where at the Beginning of the Year the War continued in an Equilibration by alternate Losses and Advantages. In *April* the Elector of *Bavaria* seeing his Dominions over-run by the *Austrians*, and receiving very little Succour from the *French*, made a Peace with the Queen of *Hungary* upon easy Conditions, and the *Austrians* had more Troops to employ against *Prussia*.

But the Revolutions of War will not suffer human Presumption to remain long unchecked. The Peace with *Bavaria* was scarcely concluded when the Battle of *Fontenoy* was lost, and all the Allies of *Austria* called upon her to exert her utmost Power for the Preservation of the Low Countries; and a few Days after the Loss at *Fontenoy*, the first Battle between the *Prussians* and the combined Army of *Austrians* and *Saxons* was fought at *Niedburg* in *Silesia*.

The Particulars of this Battle were variously reported by the different Parties, and published in the Journals of that Time; to transcribe them would be tedious and useless, because Accounts of Battles are not easily understood, and because there are no Means of determining to which of the Relations Credit should be given. It is sufficient that they all end in claiming or allowing a complete Victory to

the

the King of *Prussia*, who gained all the *Austrian* Artillery, killed four thousand, took seven thousand Prisoners, with the Loss, according to the *Prussian* Narrative, of only sixteen hundred Men.

He now advanced again into *Bohemia*, where, however, he made no great Progress. The Queen of *Hungary* though defeated was not subdued. She poured in her Troops from all Parts to the Reinforcement of Prince *Charles*, and determined to continue the Struggle with all her Power. The King saw that *Bohemia* was an unpleasing and inconvenient Theatre of War, in which he should be ruined by a Miscarriage, and should get little by a Victory. *Saxony* was left defenceless, and if it was conquered might be plundered.

He therefore published a Declaration against the Elector of *Saxony*, and without waiting for Reply, invaded his Dominions. This Invasion produced another Battle at *Standentz*, which ended, as the former, to the Advantage of the *Prussians*. The *Austrians* had some Advantage in the Beginning, and their irregular Troops, who are always daring, and always ravenous, broke into the *Prussian* Camp, and carried away the military Chest. But this was easily repaired by the Spoils of *Saxony*.

The Queen of *Hungary* was still inflexible, and hoped that Fortune would at last change. She recruited once more her Army, and prepared to invade the Territories of *Brandenburg*; but the King of *Prussia*'s Activity prevented all her Designs. One Part of his Forces seized *Leipsic*, and the other once more defeated the *Saxons*; the King of *Poland* fled from his Dominions, Prince *Charles* retired into *Bohemia*. The King of *Prussia* entered *Dresden* as a Conqueror, exacted very severe Contributions from the whole Country, and the *Austrians* and *Saxons* were at last compelled to receive from him such a

Peace

Peace as he would grant. He impoſed no ſevere Conditions except the Payment of the Contributions, made no new Claim of Dominions, and, with the Elector *Palatine*, acknowledged the Duke of *Tuſcany* for Emperor.

The Lives of Princes, like the Hiſtories of Nations, have their Periods. We ſhall here ſuſpend our Narrative of the King of *Pruſſia*, who was now at the Height of human Greatneſs, giving Laws to his Enemies, and courted by all the Powers of *Europe*.

THE

THE LIFE OF BARRETIER.

JOHN PHILIP BARRETIER was born at *Schwabach*, *January* 19, 1720-21. His Father was a Calviniſt Miniſter of that Place, who took upon himſelf the Care of his Education. What Arts of Inſtruction he uſed, or by what Method he regulated the Studies of his Son, we are not able to inform the Public, but take this Opportunity of intreating thoſe who have received more complete Intelligence, not to deny Mankind ſo great a Benefit as the Improvement of Education. If Mr. *Le Fevre* thought the Method, in which he taught his Children, worthy to be communicated to the learned World, how juſtly may Mr. *Barretier* claim the univerſal Attention of Mankind to a Scheme of Education that has produced ſuch a ſtupendous Progreſs! The Authors, who have endeavoured to teach certain and unfailing Rules for obtaining a long Life, however they have failed in their Attempts, are univerſally confeſſed to have, at leaſt, the Merit of a great and noble Deſign, and to have deſerved Gratitude and Honour. How much more then is due to Mr. *Barretier*, who has ſucceeded in what they have only attempted? For to prolong Life, and improve it, are nearly the ſame. If to have all that Riches can purchaſe, is to be rich, if to do all that can be done in a long Time, is to live long, he is equally a Benefactor to Mankind, who teaches them to protract the Duration, or ſhorten the Buſineſs of Life.

That

That there are few Things more worthy our Curiosity than this Method, by which the Father assisted the Genius of the Son, every Man will be convinced, that considers the early Proficiency at which it enabled him to arrive, such a Proficiency as no one has yet reached at the same Age, and to which it is therefore probable that every advantageous Circumstance concurred.

At the Age of nine Years, he not only was Master of five Languages, an Attainment in itself almost incredible, but understood, says his Father, the holy Writers, better in their original Tongues, than in his own. If he means by this Assertion, that he knew the Sense of many Passages in the Original, which were obscure in the Translation, the Account, however wonderful, may be admitted; but if he intends to tell his Correspondent, that his Son was better acquainted with the two Languages of the Bible, than with his own, he must be allowed to speak hyperbolically, or to admit that his Son had somewhat neglected the Study of his native Language: Or we must own, that the Fondness of a Parent has transported him into some natural Exaggerations.

Part of this Letter I am tempted to suppress, being unwilling to demand the Belief of others to that which appears incredible to myself; but as my Incredulity may, perhaps, be the Product rather of Prejudice than Reason, as Envy may beget a Disinclination to admit so immense a Superiority, and as an Account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful, I shall proceed to give the rest of his Father's Relation, from his Letter of the Third of *March* 1729-30. He speaks, continues he, *German*, *Latin*, and *French*, equally well. He can, by laying before him a Translation, read any of the Books of the Old or New Testament in its original Language, without Hesitation or

Perplexity. He is no Stranger to Biblical Criticism or Philosophy, nor unacquainted with antient or modern Geography, and is qualified to support a Conversation with learned Men, who frequently visit and correspond with him.

In his eleventh Year, he not only published a learned Letter in *Latin*, but translated the Travels of *Rabbi Benjamin* from the *Hebrew* into *French*, which he illustrated with Notes, and accompanied with Dissertations; a Work in which his Father, as he himself declares, could give him little Assistance, as he did not understand the Rabbinical Dialect.

The Reason for which his Father engaged him in this Work, was only to prevail upon him to write a fairer Hand than he had hitherto accustomed himself to do, by giving him Hopes, that if he should translate some little Author, and offer a fair Copy of his Version to some Bookseller, he might in return for it, have other Books which he wanted and could not afford to purchase.

Incited by this Expectation, he fixed upon the *Travels of Rabbi Benjamin*, as most proper for his Purpose, being a Book neither bulky nor common, and in one Month completed his Translation applying only one or two Hours a Day to that particular Task. In another Month, he drew up the principal Notes; and in the third, wrote some Dissertations upon particular Passages which seemed to require a larger Examination.

These Notes contain so many curious Remarks and Enquiries, out of the common Road of Learning, and afford so many Instances of Penetration, Judgment, and Accuracy, that the Reader finds in every Page some Reason to persuade him that they cannot possibly be the Work of a Child, but of a Man long accustomed to these Studies, enlightened by Reflection, and dextrous by long Practice in the Use of Books. Yet, that it is the Performance of

a Boy

a Boy thus young, is not only proved by the Teſtimony of his Father, but by the concurrent Evidence of Mr. *Le Maitre*, his Aſſociate in the Church of *Schwabach*, who not only aſſerts his Claim to this Work, but affirms that he heard him at ſix Years of Age explain the *Hebrew* Text as if it had been his native Language; ſo that the Fact is not to be doubted without a Degree of Incredulity, which it will not be very eaſy to defend.

This Copy was however far from being written with the Neatneſs which his Father deſired, nor did the Bookſellers, to whom it was offered, make Propoſals very agreeable to the Expectations of the young Tranſlator; but after having examined the Performance in their Manner, and determined to print it upon Conditions not very advantageous, returned it to be tranſcribed, that the Printers might not be embarraſſed with a Copy ſo difficult to read.

Barretier was now advanced to the latter End of his twelfth Year, and had made great Advances in his Studies, notwithſtanding an obſtinate Tumour in his left Hand, which gave him great Pain, and obliged him to a tedious and troubleſome Method of Cure; and reading over his Performance, was ſo far from contenting himſelf with barely tranſcribing it, that he altered the greateſt Part of the Notes, new-modelled the Diſſertations, and augmented the Book to twice its former Bulk.

The few Touches which his Father beſtowed upon his Reviſal of the Book, though they are minutely ſet down by him in the Preface, are ſo inconſiderable that it is not neceſſary to mention them, and it may be much more agreeable as well as uſeful to exhibit the ſhort Account which he there gives of the Method by which he enabled his Son to ſhew ſo early, how eaſy an Attainment is the Knowledge of the Languages, a Knowledge which ſome Men ſpend their Lives in cultivating, to the Neglect of more valuable

valuable Studies, and which they ſeem to regard as the higheſt Perfection of human Nature.

What Applauſes are due to an old Age, waſted in a ſcrupulous Attention to particular Accents and Etymologies may appear, ſays his Father, by ſeeing how little Time is required to arrive at ſuch an Eminence in theſe Studies as many even of theſe venerable Doctors have not attained, for want of rational Methods and regular Application.

This Cenſure is doubtleſs juſt, upon thoſe who ſpend too much of their Lives upon uſeleſs Niceties, or who appear to labour without making any Progreſs; but as the Knowledge of Languages is neceſſary, and a minute Accuracy ſometimes requiſite, they are by no means to be blamed, who, in Compliance with the particular Bent of their own Minds, make the Difficulties of dead Languages their chief Study, and arrive at Excellence proportionate to their Application, ſince it was to the Labour of ſuch Men that his Son was indebted for his own Learning.

The firſt Languages which *Barretier* learned were the *French*, *German*, and *Latin*, which he was taught not in the common Way by a Multitude of Definitions, Rules and Exceptions, which fatigue the Attention and burthen the Memory, without any Uſe proportionate to the Time which they require, and the Diſguſt which they create. The Method by which he was inſtructed was eaſy and expeditious, and therefore pleaſing. He learned them all in the ſame Manner, and almoſt at the ſame Time, by converſing in them indifferently with his Father.

The other Languages of which he was Maſter, he learned by a Method yet more uncommon. The only Book which he made uſe of was the Bible, which his Father laid before him in the Language that he then propoſed to learn, accompanied with a Tranſlation, being taught by Degrees the Inflections of

Nouns and Verbs. This Method, says his Father, made the *Latin* more familiar to him in his fourth Year than any other Language.

When he was near the End of his sixth Year, he entered upon the Study of the Old Testament in its original Language, beginning with the Book of *Genesis*, to which his Father confined him for six Months; after which he read cursorily over the rest of the Historical Books, in which he found very little Difficulty, and then applied himself to the Study of the poetical Writers and the Prophets, which he read over so often, with so close an Attention, and so happy a Memory, that he could not only translate them without a Moment's Hesitation into *Latin* or *French*, but turn with the same Facility the Translations into the original Language in his tenth Year.

Growing at length weary of being confined to a Book which he could almost entirely repeat, he deviated by stealth into other Studies, and, as his Translation of *Benjamin* is a sufficient Evidence, he read a Multitude of Writers of various Kinds. In his twelfth year he applied more particularly to the Study of the Fathers, and Councils of the six first Centuries, and began to make a regular Collection of their Canons. He read every Author in the Original, having discovered so much Negligence or Ignorance in most Translations, that he paid no Regard to their Authority.

Thus he continued his Studies, neither drawn aside by Pleasures nor discouraged by Difficulties. The greatest Obstacle to his Improvement was Want of Books, with which his narrow Fortune could not liberally supply him; so that he was obliged to borrow the greatest Part of those when his Studies required, and to return them which he had read them, without being able to consult them occasionally, or to recur to them when his Memory should fail him.

It

It is obſervable, that neither his Diligence, unintermitted as it was, nor his Want of Books, a Want of which he was in the higheſt Degree ſenſible, ever produced in him that Aſperity, which a long and recluſe Life, without any Circumſtance of Diſquiet, frequently create. He was always gay, lively, and facetious, a Temper which contributed much to recommend his Learning, and which ſome Students much ſuperior in Age would conſult their Eaſe, their Reputation, and their Intereſt by copying from him.

In the Year 1735 he publiſhed *Anti-Artemonius, ſive Initiam Evangelii S. Joannis, adverſus Artemonium vindicatum*, and attained ſuch a Degree of Reputation, that not only the Public, but Princes, who are commonly the laſt by whom Merit is diſtinguiſhed, began to intereſt themſelves in his Succeſs; for the ſame Year the King of *Pruſſia*, who had heard of his early Advances in Literature, on Account of a Scheme for diſcovering the Longitude, which had been ſent to the Royal Society of *Berlin*, and which was tranſmitted afterwards by him to *Paris* and *London*, engaged to take Care of his Fortune, having received further Proofs of his Abilities at his own Court.

Mr. *Barretier* being promoted to the Cure of the Church of *Stetin*, was obliged to travel with his Son thither from *Schwabach*, through *Leipſic* and *Berlin*, a Journey very agreeable to his Son, as it would furniſh him with new Opportunities of improving his Knowledge, and extending his Acquaintance among Men of Letters. For this purpoſe they ſtaid ſome Time at *Leipſic*, and then travelled to *Hall*, where young *Barretier* ſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his Converſation with the Profeſſors of the Univerſity, that they offered him his Degree of Doctor in Philoſophy, a Dignity correſpondent to that of Maſter of Arts among us. *Barretier* drew up that Night ſome Poſitions in Philoſophy and the Mathematicks, which

he sent immediately to the Press, and defended the next Day in a crowded Auditory, with so much Wit, Spirit, Presence of Thought, and Strength of Reason, that the whole University was delighted and amazed: he was then admitted to his Degree, and attended by the whole Concourse to his Lodgings, with Compliments and Acclamations.

His *Theses* or Philosophical Positions, which he printed in compliance with the Practice of that University, ran through several Editions in a few Weeks, and no Testimony of Regard was wanting that could contribute to animate him in his Progress.

When they arrived at *Berlin*, the King ordered him to be brought into his Presence, and was so much pleased with his Conversation, that he sent for him almost every Day during his Stay at *Berlin*; and diverted himself with engaging him in Conversations upon a Multitude of Subjects, and in Disputes with learned Men: on all which Occasions he acquitted himself so happily, that the King formed the highest Ideas of his Capacity and future Eminence. And thinking, perhaps with Reason, that active Life was the noblest Sphere of a great Genius, he recommended to him the Study of Modern History, the Customs of Nations, and those Parts of Learning that are of Use in public Transactions and civil Employments, declaring that such Abilities properly cultivated might exalt him, in ten Years, to be the greatest Minister of State in *Europe*. *Barretier*, whether we attribute it to his Moderation or Inexperience, was not dazzled by the Prospect of such high Promotion, but answered, that he was too much pleased with Science and Quiet, to leave them for such inextricable Studies, or such harrassing Fatigues. A Resolution so unpleasing to the King, that his Father attributes to it the Delay of those Favours which they had Hopes of receiving; the King having, as he observes, determined to employ him in the Ministry.

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It is not impoſſible that paternal Affection might ſuggeſt to Mr. *Barretier* ſome falſe Conceptions of the King's Deſigns; for he infers from the Introduction of his Son to the young Princes, and the Careſſes which he received from them, that the King intended him for their Preceptor: a Scheme, ſays he, which ſome other Reſolution unhappily deſtroyed.

Whatever was originally intended, and by whatever Means theſe Intentions were fruſtrated, *Barretier*, after having been treated with the higheſt Regard by the whole Royal Family, was diſmiſſed with a Preſent of two hundred Crowns: and his Father, inſtead of being fixed at *Stetin*, was made Paſtor of the *French* Church at *Hall*; a Place more commodious for Study, to which they retired; *Barretier* being firſt admitted into the Royal Society at *Berlin*, and recommended by the King to the Univerſity at *Hall*.

At *Hall* he continued his Studies with his uſual Application and Succeſs, and either by his own Reflections or the Perſuaſions of his Father, was prevailed upon to give up his own Inclinations to thoſe of the King, and direct his Enquiries to thoſe Subjects that had been recommended by him.

He continued to add new Acquiſitions to his Learning, and to encreaſe his Reputation by new Performances, till in the Beginning of his nineteenth Year, his Health began to decline; and his Indiſpoſition, which being not alarming or violent, was perhaps not at firſt ſufficiently regarded, increaſed by ſlow Degrees for eighteen Months, during which he ſpent Days among his Books, and neither neglected his Studies, nor left his Gaiety, till his Diſtemper, ten Days before his Death, deprived him of the Uſe of his Limbs; he then prepared himſelf for his End, without Fear or Emotion, and on the 5th of *October* 1740, reſigned his Soul into the Hands of his Saviour, with Confidence and Tranquility.

THE

LIFE OF DR. SYDENHAM.

Thomas Sydenham was born in the Year 1624, at *Winford Eagle* in *Dorſetſhire*, where his Father, *William Sydenham*, Eſq. had a large Fortune. Under whoſe Care he was educated, or in what Manner he paſſed his Childhood, whether he made any early Diſcoveries of a Genius peculiarly adapted to the Study of Nature, or gave any Preſages of his future Eminence in Medicine, no Information is to be obtained. We muſt therefore repreſs that Curioſity which would naturally incline us to watch the firſt Attempts of ſo vigorous a Mind, to perſue it in its childiſh Enquiries, and ſee it ſtruggling with ruſtick Prejudices, breaking on trifling Occaſions the Shackles of Credulity, and giving Proofs in its caſual Excurſions, that it was formed to ſhake off the Yoke of Preſcription, and diſpel the Phantoms of Hypotheſis.

That the Strength of *Sydenham's* Underſtanding, the Accuracy of his Diſcernment, and Ardour of his Curioſity might have been remarked from his Infancy by a diligent Obſerver, there is no Reaſon to doubt. For there is no Inſtance of any Man whoſe Hiſtory has been minutely related, that did not in every Part of Life diſcover the ſame Proportion of intellectual Vigour; but it has been the Lot of the greateſt Part of thoſe who have excelled in Science, to be known only by their own Writings, and to have left behind them no Remembrance of their domeſtick Life, or private Tranſactions, or only

only such Memorials of particular Passages as are, on certain Occasions, necessarily recorded in public Registers.

From these it is discovered, that at the Age of Eighteen, in 1642, he commenced a Commoner of *Magdalen-Hall* in *Oxford*, where it is not probable that he continued long; for he informs us himself, that he was with-held from the University by the Commencement of the War; nor is it known in what State of Life he engaged, or where he resided during that long Series of public Commotion. It is indeed reported, that he had a Commission in the King's Army, but no particular Account is given of his military Conduct; nor are we told what Rank he obtained when he entered into the Army, or when, or on what Occasion he retired from it.

It is, however, certain, that if ever he took upon him the Profession of Arms, he spent but few Years in the Camp; for in 1648 he obtained at *Oxford* the Degree of Bachelor of Physic, for which, as some medicinal Knowledge is necessary, it may be imagined that he spent some Time in qualifying himself.

His Application to the Study of Physic was, as he himself relates, produced by an accidental Acquaintance with Dr. *Cox*, a Physician eminent at that Time in *London*, who in some Sickness prescribed to his Brother, and attending him frequently on that Occasion, enquired of him what Profession he designed to follow. The young Man answering that he was undetermined, the Doctor recommended Physic to him; on what Account, or with what Arguments, it is not related; but his Persuasions were so effectual, that *Sydenham* determined to follow his Advice, and retired to *Oxford* for Leisure and Opportunity to persue his Studies.

It is evident that this Converſation muſt have happened before his Promotion to any Degree in Phyſic, becauſe he himſelf fixes it in the Interval of his Abſence from the Univerſity; a Circumſtance which will enable us to confute many falſe Reports relating to Dr. *Sydenham*, which have been confidently inculcated, and implicitly believed.

It is the general Opinion, that he was made a Phyſician by Accident and Neceſſity; and Sir *Richard Blackmore* reports in plain Terms *, that he engaged in Practice without any preparatory Study, or previous Knowledge, of the medicinal Sciences; and affirms, that when he was conſulted by him what Books he ſhould read to qualify him for the ſome Profeſſion he recommended *Don Quixote*.

That he recommended *Don Quixote* to *Blackmore*, we are not allowed to doubt; but the Relater is hindered by that Self-love which dazzles all Mankind from diſcovering, that he might intend a Satire very different from a general Cenſure of all the antient and modern Writers on Medicine, ſince he might perhaps mean either ſeriouſly, or in Jeſt, to inſinuate, that *Blackmore* was not adapted by Nature to the Study of Phyſic; and that, whether he ſhould read *Cervantes* or *Hippocrates*, he would be equally unqualified for Practice, and equally unſucceſsful in it.

Whatſoever was his Meaning, nothing is more evident, than that it was a tranſient Sally of an Imagination warmed with Gaiety, or the negligent Effuſion of a Mind intent on ſome other Employment, and in Haſte to diſmiſs a troubleſome Intruder; for it is certain that *Sydenham* did not think it impoſſible to write uſefully on Medicine, becauſe he has himſelf written upon it; and it is not probable that he carried his Vanity ſo far, as to imagine that no Man

* Preface to his Treatiſe on the Small-Pox.

had

had ever acquired the ſame Qualification beſides himſelf. He could not but know that he rather reſtored than invented moſt of his Principles, and therefore could not but acknowledge the Value of thoſe Writers whoſe Doctrines he adopted and enforced.

That he engaged in the Practice of Phyſic without any Acquaintance with the Theory, or Knowledge of the Opinions or Precepts of former Writers, is undoubtedly falſe; for he declares, that after he had, in purſuance of his Converſation with Dr. *Cox*, determined upon the Profeſſion of Phyſic, he *applied himſelf in earneſt to it*, and *ſpent ſeveral Years in the Univerſity*, [aliquot annos in academica palæſtra,] before he began to practiſe in *London*.

Nor was he ſatisfied with the Opportunities of Knowledge which *Oxford* afforded, but travelled to *Montpellier*, as *Default* relates *, in queſt of farther Information; *Montpellier* being at that Time the moſt celebrated School of Phyſick: So far was *Sydenham* from any Contempt of academical Inſtitutions, and ſo far from thinking it reaſonable to learn Phyſic by Experiments alone, which muſt neceſſarily be made at the Hazard of Life.

What can be demanded beyond this by the moſt zealous Advocate for regular Education? What can be expected from the moſt cautious and moſt induſtrious Student, than that he ſhould dedicate *ſeveral Years* to the Rudiments of his Art, and travel for further Inſtructions from one Univerſity to another?

It is likewiſe a common Opinion, that *Sydenham* was thirty Years old before he formed his Reſolution of ſtudying Phyſic, for which I can diſcover no other Foundation than one Expreſſion in his Dedica-

* Diſſertation on Conſumptions.

tion

tion to Dr. *Mapletoft*, which seems to have given rise to it by a gross Misinterpretation; for he only observes, that from his Conversation with Dr. *Cox* to the Publication of that Treatise *thirty Years* had intervened.

Whatever may have produced this Notion, or how long soever it may have prevailed, it is now proved beyond Controversy to be false, since it appears that *Sydenham*, having been for some Time absent from the University, returned to it in order to persue his physical Enquiries before he was twenty-four Years old; for in 1648 he was admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Physic.

That such Reports should be confidently spread, even among the Cotemporaries of the Author to whom they relate, and obtain in a few Years such Credit as to require a regular Confutation; that it should be imagined that the greatest Physician of the Age arrived at so high a Degree of Skill, without any Assistance from his Predecessors; and that a Man, eminent for Integrity, practised Medicine by Chance, and grew wise only by Murder, is not to be considered without Astonishment.

But if it be on the other Part remembered, how much this Opinion favours the Lazineſs of some, and the Pride of others; how readily some Men confide in natural Sagacity, and how willingly most would spare themselves the Labour of accurate Reading and tedious Enquiry, it will be easily discovered how much the Interest of Multitudes was engaged in the Production and Continuance of this Opinion, and how cheaply those of whom it was known, that they practised Physic before they studied it, might satisfy themselves and others with the Example of the illustrious *Sydenham*.

It is therefore in an uncommon Degree useful to publish a true Account of this memorable Man, that Pride, Temerity, and Idleness may be deprived of

of that Patronage which they have enjoyed too long; that Life may be secured from the dangerous Experiments of the Ignorant and Presumptuous; and that those who shall hereafter assume the important Province of superintending the Health of others, may learn from this great Master of the Art, that the only Means of arriving at Eminence and Success are Labour and Study.

From these false Reports it is probable that another arose, to which, though it cannot be with equal Certainty confuted, it does not appear that entire Credit ought to be given. The Acquisition of a *Latin* Stile did not seem consistent with the Manner of Life imputed to him; nor was it probable, that he who had so diligently cultivated the ornamental Parts of general Literature, would have neglected the essential Studies of his own Profession. Those therefore who were determined, at whatever Price, to retain him in their own Party, and represent him equally ignorant and daring with themselves, denied him the Credit of writing his own Works in the Language in which they were published, and asserted, but without Proof, that they were composed by him in *English*, and translated into *Latin* by Dr. *Mapletoft*.

Whether Dr. *Mapletoft* lived and was familiar with him during the whole Time in which these several Treatises were printed, Treatises written on particular Occasions, and printed at Periods considerably distant from each other, we have had no Opportunity of enquiring, and therefore cannot demonstrate the Falshood of this Report: But if it be considered how unlikely it is that any Man should engage in a Work so laborious and so little necessary, only to advance the Reputation of another, or that he should have Leisure to continue the same Office upon all following Occasions; if it be remembered how seldom such literary Combinations are form-

ed, and how soon they are for the greatest Part dissolved, there will appear no Reason for not allowing Dr. *Sydenham* the Laurel of Eloquence as well as Physic *.

It is observable. that his *Processus Integri*, published after his Death, discovers alone more Skill in the *Latin* Language than is commonly ascribed to him; and it surely will not be suspected, that the Officiousness of his Friend was continued after his Death, or that he procured the Book to be translated, only that, by leaving it behind him, he might secure his Claim to his other Writings.

It is asserted by Sir *Hans Sloane*, that Dr. *Sydenham*, with whom he was familiarly acquainted, was particularly versed in the Writings of the great *Roman* Orator and Philosopher; and there is evidently such a Luxuriance in his Stile, as may discover the Author which gave him most Pleasure, and most engaged his Imitation.

About the same Time that he became Bachelor of Physic, he obtained, by the Interest of a Relation, a Fellowship of *All Souls* College, having submitted by the Subscription required to the Authority of the Visitors appointed by the Parliament, upon what Principles, or how consistent with his former Conduct, it is now impossible to discover.

When he thought himself qualified for Practice, he fixed his Residence in *Westminster*, became Doctor of Physic at *Cambridge*, received a Licence from the

* Since the foregoing was written we have seen Mr. *Ward*'s Lives of the Professors of *Gresham College*: who, in the Life of Dr. *Mapletoft*; says, that in 1676, Dr. *Sydenham* published his *Observationes medicæ circa morborum acutorum historiam & curationem*, which he dedicated to Dr. *Mapletoft*, who at the Desire of the Author had translated them into *Latin*; and that the other Pieces of that excellent Physician were translated into that Language by Mr. *Gilbert Havers* of *Trinity College Cambridge*, a Student in Physic and Friend to Dr. *Mapletoft*. But as Mr. *Ward*, like others, neglects to bring any Proof of his Assertion, the Question cannot fairly be decided by his Authority.

College

College of Physicians, and lived in the first Degree of Reputation, and the greatest Affluence of Practice, for many Years, without any other Enemies than those which he raised by the superior Merit of his Conduct, the brighter Lustre of his Abilities, or his Improvements of his Science, and his Contempt of pernicious Methods supported only by Authority in Opposition to sound Reason and indubitable Experience. These Men are indebted to him for concealing their Names, when he records their Malice, since they have thereby escaped the Contempt and Detestation of Posterity.

It is a melancholy Reflection, that they who have obtained the highest Reputation, by preserving or restoring the Health of others, have often been hurried away before the natural Decline of Life, or have passed many of their Years under the Torments of those Distempers which they profess to relieve. In this Number was *Sydenham*, whose Health began to fail in the 52d Year of his Age, by the frequent Attacks of the Gout, to which he was subject for a great Part of his Life, and which was afterwards accompanied with the Stone in the Kidneys, and, its natural Consequence, bloody Urine.

These were Distempers which even the Art of *Sydenham* could only palliate, without Hope of a perfect Cure, but which, if he has not been able by his Precepts to instruct us to remove, he has, at least, by his Example, taught us to bear; for he never betrayed any indecent Impatience, or unmanly Dejection, under his Torments, but supported himself by the Reflections of Philosophy, and the Consolations of Religion, and in every Interval of Ease applied himself to the Assistance of others with his usual Assiduity.

After a Life thus usefully employed, he died at his House in *Pall Mall*, on the 29th of *December* 1689, and

and was buried in the Isle, near the South Door, of the Church of *St. James's* in *Westminster*.

What was his Character, as a Physician, appears from the Treatises which he has left, which it is not necessary to epitomise or transcribe; and from them it may likewise be collected, that his Skill in Physic was not his highest Excellence; that his whole Character was amiable; that his chief View was the Benefit of Mankind, and the chief Motive of his Actions the Will of God, whom he mentions with Reverence, well becoming the most enlightened and most penetrating Mind. He was benevolent, candid, and communicative, sincere and religious; Qualities, which it were happy if they could copy from him, who emulate his Knowledge, and imitate his Methods.

THE

THE LIFE OF Sir FRANCIS DRAKE.

FRANCIS DRAKE was the Son of a Clergyman in *Devonshire*, who being inclined to the Doctrine of the Protestants, at that Time much opposed by *Henry* VIII. was obliged to fly from his Place of Residence into *Kent*, for Refuge from the Persecution raised against him, and those of the same Opinion, by the Law of the Sixth Articles.

How long he lived there, or how he was supported, was not known, nor have we any Account of the first Years of Sir *Francis Drake*'s Life; of any Disposition to Hazards and Adventures which might have been discovered in his Childhood, or of the Education which qualified him for such wonderful Attempts.

We are only informed, that he was put Apprentice by his Father to the Master of a small Vessel that traded to *France* and the *Low Countries*, under whom he probably learned the Rudiments of Navigation, and familiarised himself to the Dangers and Hardships of the Sea.

But how few Opportunities soever he might have in this Part of his Life for the Exercise of his Courage, he gave so many Proofs of his Diligence and

Fidelity, that his Maſter dying unmarried left him his little Veſſel in Reward of his Services; a Circumſtance that deſerves to be remembered, not only as it may illuſtrate the private Character of this brave Man, but as it may hint to all thoſe who may hereafter propoſe his Conduct for their Imitation, That Virtue is the ſureſt Foundation both of Reputation and Fortune, and that the firſt Step to Greatneſs is to be honeſt.

If it were not improper to dwell longer on an Incident at the firſt View ſo inconſiderable, it might be added, That it deſerves the Reflection of thoſe, who, when they are engaged in Affairs not adequate to their Abilities, paſs them over with a contemptuous Neglect, and while they amuſe themſelves with chimerical Schemes, and Plans of future Undertakings, ſuffer every Opportunity of ſmaller Advantage to ſlip away as unworthy their Regard. They may learn from the Example of *Drake*, that Diligence in Employments of leſs Conſequence is the moſt ſucceſsful Introduction to greater Enterprizes.

After having followed for ſome Time his Maſter's Profeſſion, he grew weary of ſo narrow a Province, and having ſold his little Veſſel, ventured his Effects in the new Trade to the *Weſt-Indies*, which having not been long diſcovered, and very little frequented by the *Engliſh* till that Time, were conceived ſo much to abound in Wealth, that no Voyage thither could fail of being recompenſed by great Advantages. Nothing was talked of among the mercantile or adventurous Part of Mankind, but the Beauty and Riches of this new World. Freſh Diſcoveries were frequently made, new Countries and Nations never heard of before were daily deſcribed, and it may eaſily be concluded that the Relaters did not diminiſh the Merit of their Attempts, by ſuppreſſing or diminiſhing any Circumſtance that might

produce Wonder, or excite Curiosity. Nor was their Vanity only engaged in raising Admirers, but their Interest likewise in procuring Adventurers, who were indeed easily gained by the Hopes which naturally arise from new Prospects, though through Ignorance of the *American* Seas, and by the Malice of the *Spaniards*, who from the first Discovery of those Countries considered every other Nation that attempted to follow them as Invaders of their Rights, the best concerted Designs often miscarried.

Among those who suffered most from the *Spanish* Injustice, was Capt. *John Hawkins*, who having been admitted by the Viceroy to traffic in the Bay of *Mexico*, was, contrary to the Stipulation then made between them, and in Violation of the Peace between *Spain* and *England*, attacked without any Declaration of Hostilities, and obliged, after an obstinate Resistance, to retire with the Loss of four Ships, and a great Number of his Men, who were either destroyed or carried into Slavery.

In this Voyage *Drake* had adventured almost all his Fortune, which he in vain endeavoured to recover, both by his own private Interest, and by obtaining Letters from Queen *Elizabeth*; for the *Spaniards*, deaf to all Remonstrances, either vindicated the Injustice of the Viceroy, or at least forbore to redress it.

Drake thus oppressed and impoverished, retained at least his Courage and his Industry, that ardent Spirit that prompted him to Adventures, and that indefatigable Patience that enabled him to surmount Difficulties. He did not sit down idly to lament Misfortunes which Heaven had put it in his Power to remedy, or to repine at Poverty while the Wealth of his Enemies was to be gained. But having made two Voyages to *America* for the Sake of gaining Intelligence of the State of the *Spanish* Settlements, and acquainted himself with the Seas and Coasts,

he determined on a third Expedition of more Importance, by which the *Spaniards* ſhould find how imprudent they always act, who injure and inſult a brave Man.

On the 24th of *May*, 1572, *Francis Drake* ſet ſail from *Plymouth* in the *Paſcha* of ſeventy Tons, accompanied by the *Swan* of twenty-five Tons, commanded by his Brother *John Drake*, having in both the Veſſels ſeventy-three Men and Boys, with a Year's Proviſion, and ſuch Artillery and Ammunition as was neceſſary for his Undertaking, which, however incredible it may appear to ſuch as conſider rather his Force than his Fortitude, was no leſs than to make Repriſals upon the moſt powerful Nation in the World.

The Wind continuing favourable they entered *June* 29, between *Gaudelupe* and *Dominica*, and on *July* 6th, ſaw the High-land of *Santa Martha*; then continuing their Courſe, after having been becalmed for ſome Time, they arrived at Port *Pheaſant*, ſo named by *Drake* in a former Voyage, to the Eaſt of *Nombre de Dios*. Here he propoſed to build his Pinnaces, which he had brought in Pieces ready framed from *Plymouth*, and was going aſhore with a few Men unarmed, but diſcovering a Smoke at a Diſtance, ordered the other Boat to follow him with a greater Force.

Then marching towards the Fire, which was in the Top of a high Tree, he found a Plate of Lead nailed to another Tree, with an Inſcription engraved upon it by one *Garret*, an *Engliſhman*, who had left that Place but five Days before, and had taken this Method of informing him that the *Spaniards* had been advertiſed of his Intention to anchor at that Place, and that it therefore would be prudent to make a very ſhort Stay there.

But *Drake* knowing how convenient this Place was for his Deſigns, and conſidering that the Hazard

and

and Waſte of Time, which could not be avoided in ſeeking another Station, was equivalent to any other Danger which was to be apprehended from the *Spaniards*, determined to follow his firſt Reſolution; only, for his greater Security, he ordered a kind of Paliſade, or Fortification, to be made, by felling large Trees, and laying the Trunks and Branches one upon another by the Side of the River.

On *July* 20, having built their Pinnaces, and being joined by one Capt. *Rauſe*, who happened to touch at the ſame Place with a Bark of fifty Men, they ſet ſail towards *Nombre de Dios*, and taking two Frigates at the Iſland of *Pines*, were informed by the Negros which they found in them, that the Inhabitants of that Place were in Expectation of ſome Soldiers, which the Governor of *Panama* had promiſed, to defend them from the *Symerons*, or fugitive Negroes, who having eſcaped from the Tyranny of their Maſters in great Numbers, had ſettled themſelves under two Kings, or Leaders, on each Side of the Way between *Nombre de Dios* and *Panama*, and not only aſſerted their natural Right to Liberty and Independence, but endeavoured to revenge the Cruelties they had ſuffered, and had lately put the Inhabitants of *Nombre de Dios* into the utmoſt Conſternation.

Thoſe Negroes the Captain ſet on Shore on the main Land, ſo that they might, by joining the *Symerons*, recover their Liberty, or at leaſt might not have it in their Power to give the People of *Nombre de Dios* any ſpeedy Information of his Intention to invade them.

Then ſelecting fifty-three Men from his own Company, and twenty from the Crew of his new Aſſociate Captain *Rauſe*, he embarked with them in his Pinnaces, and ſet ſail for *Nombre de Dios*.

On *July* the 28th, at Night, he approached the Town undiſcovered, and dropt his Anchors under

the Shore, intending, after his Men were refreſhed, to begin the Attack; but finding that they were terrifying each other with formidable Accounts of the Strength of the Place, and the Multitude of the Inhabitants, he determined to hinder the Panic from ſpreading farther, by leading them immediately to Action; and therefore ordering them to their Oars, he landed without any Oppoſition, there being only one Gunner upon the Bay, though it was ſecured with ſix Braſs Cannons of the largeſt Size ready mounted. But the Gunner, while they were throwing the Cannons from their Carriages, alarmed the Town, as they ſoon diſcovered by the Bell, the Drums, and the Noiſe of the People.

Drake leaving twelve Men to guard the Pinnaces, marched round the Town with no great Oppoſition, the Men being more hurt by treading on the Weapons left on the Ground by the flying Enemy, than by the Reſiſtance which they encountered.

At length having taken ſome of the *Spaniards*, *Drake* commanded them to ſhew him the Governor's Houſe, where the Mules that bring the Silver from *Panama* were unloaded; there they found the Door open, and entering the Room where the Silver was depoſited, found it heaped up in Bars in ſuch Quantities as almoſt exceeded Belief, the Pile being, they conjectured, ſeventy Feet in Length, ten in Breadth, and twelve in Height, each Bar weighing between thirty and forty-five Pounds.

It is eaſy to imagine that at the Sight of this Treaſure, nothing was thought on by the *Engliſh*, but by what Means they might beſt convey it to their Boats; and doubtleſs it was not eaſy for *Drake*, who, conſidering their Diſtance from the Shore, and the Number of their Enemies, was afraid of being intercepted in his Retreat, to hinder his Men from encumbering themſelves with ſo much Silver as might have retarded their March, and obſtructed

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the Uſe of their Weapons; however, by promiſing to lead them to the King's Treaſure-houſe, where there was Gold and Jewels to a far greater Value, and where the Treaſure was not only more portable, but nearer the Coaſt, he perſuaded them to follow him, and rejoin the main Body of his Men, then drawn up under the Command of his Brother in the Market-place.

Here he found his little Troop much diſcouraged by the Imagination, that if they ſtayed any longer the Enemy would gain Poſſeſſion of their Pinnaces; and that they ſhould then, without any Means of Safety, be left to ſtand alone againſt the whole Power of that Country; *Drake*, not indeed eaſily terrified, but ſufficiently cautious, ſent to the Coaſt to enquire the Truth, and ſee if the ſame Terror had taken Poſſeſſion of the Men whom he had left to guard his Boats; but finding no Foundation for theſe dreadful Apprehenſions, he perſiſted in his firſt Deſign, and led the Troop forward to the Treaſure-houſe. In their Way there fell a violent Shower of Rain, which wet ſome of their Bow-ſtrings, and extinguiſhed many of their Matches; a Misfortune which might ſoon have been repaired, and which perhaps the Enemy might ſuffer in common with them, but which however on this Occaſion very much embarraſſed them, as the Delay produced by it repreſſed that Ardour which ſometimes is only to be kept up by continual Action, and gave Time to the Timorous and Slothful to ſpread their Inſinuations, and propagate their Cowardice. Some, whoſe Fear was their predominant Paſſion, were continually magnifying the Numbers and Courage of their Enemies, and repreſented whole Nations as ready to ruſh upon them; others, whoſe Avarice mingled with their Concern for their own Safety, were more ſolicitous to preſerve what they had already gained, than to acquire more; and others, brave in them-

ſelves, and reſolute, began to doubt of Succeſs in an Undertaking in which they were aſſociated with ſuch cowardly Companions. So that ſcarcely any Man appeared to proceed in the Enterprize with that Spirit and Alacrity which could give *Drake* a Proſpect of Succeſs.

This he perceived, and with ſome Emotion told them, that if, after having had the chief Treaſure of the World within their Reach, they ſhould go home and languiſh in Poverty, they could blame nothing but their own Cowardice; that he had performed his Part, and was ſtill deſirous to lead them on to Riches and to Honour.

Then finding that either Shame or Conviction made them willing to follow him, he ordered the Treaſure-houſe to be forced, and commanding his Brother, and *Oxenham* of *Plymouth*, a Man known afterwards for his bold Adventures in the ſame Parts, to take Charge of the Treaſure, he commanded the other Body to follow him to the Market place, that he might be ready to oppoſe any ſcattered Troops of the *Spaniards*, and hinder them from uniting into one Body.

But as he ſtepped forward, his Strength failed him on a ſudden, and he fell down ſpeechleſs. Then it was that his Companions perceived a Wound in his Leg, which he had received in the firſt Encounter, but hitherto concealed, leſt his Men, eaſily diſcouraged, ſhould make their Concern for his Life a Pretence for returning to their Boats. Such had been his Loſs of Blood, as was diſcovered upon nearer Obſervation, that it had filled the Prints of his Footſteps, and it appeared ſcarce credible that after ſuch Effuſion of Blood Life ſhould remain.

The Braveſt were now willing to retire: neither the Deſire of Honour nor of Riches was thought enough to prevail in any Man over his Regard for his

his Leader. *Drake*, whom Cordials had now restored to his Speech, was the only Man who could not be prevailed on to leave the Enterprize unfinished. It was to no Purpose that they advised him to submit to go on board to have his Wound dressed, and promised to return with him and complete their Design; he well knew how impracticable it was to regain the Opportunity when it was once lost, and could easily foresee that a Respite, of but a few Hours, would enable the *Spaniards* to recover from their Consternation, to assemble their Forces, refit their Batteries, and remove their Treasure. What he had undergone so much Danger to obtain was now in his Hands, and the Thoughts of leaving it untouched was too mortifying to be patiently born.

However, as there was little Time for Consultation, and the same Danger attended their Stay in that Perplexity and Confusion, at their Return, they bound up his Wound with his Scarf, and partly by Force, partly by Entreaty, carried him to the Boats, in which they all embarked by Break of Day.

Then taking with them, out of the Harbour, a Ship loaded with Wines, they went to the *Bastimentes*, an Island about a League from the Town, where they staid two Days to repose the wounded Men, and to regale themselves with the Fruits which grew in great Plenty in the Gardens of that Island.

During their Stay here there came over from the main Land a *Spanish* Gentleman, sent by the Governor with Instructions to enquire whether the Captain was that *Drake* who had been before on their Coast, whether the Arrows with which many of their Men were wounded were not poisoned, and whether they wanted Provisions or other Necessaries. The Messenger likewise extolled their Courage with

the higheſt Encomiums, and expreſſed his Admiration of their daring Undertaking. *Drake*, though he knew the Civilities of an Enemy are always to be ſuſpected, and that the Meſſenger, amidſt all his Profeſſions of Regard, was no other than a Spy, yet knowing that he had nothing to apprehend, treated him with the higheſt Honours that his Condition admitted of. In anſwer to his Enquiries, he aſſured him that he was the ſame *Drake* with whoſe Character they were before acquainted, that he was a rigid Obſerver of the Laws of War, and never permitted his Arrows to be poiſoned; he then diſmiſſed him with conſiderable Preſents, and told him that, though he had unfortunately failed in this Attempt, he would never deſiſt from his Deſign, till he had ſhared with *Spain* the Treaſures of *America*.

They then reſolved to return to the Iſle of *Pines*, where they had left their Ships, and conſult about the Meaſures they were now to take, and having arrived, *Auguſt* 1, at their former Station, they diſmiſſed Captain *Rauſe*, who judging it unſafe to ſtay any longer on the Coaſt, deſired to be no longer engaged in their Deſigns.

But *Drake*, not to be diſcouraged from his Purpoſe by a ſingle Diſappointment, after having enquired of a Negro, whom he took aboard at *Nombre de Dios*, the moſt wealthy Settlements, and weakeſt Parts of the Coaſt, reſolved to attack *Carthagena*; and ſetting ſail without Loſs of Time, came to anchor, *Auguſt* 13, between *Chareſha* and *St. Barnard's*, two Iſlands at a little Diſtance from the Harbour of *Carthagena*; then paſſing with his Boats round the Iſland he entered the Harbour, and in the Mouth of it found a Frigate with only an old Man in it, who voluntarily informed them, that about an Hour before a Pinnace had paſſed by with Sails and Oars, and all the Appearance of Expedi-

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tion and Importance: that as ſhe paſſed, the Crew on board her bid them take Care of themſelves; and that as ſoon as ſhe touched the Shore, they heard the Noiſe of Cannon fired as a Warning, and ſaw the Shipping in the Port drawn up under the Guns of the Caſtle.

The Captain, who had himſelf heard the Diſcharge of the Artillery, was ſoon convinced that he was diſcovered, and that therefore nothing could be attempted with any Probability of Succeſs. He therefore contented himſelf with taking a Ship of *Seville*, of two hundred and forty Tons, which the Relater of this Voyage mentions as a very large Ship, and two ſmall Frigates, in which he found Letters of Advice from *Nombre de Dios*, intended to alarm that Part of the Coaſt.

Drake now finding his Pinnaces of great Uſe, and not having a ſufficient Number of Sailors for all his Veſſels, was deſirous of deſtroying one of his Ships, that his Pinnaces might be better manned: This, neceſſary as it was, could not eaſily be done without diſguſting his Company, who having made ſeveral proſperous Voyages in that Veſſel, would be unwilling to have it deſtroyed. *Drake* well knew that nothing but the Love of their Leaders could animate his Followers to encounter ſuch Hardſhips as he was about to expoſe them to, and therefore rather choſe to bring his Deſigns to paſs by Artifice than Authority. He ſent for the Carpenter of the *Swan*, took him into his Cabbin, and having firſt engaged him to Secrecy, ordered him in the middle of the Night to go down into the Well of the Ship, and bore three Holes through the Bottom, laying ſomething againſt them that might hinder the Bubbling of the Water from being heard. To this, the Carpenter, after ſome Expoſtulation, conſented, and the next Night performed his Promiſe.

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In the Morning, *Auguſt* 15, *Drake* going out with his Pinnace a-fiſhing rowed up to the *Swan*, and having invited his Brother to partake of his Diverſion, enquired, with a negligent Air, why their Bark was ſo deep in the Water; upon which the Steward going down, returned immediately with an Account that the Ship was leaky, and in Danger of ſinking in a little Time. They had Recourſe immediately to the Pump, but having laboured till three in the Afternoon, and gained very little upon the Water, they willingly, according to *Drake's* Advice, ſet the Veſſel on Fire, and went on Board the Pinnaces.

Finding it now neceſſary to lie concealed for ſome Time, till the *Spaniards* ſhould forget their Danger and remit their Vigilance, they ſet ſail for the Sound of *Darien*, and without approaching the Coaſt, that their Courſe might not be obſerved, they arrived there in ſix Days.

This being a convenient Place for their Reception, both on Account of Privacy, as it was out of the Road of all Trade, and as it was well ſupplied with Wood, Water, wild Fowl, Hogs, Deer, and all Kinds of Proviſions, he ſtayed here 15 Days to clean his Veſſels, and refreſh his Men, who worked interchangeably, on one Day the one half, and on the next the other.

On the fifth Day of *September*, *Drake* left his Brother with the Ship at *Darien*, and ſet out with two Pinnaces towards the *Rio Grande*, which it reached in three Days, and on the ninth were diſcovered by a *Spaniard* from the Bank, who believing them to be his Countrymen, made a Signal to them to come on Shore, with which they very readily complied; but he ſoon finding his Miſtake abandoned his Plantation, where they found great Plenty of Proviſions, with which having laden their Veſſels, they departed. So great was the Quantity of

Proviſions which they amaſſed here and in other Places, that in different Parts of the Coaſt they built four Magazines or Storehouſes, which they filled with Neceſſaries for the Proſecution of their Voyage. Theſe they placed at ſuch a Diſtance from each other, that the Enemy, if he ſhould ſurpriſe one, might yet not diſcover the reſt.

In the mean Time, his Brother, Captain *John Drake*, went, according to the Inſtructions that had been left him, in ſearch of the *Symerons* or fugitive Negroes, from whoſe Aſſiſtance alone they had now any Proſpect of a ſucceſsful Voyage; and touching upon the main Land, by means of the Negro whom they had taken from *Nombre de Dios*, engaged two of them to come on Board his Pinnance, leaving two of their own Men as Hoſtages for their returning. Theſe Men, having aſſured *Drake* of the Affection of their Nation, appointed an Interview between him and their Leaders. So leaving Port *Plenty*, in the Iſle of *Pines*, ſo named by the *Engliſh* from the great Stores of Proviſions which they had amaſſed at that Place, they came, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, into a ſecret Bay among beautiful Iſlands covered with Trees, which concealed their Ship from Obſervation, and where the Channel was ſo narrow and rocky, that it was impoſſible to enter it by Night; ſo that there was no Danger of a ſudden Attack.

Here they met and entered into Engagements, which common Enemies and common Dangers preſerved from Violation. But the firſt Converſation informed the *Engliſh* that their Expectations were not immediately to be gratified; for upon their Enquiries after the moſt probable Means of gaining Gold and Silver, the *Symerons* told them, that had they known ſooner the chief End of their Expedition, they could eaſily have gratified them; but that during the rainy Seaſon, which was now begun, and

and which continues six Months, they could not recover the Treasure, which they had taken from the *Spaniards*, out of the Rivers in which they had concealed it.

Drake, therefore, proposing to wait in this Place till the Rains were past, built, with the Assistance of the *Symerons*, a Fort of Earth and Timber, and leaving Part of his Company with the *Symerons*, set out with three Pinnances towards *Carthagena*, being of a Spirit too active to lie still patiently, even in a State of Plenty and Security, and with the most probable Expectations of immense Riches.

On the 16th of *October*, he anchored within Sight of *Carthagena* without landing, and on the 17th, going out to Sea took a *Spanish* Bark, with which they entered the Harbour, where they were accosted by a *Spanish* Gentleman, whom they had some time before taken, and set at Liberty; who coming to them in a Boat, as he pretended, without the Knowledge of the Governor, made them great Promises of Refreshment, and Professions of Esteem; but *Drake* having waited till the next Morning without receiving the Provisions he had been prevailed upon to expect, found that all this pretended Kindness was no more than a Stratagem to amuse him, while the Governor was raising Forces for his Destruction.

October 20, they took two Frigates coming out of *Carthagena* without Lading. Why the *Spaniards*, knowing *Drake* to lie at the Mouth of the Harbour, sent out their Vessels on purpose to be taken, does not appear. Perhaps they thought that, in order to keep Possession of his Prizes, he would divide his Company, and by that Division be more easily destroyed.

In a few Hours afterwards, they sent out two Frigates well manned, which *Drake* soon forced to retire; and having sunk one of his Prizes, and burnt the

the other in their Sight, leaped afterwards aſhore, ſingle, in Defiance of their Troops, which hovered at a Diſtance in the Woods and on the Hills, without ever venturing to approach within Reach of the Shot from the Pinnaces.

To leap upon an Enemy's Coaſt in Sight of a ſuperior Force, only to ſhow how little they were feared, was an Act that would in theſe Times meet with little Applauſe; nor can the General be ſeriouſly commended, or rationally vindicated, who expoſes his Perſon to Deſtruction, and, by conſequence, his Expedition to Miſcarriage, only for the Pleaſure of an idle Inſult, an inſignificant Bravado. All that can be urged in his Defence, is, that, perhaps it might contribute to heighten the Eſteem of his Followers, as few Men, eſpecially of that Claſs, are philoſophical enough to ſtate the exact Limits of Prudence and Bravery, or not to be dazzled with an Intrepidity how improperly ſoever exerted. It may be added, that perhaps the *Spaniards*, whoſe Notions of Courage are ſufficiently romantic, might look upon him as a more formidable Enemy, and yield more eaſily to a Hero of whoſe Fortitude they had ſo high an Idea.

However, finding the whole Country advertiſed of his Attempts, and in Arms to oppoſe him, he thought it not proper to ſtay longer where there was no Probability of Succeſs, and where he might in Time be overpowered by Multitudes, and therefore determined to go forwards to *Rio de Heha*.

This Reſolution, when it was known by his Followers, threw them into Aſtoniſhment, and the Company of one of his Pinnaces remonſtrated to him, that though they placed the higheſt Confidence in his Conduct, they could not think of undertaking ſuch a Voyage without Proviſions, having only a Gammon of Bacon, and a ſmall Quantity of Bread for ſeventeen Men: *Drake* anſwered them, that

that there was on Board his Veſſel even a greater Scarcity; but yet, if they would adventure to ſhare his Fortune, he did not doubt of extricating them from all their Difficulties.

Such was the heroic Spirit of *Drake*, that he never ſuffered himſelf to be diverted from his Deſigns by any Difficulties, nor ever thought of relieving his Exigencies, but at the Expence of his Enemies.

Reſolution and Succeſs reciprocally produce each other. He had not ſailed more than three Leagues, before they diſcovered a large Ship, which they attacked with all the Intrepidity that Neceſſity inſpires, and happily found it laden with excellent Proviſions.

But finding his Crew growing faint and ſickly with their Manner of Living in the Pinnaces, which was leſs commodious than on Board the Ships, he determined to go back to the *Symerons*, with whom he left his Brother and Part of his Force, and attempt by their Conduct to make his Way over, and invade the *Spaniards* in the inland Parts, where they would probably never dream of an Enemy.

When they arrived at Port *Diego*, ſo named from the Negro who had procured them their Intercourſe with the *Symerons*, they found Captain *John Drake*, and one of his Company dead, being killed, in attempting, almoſt unarmed, to board a Frigate well provided with all Things neceſſary for its Defence. The Captain was unwilling to attack it, and repreſented to them the Madneſs of their Propoſal; but being overborn by their Clamours and Importunities, to avoid the Imputation of Cowardice, complied to his Deſtruction. So dangerous is it for the chief Commander to be abſent!

Nor was this their only Misfortune: for, in a very ſhort Time, many of them were attacked by the *Calenture*, a malignant Fever, very frequent in the

the hot Climates, which carried away, among several others, *Joseph Drake*, another Brother of the Commander.

While *Drake* was employed in taking Care of the sick Men, the *Symerons*, who ranged the Country for Intelligence, brought him an Account, that the *Spanish* Fleet was arrived at *Nombre de Dios*, the Truth of which was confirmed by a Pinnace, which he sent out to make Observations.

This, therefore, was the Time for their Journey, when the Treasures of the *American* Mines were to be transported from *Panama*, over Land, to *Nombre de Dios*. He therefore, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, furnished himself with all Things necessary, and on *February* 3, set out from Port *Diego*.

Having lost already 28 of his Company, and being under a Necessity of leaving some to guard his Ship, he took with him only 18 *English*, and 30 *Symerons*, who, not only served as Guides to show the Way, but as Purveyors to procure Provisions.

They carried not only Arrows for War, but for Hunting and Fowling; the Heads of which are proportioned in Size to the Game which they are pursuing; for Oxen, Stags, or wild Boars, they have Arrows, or Javelins, with Heads weighing a Pound and half, which they discharge near Hand, and which scarcely ever fail of being mortal. The second Sort are about half as heavy as the other, and are generally shot from their Bows; these are intended for smaller Beasts. With the third Sort, of which the Heads are an Ounce in Weight, they kill Birds. As this Nation is in a State that does not set them above continual Cares for the immediate Necessaries of Life, he that can temper Iron best, is among them most esteemed, and, perhaps, it would be happy for every Nation, if Honours and Applauses were as justly distributed, and he were most distinguished

guiſhed whoſe Abilities were moſt uſeful to Society. How many chimerical Titles to Precedence, how many falſe Pretences to Reſpect, would this Rule bring to the Ground!

Every Day, by Sun-riſing, they began to march, and having travelled till Ten, reſted near ſome River till Twelve, then travelling again till Four, they repoſed all Night in Houſes, which the *Symerons* had either left ſtanding in their former Marches, or very readily erected for them, by ſetting up three or four Poſts in the Ground, and laying Poles from one to another in Form of a Roof, which they thatched with Palmetto Boughs and Plantane Leaves. In the Valleys, where they were ſheltered from the Winds, they left three or four Foot below open; but on the Hills, where they were more expoſed to the chill Blaſts of the Night, they thatched them cloſe to the Ground, leaving only a Door for Entrance, and a Vent in the Middle of the Room, for the Smoke of three Fires, which they made in every Houſe.

In their March they met with not only Plenty of Fruits upon the Banks of the Rivers, but with wild Swine in great Abundance, of which the *Symerons*, without Difficulty, killed, for the moſt Part, as much as was wanted. One Day, however, they found an Otter, and were about to dreſs it; at which *Drake* expreſſing his Wonder, was aſked by *Pedro*, the chief *Symeron*, *Are you a Man of War, and in Want, and yet doubt whether this be Meat that hath Blood in it?* For which *Drake* in private rebuked him, ſays the Relator, whether juſtly or not, it is not very important to determine. There ſeems to be in *Drake*'s Scruple ſomewhat of Superſtition, perhaps not eaſily to be juſtified; and the Negro's Anſwer was, at leaſt, martial, and will I believe be generally acknowledged to be rational.

On the third Day of their March, *February* 6, they came to a Town of the *Symerons*, ſituated on

the Side of a Hill, and encompaſſed with a Ditch and a Mud Wall, to ſecure it from any ſudden Surprize; here they lived with great Neatneſs and Plenty, and ſome Obſervation of Religion, paying great Reverence to the Croſs; a Practice, which *Drake* prevailed upon them to change for the Uſe of the Lord's Prayer. Here they importuned *Drake* to ſtay for a few Days, promiſing to double his Strength; but he either thinking greater Numbers unneceſſary, or fearing that if any Difference ſhould ariſe, he ſhould be overborn by the Number of the *Symerons*, or that they would demand to ſhare the Plunder, that ſhould be taken, in common, or for ſome other Reaſon that might eaſily occur, refuſed any Addition to his Troop, endeavouring to expreſs his Refuſal in ſuch Terms as might heighten their Opinion of his Bravery.

He then proceeded on his Journey through cool Shades and lofty Woods, which ſheltered them ſo effectually from the Sun, that their March was leſs toilſome than if they had travelled in *England* during the Heat of the Summer. Four of the *Symerons*, that were acquainted with the Way, went about a Mile before the Troop, and ſcattered Branches to direct them; then followed twelve *Symerons*, after whom came the *Engliſh*, with the two Leaders, and the other *Symerons* cloſed the Rear.

On *February* 11, they arrived at the Top of a very high Hill, on the Summit of which grew a Tree of wonderful Greatneſs, in which they had cut Steps for the more eaſy Aſcent to the Top; where there was a Kind of Tower, to which they invited *Drake*, and from thence ſhewed him not only the North Sea, from whence they came, but the great South Sea, on which no *Engliſh* Veſſel had ever ſailed. This Proſpect exciting his natural Curioſity and Ardour for Adventures and Diſcoveries, he lifted up his Hands to God, and implored his Bleſſing

upon the Reſolution, which he then formed, of ſailing in an *Engliſh* Ship on that Sea.

Then continuing their March, they came, after two Days, into an open, level Country, where their Paſſage was ſomewhat incommoded with the Graſs, which is of a peculiar Kind, conſiſting of a Stalk like that of Wheat, and a Blade, on which the Oxen and other Cattle feed, till it grows too high for them to reach; then the Inhabitants ſet it on Fire, and in three Days it ſprings up again; this they are obliged to do thrice a Year, ſo great is the Fertility of the Soil.

At length, being within view of *Panama*, they left all frequented Roads, for fear of being diſcovered, and poſted themſelves in a Grove near the Way between *Panama* and *Nombre de Dios*; then they ſent a *Symeron*, in the Habit of a Negro of *Panama*, to enquire on what Night the *Recoes*, or Drivers of Mules, on which the Treaſure is carried, were to ſet forth. The Meſſenger was ſo well qualified for his Undertaking, and ſo induſtrious in the Proſecution of it, that he ſoon returned with an Account that the Treaſurer of *Lima*, intending to return to *Europe*, would paſs that Night, with eight Mules laden with Gold, and one with Jewels.

Having received this Information, they immediately marched towards *Venta Cruz*, the firſt Town on the Way to *Nombre de Dios*, ſending for Security, two *Symerons* before, who, as they went, perceived, by the Scent of a Match, that ſome *Spaniard* was before them, and going ſilently forwards ſurpriſed a Soldier aſleep upon the Ground. They immediately bound him, and brought him to *Drake*, who, upon Enquiry, found that their Spy had not deceived them in his Intelligence. The Soldier having informed himſelf of the Captain's Name, conceived ſuch a Confidence in his well-known Clemency, that after having made an ample Diſcovery

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of the Treasure that was now at hand, he petitioned not only that he would command the *Symerons* to spare his Life, but that, when the Treasure should fall into his Hands, he would allow him as much as might maintain him and his Mistress, since they were about to gain more than their whole Company could carry away.

Drake then ordered his Men to lie down in the long Grass, about fifty Paces from the Road, half on one Side, with himself, and half on the other, with *Oxhenham* and the Captain of the *Symerons*, so much behind, that one Company might seize the foremost *Recoe*, and the other the hindermost; for the Mules of these *Recoes*, or Drivers, being tied together, travel in a Line, and are all guided by leading the first.

When they had lain about an Hour in this Place they began to hear the Bells of the Mules on each Hand; upon which Orders were given, that the Droves which came from *Venta Cruz* should pass unmolested, because they carried nothing of great Value, and those only be intercepted which were travelling thither, and that none of the Men should rise up till the Signal should be given. But one *Robert Pike*, heated with strong Liquor, left his Company, and prevailed upon one of the *Symerons* to creep with him to the Way-side, that they might signalize themselves by seizing the first Mule; and hearing the Trampling of a Horse, as he lay, could not be restrained by the *Symeron* from rising up to observe who was passing by. This he did so imprudently, that he was discovered by the Passenger; for by *Drake*'s Order, the *English* had put their Shirts on over their Coats, that the Night and the Tumult might not hinder them from knowing one another.

The Gentleman was immediately observed by *Drake* to change his Trot into a Gallop, but the

Reaſon of it not appearing, it was imputed to his Fear of the Robbers that uſually infeſt that Road, and the *Engliſh* ſtill continued to expect the Treaſure.

In a ſhort Time one of the *Recoes* that were paſſing towards *Venta Cruz*, came up, and was eagerly ſeized by the *Engliſh*, who expected nothing leſs than half the Revenue of the *Indies*; nor is it eaſy to imagine their Mortification and Perplexity when they found only two Mules laden with Silver, the reſt having no other Burthen than Proviſions.

The Driver was brought immediately to the Captain, and informed him that the Horſeman whom he had obſerved paſs by with ſo much Precepitation had informed the Treaſurer of what he had obſerved, and adviſed him to ſend back the Mules that carried his Gold and Jewels, and ſuffer only the reſt to proceed, that he might by that cheap Experiment diſcover whether there was any Ambuſh on the Way.

That *Drake* was not leſs diſguſted than his Followers at the Diſappointment, cannot be doubted; but there was now no Time to be ſpent in Complaints. The whole Country was alarmed, and all the Force of the *Spaniards* was ſummoned to overwhelm him. He had no Fortreſs to retire to, every Man was his Enemy, and every Retreat better known to the *Spaniards* than to himſelf.

This was an Occaſion that demanded all the Qualities of an Hero, an Intrepidity never to be ſhaken, and a Judgment never to be perplexed. He immediately conſidered all the Circumſtances of his preſent Situation, and found that it afforded him only the Choice of marching back by the ſame Way through which he came, or forcing his Paſſage to *Venta Cruz*.

To march back was to confeſs the Superiority of his Enemies, and to animate them to the Purſuit; the Woods would afford Opportunities of Ambuſh, and

and his Followers muſt often diſperſe themſelves in ſearch of Proviſions, who would become an eaſy Prey, diſperſed by their Diſappointment, and fatigued by their March. On the Way to *Venta Cruz* he ſhould have nothing to fear but from open Attacks, and expected Enemies.

Determining therefore to paſs forward to *Venta Cruz*, he aſked *Pedro*, the Leader of the *Symerons*, whether he was reſolved to follow him; and having received from him the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances that nothing ſhould ſeparate them, commanded his Men to refreſh themſelves, and prepare to ſet forward.

When they came within a Mile of the Town, they diſmiſſed the Mules which they had made uſe of for their more eaſy and ſpeedy Paſſage, and continued their March along a Road cut through thick Woods, in which a Company of Soldiers, who were quartered in the Place to defend it againſt the *Symerons*, had poſted themſelves, together with a Convent of Friars headed by one of their Brethren, whoſe Zeal againſt the Northern Hereſy had incited him to hazard his Perſon, and aſſume the Province of a General.

Drake, who was advertiſed by two *Symerons*, whom he ſent before, of the Approach of the *Spaniards*, commanded his Followers to receive the firſt Volley without firing.

In a ſhort Time he heard himſelf ſummoned by the *Spaniſh* Captain to yield, with a Promiſe of Protection and kind Treatment; to which he anſwered with Defiance, Contempt, and the Diſcharge of his Piſtol.

Immediately the *Spaniards* poured in their Shot, by which only one Man was killed, and *Drake*, with ſome others, ſlightly wounded; upon which the Signal was given by *Drake*'s Whiſtle to fall upon them. The *Engliſh*, after diſcharging their Arrows and Shot, preſſed furiouſly forward, and drove the *Spa-*

niards before them, which the *Symerons*, whom the Terror of the Shot had driven to ſome Diſtance, obſerved, and recalling their Courage, animated each other with Songs in their own Language, and ruſhed forward with ſuch Impetuoſity, that they overtook them near the Town, and, ſupported by the *Engliſh*, diſperſed them with the Loſs of only one Man, who, after he had received his Wound, had Strength and Reſolution left to kill his Aſſailant.

They purſued the Enemy into the Town, in which they met with ſome Plunder, which was given to the *Symerons*, and treated the Inhabitants with great Clemency, *Drake* himſelf going to the *Spaniſh* Ladies to aſſure them that no Injuries ſhould be offered them; ſo inſeparable is Humanity from true Courage.

Having thus broken the Spirits, and ſcattered the Forces of the *Spaniards*, he purſued his March to his Ship, without any Apprehenſion of Danger, yet with great Speed, being very ſolicitous about the State of the Crew; ſo that he allowed his Men, harraſſed as they were, but little Time for Sleep or Refreſhment, but by kind Exhortations, gentle Authority, and a chearful Participation of all their Hardſhips, prevailed upon them to bear, without Murmurs, not only the Toil of Travelling, but on ſome Days the Pain of Hunger.

In this March he owed much of his Expedition to the Aſſiſtance of the *Symerons*, who being accuſtomed to the Climate, and naturally robuſt, not only brought him Intelligence, and ſhewed the Way, but carried Neceſſaries, provided Victuals, and built Lodgings, and when any of the *Engliſh* fainted in the Way, two of them would carry him between them for two Miles together; nor was their Valour leſs than their Induſtry, after they had learned, from their *Engliſh* Companions, to deſpiſe the Fire-arms of the *Spaniards*.

When

When they were within five Leagues of the Ships, they found a Town built in their Abſence by the *Symérons*, at which *Drake* conſented to halt, ſending a *Symeron* to the Ship with his Gold Tooth-pick as a Token, which, though the Maſter knew it, was not ſufficient to gain the Meſſenger Credit, till upon Examination he found that the Captain, having ordered him to regard no Meſſage without his Handwriting, had engraven his Name upon it with the Point of his Knife. He then ſent the Pinnace up the River, which they met, and afterwards ſent to the Town for thoſe whoſe Wearineſs had made them unable to march farther. On *February* 23, the whole Company was re-united, and *Drake*, whoſe good or ill Succeſs never prevailed over his Piety, celebrated their Meeting with Thanks to God.

Drake, not yet diſcouraged, now turned his Thoughts to new Proſpects, and without languiſhing in melancholy Reflections upon his paſt Miſcarriages, employed himſelf in forming Schemes for repairing them. Eager of Action, and acquainted with Man's Nature, he never ſuffered Idleneſs to infect his Followers with Cowardice, but kept them from ſinking under any Diſappointment by diverting their Attention to ſome new Enterprize.

Upon Conſultation with his own Men and the *Symerons* he found them divided in their Opinions: Some declaring that before they engaged in any new Attempt it was neceſſary to increaſe their Stores of Proviſions, and others urging, that the Ships in which the Treaſure was conveyed ſhould be immediately attacked. The *Symerons* propoſed a third Plan, and adviſed him to undertake another March over Land to the Houſe of one *Pezoro* near *Vereguq*, whoſe Slaves brought him every Day more than two hundred Pounds Sterling from the Mines, which he heaped together in a ſtrong Stone-houſe,

which might by the Help of the *Engliſh* be eaſily forced.

Drake, being unwilling to fatigue his Followers with another Journey, determined to comply with both the other Opinions; and manning his two Pinnaces, the *Bear* and the *Minion*, he ſent *John Oxenham* in the *Bear* towards *Tolon*, to ſeize upon Proviſions, and went himſelf in the *Minion* to the *Cabezas*, to intercept the Treaſure that was to be tranſported from *Veragua* and that Coaſt to the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*, firſt diſmiſſing with Preſents thoſe *Symerons* that deſired to return to their Wives, and ordering thoſe that choſe to remain to be entertained in the Ship.

Drake took at the *Cabezas* a Frigate of *Nicaragua*, the Pilot of which informed him that there was in the Harbour of *Veragua*, a Ship freighted with more than a Million of Gold, to which he offered to conduct him (being well acquainted with the Soundings) if he might be allowed his Share of the Prize; ſo much was his Avarice ſuperior to his Honeſty.

Drake, after ſome Deliberation, complying with the Pilot's Importunities, ſailed towards the Harbour, but had no ſooner entered the Mouth of it than he heard the Report of Artillery, which was anſwered by others at a greater Diſtance; upon which the Pilot told him that they were diſcovered, this being the Signal appointed by the Governor to alarm the Coaſt.

Drake now thought it convenient to return to the Ship, that he might enquire the Succeſs of the other Pinnace, which he found with a Frigate, that ſhe had taken with twenty-eight fat Hogs, two hundred Hens, and great Store of *Maiz*, or *Indian* Corn. The Veſſel itſelf was ſo ſtrong and well built, that he fitted it out for War, determining to attack the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*.

On

On *March* the 21ſt he ſet ſail with the new Frigate and the *Bear* towards the *Cabezas*, at which he arrived in about two Days, and found there *Tetu*, a *Frenchman*, with a Ship of War, who after having received from him a Supply of Water, and other Neceſſaries, intreated that he might join with him in his Attempt, which *Drake* conſenting to, admitted him to accompany him with 20 of his Men, ſtipulating to allow them an equal Share of whatever Booty they ſhould gain. Yet were they not without ſome Suſpicions of Danger from this new Ally, he having eighty Men, and they being now reduced to thirty-one.

Then manning the Frigate and two Pinnaces, they ſet ſail for the *Cabezas*, where they left the Frigate, which was too large for the Shallows over which they were to paſs, and proceeded to *Rio Franciſco*. Here they landed, and having ordered the Pinnaces to return to the ſame Place on the 4th Day following, travelled through the Woods towards *Nombre de Dios*, with ſuch Silence and Regularity, as ſurpriſed the *French*, who did not imagine the *Symerons* ſo diſcreet or obedient as they appeared, and were therefore in perpetual Anxiety about the Fidelity of their Guides, and the Probability of their Return. Nor did the *Symerons* treat them with that ſubmiſſion and Regard which they paid to the *Engliſh*, whoſe Bravery and Conduct they had already tried.

At length, after a laborious March of more than ſeven Leagues, they began to hear the Hammers of the Carpenters in the Bay, it being the Cuſtom in that hot Seaſon to work in the Night, and in a ſhort Time they perceived the Approach of the *Recoes*, or Droves of Mules, from *Panama*. They now no longer doubted that their Labours would be rewarded, and every Man imagined himſelf ſecure from Poverty and Labour for the remaining Part of his Life.

Life. They, therefore, when the Mules came up, ruſhed out and ſeized them, with an Alacrity proportioned to their Expectations. The three Droves conſiſted of one hundred and nine Mules, each of which carried three hundred Pounds Weight of Silver. It was to little Purpoſe that the Soldiers, ordered to guard the Treaſure, attempted Reſiſtance. After a ſhort Combat, in which the *French* Captain, and one of the *Symerons*, were wounded, it appeared with how much greater Ardour Men are animated by Intereſt than Fidelity.

As it was poſſible for them to carry away but a ſmall Part of this Treaſure, after having wearied themſelves with hiding it in Holes and ſhallow Waters, they determined to return by the ſame Way, and without being purſued entered the Woods, where the *French* Captain, being diſabled by his Wound, was obliged to ſtay, two of his Company continuing with him.

When they had gone forward about two Leagues, the *Frenchmen* miſſed another of their Company, who upon Enquiry was known to be intoxicated with Wine, and ſuppoſed to have loſt himſelf in the Woods, by neglecting to obſerve the Guides.

But common Prudence not allowing them to hazard the whole Company by too much Solicitude for a ſingle Life, they travelled on towards *Rio Franciſco*, at which they arrived *April* the 3d; but looking out for their Pinnaces, were ſurprized with the Sight of ſeven *Spaniſh* Shallops, and immediately concluded that ſome Intelligence of their Motions had been carried to *Nombre de Dios*, and that theſe Veſſels had been fitted out to purſue them, which might undoubtedly have overpowered the Pinnaces and their feeble Crew. Nor did their Suſpicion ſtop here: but immediately it occurred to them, that their Men had been compelled by Torture to diſcover where their Frigate and Ship were ſtationed,

ſtationed, which being weakly manned, and without the Preſence of the chief Commander, would fall into their Hands, almoſt without Reſiſtance, and all Poſſibility of eſcaping be entirely cut off.

Theſe Reflections ſunk the whole Company into Deſpair, and every one, inſtead of endeavouring to break through the Difficulties that ſurrounded him, reſigned up himſelf to his Ill Fortune; when *Drake*, whoſe Intrepidity was never to be ſhaken, and whoſe Reaſon was never to be ſurprized, or embarraſſed, repreſented to them that, though the *Spaniards* ſhould have made themſelves Maſters of their Pinnaces, they might yet be hindered from diſcovering the Ships. He put them in mind that the Pinnaces could not be taken, the Men examined, their Examinations compared, the Reſolutions formed, their Veſſels ſent out, and the Ships taken in an Inſtant. Some time muſt neceſſarily be ſpent before the laſt Blow could be ſtruck; and if that Time were not negligently loſt, it might be poſſible for ſome of them to reach the Ships before the Enemy, and direct them to change their Station.

They were animated with this Diſcourſe, by which they diſcovered that their Leader was not without Hope; but when they came to look more nearly into their Situation, they were unable to conceive upon what it was founded. To paſs by Land was impoſſible, as the Way lay over high Mountains, through thick Woods, and deep Rivers, and they had not a ſingle Boat in their Power; ſo that a Paſſage by Water ſeemed equally impracticable. But *Drake*, whoſe Penetration immediately diſcovered all the Circumſtances and Inconveniencies of every Scheme, ſoon determined upon the only Means of Succeſs which their Condition afforded them; and ordering his Men to make a Raft out of the Trees that were then floating on the River, offered himſelf to put off to Sea upon it, and chearfully

asked who would accompany him *John Owen*, *John Smith*, and two *Frenchmen*, who were willing to share his Fortune, embarked with him on the Raft, which was fitted out with a Sail made of a Bisket-sack, and an Oar to direct its Course instead of a Rudder.

Then having comforted the rest with Assurances of his Regard for them, and Resolution to leave nothing unattempted for their Deliverance, he put off, and after having, with much Difficulty, sailed 3 Leagues, descried two Pinnaces hasting towards him, which, upon a nearer Approach, he discovered to be his own, and perceiving that they anchored behind a Point that jutted out into the Sea, he put to Shore, and crossing the Land on Foot, was received by his Company with that Satisfaction which is only known to those that have been acquainted with Dangers and Distresses.

The same Night they rowed to *Rio Francisco*, where they took in the rest, with what Treasure they had been able to carry with them through the Woods; then sailing back with the utmost Expedition, they returned to their Frigate, and soon after to their Ship, where *Drake* divided the Gold and Silver equally between the *French* and the *English*.

Here they spent about 14 Days in fitting out their Frigate more completely, and then dismissing the *Spaniards* with their Ship, lay in a few Days among the *Cabezas*; while twelve *English* and sixteen *Symerons* travelled once more into the Country, as well to recover the *French* Captain, whom they had left wounded, as to bring away the Treasure which they had hid in the Sands. *Drake*, whom his Company would not suffer to hazard his Person in another Land Expedition, went with them to *Rio Francisco*, where he found one of the *Frenchmen* who had stayed to attend their Captain, and was informed by him, upon his Enquiries after his Fortune, that half an

Hour after their Separation, the *Spaniards* came upon them, and eaſily ſeized upon the wounded Captain; but that his Companions might have eſcaped with him, had he not preferred Money to Life; for ſeeing him throw down a Box of Jewels that retarded him, he could not forbear taking it up, and with that, and the Gold which he had already, was ſo loaded that he could not eſcape. With regard to the Bars of Gold and Silver, which they had concealed in the Ground, he informed them that two thouſand Men had been employed in digging for them.

The Men, however, either miſtruſting the Informer's Veracity, or confident that what they had hidden could not be found, purſued their Journey; but upon their Arrival at the Place, found the Ground turned up for two Miles round, and were able to recover no more than thirteen Bars of Silver, and a ſmall Quantity of Gold. They diſcovered afterwards that the *Frenchman* who was left in the Woods, falling afterwards into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, was tortured by them till he confeſſed where *Drake* had concealed his Plunder. So fatal to *Drake*'s Expedition was the Drunkenneſs of his Followers.

Then diſmiſſing the *French*, they paſſed by *Carthagena* with their Colours flying, and ſoon after took a Frigate laden with Proviſions and Honey, which they valued as a great Reſtorative, and then ſailed away to the *Cabezas*.

Here they ſtayed about a Week to clean their Veſſels, and fit them for a long Voyage, determining to ſet ſail for *England*. And that the faithful *Symerons* might not go away unrewarded, broke up their Pinnaces, and gave them the Iron, the moſt valuable Preſent in the World to a Nation whoſe only Employments were War and Hunting, and amongſt whom Show and Luxury had no Place.

Pedro,

Pedro, their Captain, being desired by *Drake* to go through the Ship, and to choose what he most desired, fixed his eye upon a Scymeter set with Diamonds, which the *French* Captain had presented to *Drake*; and being unwilling to ask for so valuable a Present, offered for it four large Quoits, or thick Plates of Gold, which he had hitherto concealed; but *Drake*, desirous to shew him that Fidelity seldom is without a Recompence, gave it him with the highest Professions of Satisfaction and Esteem. *Pedro* receiving it with the utmost Gratitude, informed him, that by bestowing it, he had conferred Greatness and Honour upon him; for by presenting it to his King, he doubted not of obtaining the highest Rank amongst the *Symerons*. He then persisted in his Resolution of leaving the Gold, which was generously thrown by *Drake* into the common Stock; for he said, that those at whose Expences he had been sent out, ought to share in all the Gain of the Expedition, whatever Pretence Cavil and Chicanery might supply for the Appropriation of any Part of it. Thus was *Drake*'s Character consistent with itself; he was equally superior to Avarice and Fear, and through whatever Danger he might go in quest of Gold, he thought it not valuable enough to be obtained by Artifice or Dishonesty.

They now forsook the Coast of *America*, which for many Months they had kept in perpetual Alarms, having taken, more than two hundred Ships of all Sizes between *Carthagena* and *Nombre de Dios*, of which they never destroyed any, unless they were fitted out against them, nor ever detained the Prisoners longer than was necessary for their own Security or Concealment, providing for them in the same Manner as for themselves, and protecting them from the Malice of the *Symerons:* A Behaviour, which Humanity dictates, and which, perhaps, even

Policy

Policy cannot disapprove. He must certainly meet with obstinate Opposition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to resist, and who leaves his Enemies no Hopes but from Victory.

What Riches they acquired, is not particularly related; but it is not to be doubted, that the Plunder of so many Vessels, together with the Silver which they seized at *Nombre de Dios*, must amount to a very large Sum, though the Part that was allotted to *Drake* was not sufficient to lull him in Effeminacy, or to repress his natural Inclination to Adventures.

They arrived at *Plymouth* on the 9th of *August*, 1573, on *Sunday* in the Afternoon; and so much were the People delighted with the News of their Arrival, that they left the Preacher, and ran in Crowds to the Key with Shouts and Congratulations.

Drake having, in his former Expedition, had a View of the South Sea, and formed a Resolution to sail upon it, did not suffer himself to be diverted from his Design by the Prospect of any Difficulties that might obstruct the Attempt, nor any Dangers that might attend the Execution; Obstacles which brave Men often find it much more easy to overcome, than secret Envy and domestic Treachery.

Drake's Reputation was now sufficiently advanced to incite Detraction and Opposition; and it is easy to imagine that a Man by Nature superior to mean Artifices, and bred, from his earliest Years, to the Labour and Hardships of a Sea Life, was very little acquainted with Policy and Intrigue, very little versed in the Methods of Application to the Powerful and Great, and unable to obviate the Practices of those whom his Merit had made his Enemies.

Nor are such the only Opponents of great Enterprises: There are some Men of narrow Views, and grovelling Conceptions, who, without the Instigation of personal Malice, treat every new Attempt as wild

wild and chimerical, and look upon every Endeavour to depart from the beaten Track, as the rash Effort of a warm Imagination, or the glittering Speculation of an exalted Mind, that may please and dazzle for a Time, but can produce no real or lasting Advantage.

These Men value themselves upon a perpetual Scepticism, upon believing nothing but their own Senses, upon calling for Demonstration where it cannot possibly be obtained, and sometimes upon holding out against it when it is laid before them; upon inventing Arguments against the Success of any new Undertaking, and, where Arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with Contempt and Ridicule.

Such have been the most formidable Enemies of the great Benefactors to Mankind, and to these we can hardly doubt but that much of the Opposition which *Drake* met with is to be attributed; for their Notions and Discourse are so agreeable to the Lazy, the Envious, and the Timorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the Opinions of Mankind.

Whatsoever were his Obstacles, and whatsoever the Motives that produced them, it was not till the Year 1577, that he was able to assemble a Force proportioned to his Design, and to obtain a Commission from the Queen, by which he was constituted Captain-General of a Fleet consisting of five Vessels, of which the *Pelican* Admiral, of an hundred Tuns, was commanded by himself; the *Elizabeth* Vice-Admiral, of eighty Tuns, by *John Winter*; the *Marigold*, of thirty Tuns, by *John Thomas*; the *Swan* of fifty Tuns, by *John Chester*; the *Christopher*, of fifteen Tuns, by *Thomas Moche*, the same, as it seems, who was Carpenter in the former Voyage, and destroyed one of the Ships by *Drake*'s Direction.

These

These Ships, equipped partly by himself, and partly by other private Adventurers, he manned with 164 stout Sailors, and furnished with such Provisions as he judged necessary for the long Voyage in which he was engaged. Nor did he confine his Concern to naval Stores, or military Preparations, but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raise in those Nations, with which he should have any Intercourse, the highest Ideas of the Politeness and Magnificence of his native Country. He therefore not only procured a compleat Service of Silver for his own Table, and furnished the Cook room with many Vessels of the same Metal, but engaged several Musicians to accompany him; rightly judging that nothing would more excite the Admiration of any savage and uncivilised People.

Having been driven back by a Tempest in their first Attempt, and obliged to return to *Plymouth*, to repair the Damages which they had suffered, they set sail again from thence on the 13th of *December*, 1577, and on the 25th had Sight of *Cape Cantire* in *Barbary*, from whence they coasted on Southward to the Island of *Mogadore*, which *Drake* had appointed for the first Place of Rendezvous, and on the 27th brought the whole Fleet to anchor in a Harbour on the main Land.

They were soon after their Arrival discovered by the *Moors* that inhabited those Coasts, who sent two of the principal Men amongst them on board *Drake*'s Ship, receiving at the same Time two of his Company as Hostages. These Men he not only treated in the most splendid Manner, but presented with such Things as they appeared most to admire; it being with him an established Maxim, to endeavour to secure in every Country a kind Reception to such *Englishmen* as might come after him, by treating the Inhabitants with Kindness and Generosity; a Conduct at once just and politick, to the Neglect of

which may be attributed many of the Injuries suffered by our Sailors in distant Countries, which are generally ascribed rather to the Effects of Wickedness and Folly of our own Commanders, than the Barbarity of the Natives, who seldom fall upon any unless they have been first plundered or insulted: and in revenging the Ravages of one Crew upon another of the same Nation, are guilty of nothing but what is countenanced by the Example of the *Europeans* themselves.

But this friendly Intercourse was in Appearance soon broken: for on the next Day, observing the *Moors* making Signals from the Land, they sent out their Boat, as before, to fetch them to the Ship, and one *John Fry* leaped ashore, intending to become an Hostage as on the former Day, when immediately he was seized by the *Moors*, and the Crew observing great numbers to start up from behind the Rock with Weapons in their Hands, found it madness to attempt his Rescue, and therefore provided for their own Security by returning to the Ship.

Fry was immediately carried to the King, who being then in continual Expectation of an Invasion from *Portugal*, suspected that these Ships were sent only to observe the Coast, and discover a proper Harbour for the main Fleet; but being informed who they were, and whither they were bound, not only dismissed his Captive, but made large Offers of Friendship and Assistance, which *Drake*, however, did not stay to receive, but being disgusted at this Breach of the Laws of Commerce, and afraid of farther Violence, after having spent some Days in searching for his Man, in which he met with no Resistance, left the Coast on *December* 31, some Time before *Fry*'s Return, who being obliged by this Accident to somewhat a longer Residence among the *Moors*, was afterwards sent home in a Merchant's Ship.

On

On *January* 16, they arrived at *Cape Blanc*, having in their Paſſage taken ſeveral *Spaniſh* Veſſels. Here, while *Drake* was employing his Men in catching Fiſh, of which this Coaſt affords great Plenty, and various Kinds, the Inhabitants came down to the Sea-ſide with their *Aliſorges*, or Leather-Bottles, to traffick for Water, which they were willing to purchaſe with Ambergriſe, and other Gums. But *Drake*, compaſſionating the Miſery of their Condition, gave them Water whenever they aſked for it, and left them their Commodities to traffick with, when they ſhould be again reduced to the ſame Diſtreſs, without finding the ſame Generoſity to relieve them.

Here having diſcharged ſome *Spaniſh* Ships, which they had taken, they ſet ſail towards the Iſles of *Cape Verd*, and on *January* 28, came to anchor before *Mayo*, hoping to furniſh themſelves with freſh Water; but having landed, they found the Town by the Water's Side entirely deſerted, and marching farther up the Country, ſaw the Vallies extremely fruitful, and abounding with ripe Figs, Cocoes and Plantains, but could by no means prevail upon the Inhabitants to converſe or traffick with them: However they were ſuffered by them to range the Country without Moleſtation, but found no Water, except at ſuch a Diſtance from the Sea that the Labour of conveying it to their Ships was greater than it was at that Time neceſſary for them to undergo. Salt, had they wanted it, might have been obtained with leſs Trouble, being left by the Sea upon the Sand, and hardened by the Sun, during the Ebb, in ſuch Quantities, that the chief Traffick of their Iſland is carried on with it.

January 31. they paſſed by *St. Jago*, an Iſland at that Time divided between the Natives and the *Portugueſe*, who firſt entering theſe Iſlands under the Show of Traffick, by Degrees eſtabliſhed themſelves,

ſelves, claimed a Superiority over the original Inhabitants, and harraſſed them with ſuch Cruelty, that they obliged them either to fly to the Woods and Mountains, and periſh with Hunger, or to take Arms againſt their Oppreſſors, and under the inſuperable Diſadvantages with which they contended, to die almoſt without a Battle in defence of their natural Rights, and antient Poſſeſſions.

Such Treatment had the Natives of *St. Jago* received, which had driven them into the rocky Parts of the Iſland, from whence they made Incurſions into the Plantations of the *Portugueſe*, ſometimes with Loſs, but generally with that Succeſs which Deſperation naturally procures; ſo that the *Portugueſe* were in continual Alarms, and lived with the natural Conſequences of Guilt, Terror and Anxiety. They were wealthy, but not happy, and poſſeſſed the Iſland, but not enjoyed it.

They then ſailed on within ſight of *Fogo*, an Iſland ſo called from a Mountain, about the Middle of it, continually burning, and like the reſt inhabited by the *Portugueſe*; two Leagues to the South of which lies *Brava*, which has received its Name from its Fertility, abounding, though uninhabited, with all Kinds of Fruits, and watered with great Numbers of Springs and Brooks, which would eaſily invite the Poſſeſſors of the adjacent Iſlands to ſettle in it, but that it affords neither Harbour nor Anchorage. *Drake*, after having ſent out his Boats with Plummets, was not able to find any Ground about it, and it is reported that many Experiments have been made with the ſame Succeſs; however, he took in Water ſufficient, and on the 2d of *February* ſet ſail for the Straits of *Magellan*.

On *February* 17, they paſſed the Equator, and continued their Voyage, with ſometimes Calms, and ſometimes contrary Winds, but without any memorable Accident, to *March* 28, when one of their

Veſſels, with 28 Men, and the greateſt Part of their freſh Water on board, was, to their great Diſcouragement, ſeparated from them; but their Perplexity laſted not long, for on the next Day they diſcovered and rejoined their Aſſociates.

In their long Courſe, which gave them Opportunities of obſerving ſeveral Animals, both in the Air and Water, at that Time very little known, nothing entertained, or ſurprized them more, than the *Flying Fiſh*, which is near of the ſame Size with a Herring, and has Fins of the Length of his whole Body, by the Help of which, when he is purſued by the *Bonito*, or Great Mackarel, as ſoon as he finds himſelf upon the Point of being taken, he ſprings up into the Air, and flies forward as long as his Wings continue wet; Moiſture being, as it ſeems, neceſſary to make them pliant and moveable; and when they become dry and ſtiff, he falls down into the Water, unleſs ſome Bark or Ship intercept him, and dips them again for a ſecond Flight. This unhappy Animal is not only purſued by Fiſhes in his natural Element, but attacked in the Air, where he hopes for Security, by the *Don*, or *Sparkite*, a great Bird that preys upon Fiſh; and their Species muſt ſurely be deſtroyed, were not their Increaſe ſo great, that the young Fry, in one Part of the Year, covers the Sea.

There is another Fiſh, named the *Cuttil*, of which whole Shoals will ſometimes riſe at once out of the Water, and of which a great Multitude fell into their Ship.

At length, having ſailed without Sight of Land for 63 Days, they arrived, *April* 5, at the Coaſts of *Braſil*, where, on the 7th, the *Chriſtopher* was ſeparated again from them by a Storm, after which they ſailed near the Land to the Southward, and on the 14th anchored under a Cape, which they

afterwards called *Cape Joy*, becauſe in two Days the Veſſel which they had loſt, returned to them.

Having ſpent a Fortnight in the River of *Plate*, to refreſh his Men after their long Voyage, and then ſtanding out to Sea, he was again ſurprized by a ſudden Storm, in which they loſt Sight of the *Swan*. This Accident determined *Drake* to contract the Number of his Fleet, that he might not only avoid the Inconvenience of ſuch frequent Separations, but eaſe the Labour of his Men, by having more Hands in each Veſſel.

For this Purpoſe he ſailed along the Coaſt in queſt of a commodious Harbour, and, on *May* 13, diſcovered a Bay, which ſeemed not improper for the Purpoſe, but which they durſt not enter till it was examined; an Employment in which *Drake* never truſted any, whatever might be his Confidence in his Followers on other Occaſions. He well knew how fatal one Moment's Inattention might be, and how eaſily almoſt every Man ſuffers himſelf to be ſurprized by Indolence and Security. He knew that the ſame Credulity that might prevail upon him to truſt another, might induce another to commit the ſame Office to a third; and it muſt be, at length, that ſome of them would be deceived. He therefore as at other Times, ordered the Boat to be hoiſted out, and taking the Line into Hand, went on ſounding the Paſſage till he was three Leagues from his Ship; when, on a ſudden, the Weather changed, the Skies blackened, the Winds whiſtled, and all the uſual Forerunners of a Storm began to threaten them. Nothing was now deſired but to return to the Ship; but the Thickneſs of the Fog intercepting it from their Sight, made the Attempt little other than deſperate. By ſo many unforeſeen Accidents is Prudence itſelf liable to be embarraſſed! So difficult is it ſometimes for the quickeſt Sagacity, and moſt enlightened Experience, to judge what

Mea-

Meaſures ought to be taken! To truſt another to ſound an unknown Coaſt, appeared to *Drake* Folly and Preſumption; to be abſent from his Fleet, though but for an Hour, proved nothing leſs than to hazard the Succeſs of all their Labours, Hardſhips, and Dangers.

In this Perplexity, which *Drake* was not more ſenſible of than thoſe whom he had left in the Ships, nothing was to be omitted, however dangerous, that might contribute to extricate them from it. As they could venture nothing of equal Value with the Life of their General; Captain *Thomas*, therefore, having the lighteſt Veſſel, ſteered boldly into the Bay, and taking the General aboard, dropped Anchor, and lay out of Danger, while the reſt that were in the open Sea, ſuffered much from the Tempeſt, and the *Mary*, a *Portugueze* Prize, was driven away before the Wind; the others, as ſoon as the Tempeſt was over, diſcovering by the Fires which were made on Shore, where *Drake* was, repaired to him.

Here going on ſhore they met with no Inhabitants, though there were ſeveral Houſes or Huts ſtanding in which they found a good Quantity of dried Fowls, and among them a great Number of Oſtriches, of which the Thighs were as large as thoſe of a Sheep. Theſe Bird, are too heavy and unwieldy to riſe from the Ground, but with the Help of their Wings run ſo ſwiftly, that the *Engliſh* could never come near enough to ſhoot at them The *Indians*, commonly, by holding a large Plume of Feathers before them, and walking gently forward, drive the Oſtriches into ſome narrow Neck, or Point of Land, then ſpreading a ſtrong Net from one Side to the other, to hinder them from returning back to the open Fields, ſet their Dogs upon them, thus confined between the Net and the Wa-

ter, and when they are thrown on their Backs, ruſh in and take them.

Not finding this Harbour convenient, or well ſtored with Wood and Water, they left it on the 15th of *May*, and on the 18th entered another much ſafer, and more commodious, which they no ſooner arrived at, than *Drake*, whoſe reſtleſs Application never remitted, ſent *Winter* to the Southward, in queſt of thoſe Ships which were abſent, and immediately after ſailed himſelf to the Northward, and happily meeting with the *Swan*, conducted it to the reſt of the Fleet; after which, in Purſuance of his former Reſolution, he ordered it to be broken up, reſerving the Iron Work for a future Supply. The other Veſſel which they loſt in the late Storm could not be diſcovered.

While they were thus employed upon an Iſland about a Mile from the main Land, to which, at low Water, there was a Paſſage on Foot, they were diſcovered by the Natives, who appeared upon a Hill at a Diſtance, dancing, and holding up their Hands, as beckoning the *Engliſh* to them; which *Drake* obſerving, ſent out a Boat with Knives, Bells and Bugles, and ſuch Things as, by their Uſefulneſs or Novelty, he imagined would be agreeable. As ſoon as the *Engliſh* landed they obſerved two Men running towards them, as deputed by the Company, who came within a little Diſtance, and then ſtanding ſtill could not be prevailed upon to come nearer. The *Engliſh* therefore tied their Preſents to a Pole, which they fixed in the Ground, and then retiring ſaw the *Indians* advance, who taking what they found upon the Pole, left, in Return, ſuch Feathers as they wear upon their Heads, with a ſmall Bone about ſix Inches in length, carved round the Top, and burniſhed.

Drake obſerving their Inclination to Friendſhip and Traffic, advanced with ſome of his Company towards

towards the Hill, upon Sight of whom the *Indians* ranged themſelves in a Line from Eaſt to Weſt, and one of them running from one End of the Rank to the other, backwards and forwards, bowed himſelf towards the Riſing and Setting of the Sun, holding his Hands over his Head, and frequently ſtopping in the Middle of the Rank, leaped up towards the Moon, which then ſhone directly over their Heads; thus calling the Sun and Moon, the Deities they worſhip, to witneſs the Sincerity of their Profeſſions of Peace and Friendſhip. While this Ceremony was performed, *Drake* and his Company aſcended the Hill, to the apparent Terror of the *Indians*, whoſe Apprehenſions when the *Engliſh* perceived, they peaceably retired; which gave the Natives ſo much Encouragement, that they came forward immediately, and exchanged their Arrows, Feathers, and Bones, for ſuch Trifles as were offered them.

Thus they traded for ſome Time, but by frequent Intercourſe finding that no Violence was intended, they became familiar, and mingled with the *Engliſh* without the leaſt Diſtruſt.

They go quite naked, except a Skin of ſome Animal, which they throw over their Shoulders when they lie in the open Air. They knit up their Hair, which is very long, with a Roll of Oſtrich Feathers, and uſually carry their Arrows wrapped up in it, that they may not encumber them, they being made with Reeds, headed with Flint, and therefore not heavy. Their Bows are about an Ell long.

Their chief Ornament is Paint, which they uſe of ſeveral Kinds, delineating generally upon their Bodies the Figures of the Sun and Moon, in Honour of their Deities.

It is obſervable, that moſt Nations, amongſt whom the Uſe of Cloaths is unknown, paint their Bodies.

Such

Such was the Practice of the firſt Inhabitants of our own Country. From this Cuſtom did our earlieſt Enemies, the *Picts*, owe their Denomination. As it is not probable that Caprice or Fancy ſhould be uniform, there muſt be doubtleſs, ſome Reaſon for a Practice ſo general and prevailing in diſtant Parts of the World, which have no Communication with each other. The original End of painting their Bodies was, probably, to exclude the Cold; an End, which, if we believe ſome Relations, is ſo effectually produced by it, that the Men thus painted never ſhiver at the moſt piercing Blaſts. But doubtleſs any People ſo hardened by continual Severities would, even without Paint, be leſs ſenſible of the Cold than the civilized Inhabitants of the ſame Climate. However this Practice may contribute, in ſome Degree, to defend them from the Injuries of Winter, and in thoſe Climates where little evaporates by the Pores, may be uſed with no great Inconvenience; but in hot Countries, where Perſpiration in greater Degree is neceſſary, the Natives only uſe Unction to preſerve them from the other Extreme of Weather: So well do either Reaſon or Experience ſupply the Place of Science in ſavage Countries!

They had no Canoes like the other *Indians*, nor any Method of croſſing the Water, which was probably the Reaſon why the Birds in the adjacent Iſlands were ſo tame, that they might be taken with the Hand, having never been before frighted or moleſted. The great Plenty of Fowls and Seals, which crowded the Shallows in ſuch Numbers, that they killed at their firſt Arrival two hundred of them in an Hour, contributed much to the Refreſhment of the *Engliſh*, who named the Place *Seal Bay* from that Animal.

Theſe Seals ſeem to be the chief Food of the Natives, for the *Engliſh* often found raw Pieces of their

their Flesh half-eaten, and left, as they supposed, after a full Meal by the *Indians*, whom they never knew to make use of Fire, or any Art, in dressing or preparing their Victuals.

Nor were their other Customs less wild or uncouth, than their Way of feeding. One of them having received a Cap off the General's Head, and being extremely pleased as well with the Honour as the Gift, to express his Gratitude, and confirm the Alliance between them, retired to a little Distance, and thrusting an Arrow into his Leg, let the Blood run upon the Ground, testifying, as it is probable, that he valued *Drake*'s Friendship above Life.

Having staid fifteen Days among these friendly Savages, in 47 Deg. 30 Min. S. Lat. on *June* 3, they set sail towards the South Sea, and six Days afterwards stopped at another little Bay to break up the *Christopher*. Then passing on, they cast Anchor in another Bay, not more than 20 Leagues distant from the Straits of *Magellan*.

It was now Time seriously to deliberate in what Manner they should act with regard to the *Portuguese* Prize, which having been separated from them by the Storm, had not yet rejoined them. To return in Search of it was sufficiently mortifying; to proceed without it, was not only to deprive themselves of a considerable Part of their Force, but to expose their Friends and Companions, whom common Hardships and Dangers had endeared to them, to certain Death or Captivity. This Consideration prevailed, and therefore on the 18th, after Prayers to God, with which *Drake* never forgot to begin an Enterprize, he put to Sea, and the next Day, near Port *Julian*, discovered their Associates, whose Ship was now grown leaky, having suffered much both in the first Storm by which they were dispersed, and

and afterwards in fruitleſs Attempts to regain the Fleet.

Drake therefore being deſirous to relieve their Fatigues, entered Port *Julian*, and as it was his Cuſtom always to attend in Perſon when any important Buſineſs was in hand, went aſhore with ſome of the chief of his Company, to ſeek for Water, where he was immediately accoſted by two Natives, of whom *Magellan* left a very terrible Account, having deſcribed them as a Nation of Giants and Monſters; nor is his Narrative entirely without Foundation, for they are of the largeſt Size, though not taller than ſome *Engliſhmen*; their Strength is proportioned to their Bulk, and their Voice loud, boiſterous, and terrible. What were their Manners before the Arrival of the *Spaniards*, it is not poſſible to diſcover; but the Slaughter made of their Countrymen, perhaps without Provocation, by theſe cruel Intruders, and the general Maſſacre with which that Part of the World had been depopulated, might have raiſed in them a Suſpicion of all Strangers, and by Conſequence made them inhoſpitable, treacherous and bloody.

The two who aſſociated themſelves with the *Engliſh*, appeared much pleaſed with their new Gueſts, received willingly what was given them, and very exactly obſerved every thing that paſſed, ſeeming more particularly delighted with ſeeing *Oliver*, the Maſter Gunner, ſhoot an *Engliſh* Arrow. They ſhot themſelves likewiſe in Emulation, but their Arrows always fell to the Ground far ſhort of his.

Soon after this friendly Conteſt came another, who obſerving the Familiarity of his Countrymen with the Strangers, appeared much diſpleaſed, and, as the *Engliſhmen* perceived, endeavoured to diſſuade them from ſuch an Intercourſe. What Effect his Arguments had, was ſoon after apparent, for another of *Drake's* Companions being deſirous

to

to ſhow the third *Indian* a Specimen of the *Engliſh* Valour and Dexterity, attempted likewiſe to ſhoot an Arrow, but drawing it with his full Force, burſt the Bow-ſtring; upon which the *Indians*, who were unacquainted with their other Weapons, imagined him diſarmed, followed the Company, as they were walking negligently down towards their Boat, and let fly their Arrows, aiming particularly at *Winter*, who had the Bow in his Hand. He finding himſelf wounded on the Shoulder, endeavoured to refit his Bow, and turning about, was pierced with a ſecond Arrow in the Breaſt. *Oliver*, the Gunner, immediately preſented his Piece at the inſidious Aſſailants, which failing to take fire, gave them Time to level another Flight of Arrows, by which he was killed; nor, perhaps, had any of them eſcaped, ſurprized and perplexed as they were, had not *Drake*, with his uſual Preſence of Mind, animated their Courage, and directed their Motions, ordering them, by perpetually changing their Places, to elude, as much as they could, the Aim of their Enemies, and to defend their Bodies with their Targets; and inſtructing them, by his own Example, to pick up, and break the Arrows as they fell; which they did with ſo much Diligence, that the *Indians* were ſoon in Danger of being diſarmed. Then *Drake* himſelf taking the Gun, which *Oliver* had ſo unſucceſsfully attempted to make uſe of, diſcharged it at the *Indian* that firſt began the Fray, and had killed the Gunner, aiming it ſo happily, that the Hail Shot, with which it was loaded, tore open his Belly, and forced him to ſuch terrible Outcries, that the *Indians*, though their Numbers increaſed, and many of their Countrymen ſhowed themſelves from different Parts of the adjoining Wood, were too much terrified to renew the Aſſault, and ſuffered *Drake*, without Moleſtation, to withdraw his wounded Friend, who being hurt in his Lungs, languiſhed two Days, and

then

then dying, was interred with his Companion, with the usual Ceremony of a military Funeral.

They stayed here two Months afterwards, without receiving any other Injuries from the Natives, who finding the Danger to which they exposed themselves by open Hostilities, and not being able any more to surprize the Vigilance of *Drake*, preferred their Safety to Revenge.

But *Drake* had other Enemies to conquer or escape, far more formidable than these *Barbarians*, and insidious Practices to obviate, more artful and dangerous than the Ambushes of the *Indians*; for in this Place was laid open a Design formed by one of the Gentlemen of the Fleet, not only to defeat the Voyage, but to murder the General.

This Transaction is related in so obscure and confused a Manner, that it is difficult to form any Judgment upon it. The Writer who gives the largest Account of it, has suppressed the Name of the Criminal, which we learn, from a more succinct Narrative, published in a Collection of Travels near that Time, to have been *Thomas Doughtie*. What were his Inducements to attempt the Destruction of his Leader, and the Ruin of the Expedition, or what were his Views if his Designs had succeeded, what Measures he had hitherto taken, whom he had endeavoured to corrupt, with what Arts, or what Success, we are no where told.

The Plot, as the Narrative assures us, was laid before their Departure from *England*, and discovered, in its whole Extent, to *Drake* himself in his Garden at *Plymouth*, who nevertheless not only entertained the Person so accused as one of his Company, but, this Writer very particularly relates, treated him with remarkable Kindness and Regard, setting him always at his own Table; and lodging him in the same Cabbin with himself. Nor did he ever discover the least Suspicion of his Intentions, till they arrived

arrived at this Place, but appeared, by the Authority with which he inveſted him, to conſider him as one to whom, in his Abſence, he could moſt ſecurely intruſt the Direction of his Affairs. At length, in this remote Corner of the World, he found out a Deſign formed againſt his Life, called together all his Officers, laid before them the Evidence on which he grounded the Accuſation, and ſummoned the Criminal, who, full of all the Horrors of Guilt, and confounded at ſo clear a Detection of his whole Scheme, immediately confeſſed his Crimes, and acknowledged himſelf unworthy of longer Life: Upon which the whole Aſſembly, conſiſting of thirty Perſons, after having conſidered the Affair with the Attention which it required, and heard all that could be urged in Extenuation of his Offence, unanimouſly ſigned the Sentence by which he was condemned to ſuffer Death. *Drake*, however, unwilling, as it ſeemed to proceed to extreme Severities, offered him his Choice, either of being executed on the Iſland, or ſet aſhore on the main Land, or being ſent to *England* to be tried before the Council; of which, after a Day's Conſideration, he choſe the firſt, alledging the Improbability of perſuading any to leave the Expedition for the Sake of tranſporting a Criminal to *England*, and the Danger of his future State among Savages and Infidels. His Choice, I believe, few will approve: To be ſet aſhore on the main Land, was indeed only to be executed in a different Manner: for what Mercy could be expected from the Natives ſo incenſed, but the moſt cruel and lingering Death? But why he ſhould not rather have requeſted to be ſent to *England* it is not eaſy to conceive. In ſo long a Voyage he might have found a thouſand Opportunities of eſcaping, perhaps with the Connivance of his Keepers, whoſe Reſentment muſt probably in Time have given way to Compaſſion, or

at leaſt by their Negligence, as it is eaſy to believe, they would in Times of Eaſe and Refreſhment, have remitted their Vigilance, at leaſt he would have gained longer Life; and to make Death deſirable ſeems not one of the Effects of Guilt. However, he was, as 'tis related, obſtinately deaf to all Perſuaſions, and adhering to his firſt Choice, after having received the Communion, and dined chearfully with the General, was executed in the Afternoon, with many Proofs of Remorſe, but none of Fear.

How far it is probable that *Drake*, after having been acquainted with this Man's Deſigns, ſhould admit him into his Fleet, and afterwards careſs, reſpect, and truſt him; or that *Doughtie*, who is repreſented as a Man of eminent Abilities, ſhould engage in ſo long and hazardous a Voyage with no other View than that of defeating it, is left to the Determination of the Reader. What Deſigns he could have formed with any Hope of Succeſs, or to what Actions worthy of Death he could have proceeded without Accomplices, for none are mentioned, is equally difficult to imagine. Nor, on the other Hand, though the Obſcurity of the Account, and the remote Place choſen for the Diſcovery of this wicked Project, ſeem to give ſome Reaſon for Suſpicion, does there appear any Temptation, from either Hope, Fear, or Intereſt, that might induce *Drake*, or any Commander in his State, to put to Death an innocent Man upon falſe Pretences.

After the Execution of this Man, the whole Company, either convinced of the Juſtice of the Proceeding, or awed by the Severity, applied themſelves without any Murmurs, or Appearance of Diſcontent, to the Proſecution of the Voyage; and having broken up another Veſſel, and reduced the Number of their Ships to three, they left the Port, and on *Auguſt* the 20th entered the Straits of *Magellan*, in which they ſtruggled with contrary Winds, and the

the Intricacy of that winding Paſſage expoſed them till Night, and then entered a more open Sea, in which they diſcovered an Iſland with a burning Mountain. On the 24th they fell in with three more Iſlands to which *Drake* gave Names, and, landing to take Poſſeſſion of them in the Name of his Sovereign, found in the largeſt ſo prodigious a Number of Birds, that they killed three thouſand of them in one Day. This Bird, of which they knew not the Name, was ſomewhat leſs than a wild Gooſe, without Feathers, and covered with a Kind of Down, unable to fly or riſe from the Ground, but capable of running and ſwimming with amazing Celerity; they feed on the Sea, and come to Land only to reſt at Night or lay their Eggs, which they depoſit in Holes like thoſe of Conies.

From theſe Iſlands to the South-Sea, the Strait becomes very crooked and narrow, ſo that ſometimes, by the Interpoſition of Headlands, the Paſſage ſeems ſhut up, and the Voyage entirely ſtopped. To double theſe Capes is very difficult, on Account of the frequent Alterations to be made in the Courſe. There are indeed, as *Magellan* obſerves, many Harbours, but in moſt of them no Bottom is to be found.

The Land on both Sides riſes into innumerable Mountains, the Tops of them are encircled with Clouds and Vapours, which being congealed fall down in Snow, and increaſe their Height by hardening into Ice, which is never diſſolved; but the Valleys are, nevertheleſs, green, fruitful, and pleaſant.

Here *Drake* finding the Strait in Appearance ſhut up, went in his Boat to make farther Diſcoveries, and having found a Paſſage towards the North, was returning to his Ships; but Curioſity ſoon prevailed upon him to ſtop, for the Sake of obſerving a Cance or Boat, with ſeveral Natives of the Country in it. He could not at a Diſtance forbear admiring the

Form of this little Veſſel, which ſeemed inclining to a Semicircle, the Stern and Prow ſtanding up, and the Body ſinking inward; but much greater was his Wonder, when, upon a nearer inſpection, he found it made only of the Barks of Trees ſewed together with Thongs of Seal-ſkin, ſo artificially, that ſcarcely any Water entered the Seams. The people were well-ſhaped and painted, like thoſe which have been already deſcribed. On the Land they had a Hut built with Poles and covered with Skins, in which they had Water-veſſels and other Utenſils, made likewiſe of the Barks of Trees.

Among theſe People they had an Opportunity of remarking, what is frequently obſervable in ſavage Countries, how natural Sagacity, and unwearied Induſtry may ſupply the Want of ſuch Manufactures, or natural Productions as appear to us abſolutely neceſſary for the Support of Life. The Inhabitants of theſe Iſlands are wholly Strangers to Iron and its Uſe, but inſtead of it make Uſe of the Shell of a Muſcle of prodigious Size, found upon their Coaſts; this they grind upon a Stone, to an Edge, which is ſo firm and ſolid, that neither Wood nor Stone is able to reſiſt it.

September 6, they entered the great South-Sea, on which no *Engliſh* Veſſel had ever been navigated before, and propoſed to have directed their Courſe towards the Line, that their Men, who had ſuffered by the Severity of the Climate, might recover their Strength in a warmer Latitude. But their Deſigns were ſcarce formed before they were fruſtrated; for on *September* 7, after an Eclipſe of the Moon, a Storm aroſe, ſo violent, that it left them little Hopes of ſurviving it; nor was its Fury ſo dreadful, as its Continuance, for it laſted with little Intermiſſion till *October* 28, fifty-two Days, during which Time they were toſſed inceſſantly from one Part of the Ocean to another; without any Power of ſpreading their Sails,

Sails, or lying upon their Anchors, amidſt ſhelving Shores, ſcattered Rocks, and unknown Iſlands, the Tempeſt continually roaring, and the Waves daſhing over them.

In this Storm, on the 30th of *September*, the *Marigold*, commanded by Captain *Thomas*, was ſeparated from them. On the 7th of *October*, having entered a Harbour, where they hoped for ſome Intermiſſion of their Fatigues, they were in a few Hours forced out to Sea by a violent Guſt, which broke the Cable, at which Time they loſt Sight of the *Elizabeth*, the Vice-Admiral, whoſe Crew, as was afterwards diſcovered, wearied with Labour, and diſcouraged by the Proſpect of future Dangers, recovered the Straits on the next Day, and returning by the ſame Paſſage through which they came, ſailed along the Coaſt of *Braſil*, and on the 2d of *June*, in the Year following, arrived at *England*.

From this Bay, they were driven Southward to fifty-five Degrees, where among ſome Iſlands, they ſtayed two Days to the great Refreſhment of the Crew; but being again forced into the main Sea, they were toſſed about with perpetual Expectations of periſhing, till ſoon after they came again to anchor near the ſame Place, where they found the Natives, whom the Continuance of the Storm had probably reduced to equal Diſtreſs, rowing from one Iſland to another, and providing the Neceſſaries of Life.

It is perhaps, a juſt Obſervation, that, with regard to outward Circumſtances, Happineſs and Miſery are equally diffuſed through all States of human Life. In civilized Countries where regular Policies have ſecured the Neceſſaries of Life, Ambition, Avarice, and Luxury, find the Mind at Leiſure for their Reception, and ſoon engage it in new Purſuits; Purſuits that are to be carried on by inceſſant Labour, and, whether vain or ſucceſsful, pro-

duce Anxiety and Contention. Among ſavage Nations, imaginary Wants find, indeed, no Place, but their Strength is exhauſted by neceſſary Toils, and their Paſſions agitated not by Conteſts about Superiority, Affluence, or Precedence, but by perpetual Care for the preſent Day, and by Fear of periſhing for want of Food.

But for ſuch Reflections as theſe they had no Time; for having ſpent three Days in ſupplying themſelves with Wood and Water, they were by a new Storm driven to the Latitude of fifty-ſix Degrees, where they beheld the Extremities of the *American* Coaſt, and the Confluence of the Atlantic and Southern Ocean.

Here they arrived on the 28th of *October*, and at laſt were bleſſed with the Sight of a calm Sea, having for almoſt two Months endured ſuch a Storm as no Traveller has given an Account of; and ſuch as in that Part of the World, though accuſtomed to Hurricanes, they were before unacquainted with.

On the 30th of *October* they ſteered away towards the Place appointed for the Rendezvous of the Fleet which was in thirty Degrees, and on the next Day diſcovered two Iſlands ſo well ſtocked with Fowls, that they victualled their Ships with them, and then ſailed forwards, along the Coaſt of *Peru*, till they came to thirty-ſeven Degrees, where finding neither their Ships, nor any convenient Port, they came to Anchor, *November* the 25th, at *Mucho*, an Iſland inhabited by ſuch *Indians* as the Cruelty of their *Spaniſh* Conquerors had driven from the Continent, to whom they applied for Water and Proviſions, offering them in return, ſuch Things as they imagined moſt likely to pleaſe them. The *Indians* ſeemed willing to traffick, and having preſented them with Fruits, and two fat Sheep, would have ſhewed them a Place whither they ſhould come for Water.

The

The next Morning, according to Agreement, the *Engliſh* landed with their Water-veſſels, and ſent two Men forward towards the Place appointed, who, about the Middle of the Way, were ſuddenly attacked by the *Indians*, and immediately ſlain. Nor were the reſt of the Company out of Danger; for behind the Rocks was lodged an Ambuſh of five hundred Men, who, ſtarting up from their Retreat, diſcharged their Arrows into the Boat with ſuch Dexterity, that every one of the Crew was wounded by them, the Sea being then high and hindering them from either retiring or making uſe of their Weapons. *Drake* himſelf received an Arrow under his Eye, which pierced him almoſt to the Brain, and another in his Head. The Danger of theſe Wounds was much encreaſed by the Abſence of their Surgeon, who was in the Vice-Admiral, ſo that they had none to aſſiſt them but a Boy, whoſe Age did not admit of much Experience or Skill; yet ſo much were they favoured by Providence, that they all recovered.

No Reaſon could be aſſigned for which the *Indians* ſhould attack them with ſo furious a Spirit of Malignity, but that they miſtook them for *Spaniards*, whoſe Cruelties might very reaſonably incite them to Revenge, whom they had driven by inceſſant Perſecution from their Country, waſting immenſe Tracks of Land by Maſſacre and Devaſtation.

On the Afternoon of the ſame Day, they ſet ſail, and on the 30th of *November* dropped Anchor in *Philips* Bay, where their Boat having been ſent out to diſcover the Country, returned with an *Indian* in his Canoe, whom they had intercepted. He was of a graceful Stature, dreſſed in a white Coat or Gown, reaching almoſt to his Knees, very mild, humble, and docile, ſuch as perhaps were all the *Indians*, till the *Spaniards* taught them Revenge, Treachery, and Cruelty.

This *Indian*, having been kindly treated, was dismiſſed with Preſents, and informed, as far as the *Engliſh* could make him underſtand, what they chiefly wanted, and what they were willing to give in return, *Drake* ordering his Boat to attend him in his Canoe, and to ſet him ſafe on the Land.

When he was aſhore, he directed them to wait till his Return, and meeting ſome of his Countrymen, gave them ſuch an Account of his Reception, that, within a few Hours, ſeveral of them repaired with him to the Boat with Fowls, Eggs, and a Hog, and with them one of their Captains, who willingly came into the Boat, and deſired to be conveyed by the *Engliſh* to their Ship.

By this Man *Drake* was informed, that no Supplies were to be expected here; but that ſouthward, in a Place to which he offered to be his Pilot, there was great Plenty. This Propoſal was accepted, and on the 5th of *December*, under the Direction of the good-natured *Indian*, they came to Anchor in the Harbour called by the *Spaniards*, *Valperizo*, near the Town of St. *James* of *Chiuli*, where they met not only with ſufficient Stores of Proviſion, and with Store-houſes full of the Wines of *Chili*, but with a Ship called the *Captain of Morial*, richly laden, having, together with large Quantities of the ſame Wines, ſome of the fine Gold of *Baldivia*, and a great Croſs of Gold ſet with Emeralds.

Having ſpent three Days in ſtoring their Ships with all Kinds of Proviſion in the utmoſt Plenty, they departed and landed their *Indian* Pilot, where they firſt received him, after having rewarded him much above his Expectations or Deſires.

They had now little other Anxiety than for their Friends who had been ſeparated from them, and whom they now determined to ſeek; but conſidering that by entering every Creek and Harbour with their Ship, they expoſed themſelves to unneceſſary Dangers,

gers, and that their Boat would not contain such a Number as might defend themselves again the *Spaniards*, they determined to station their Ship at some Place, where they might commodiously build a Pinnace, which being of light Burthen, might easily sail where the Ship was in Danger of being stranded, and at the same Time might carry a sufficient Force to resist the Enemy, and afford better Accomodation than could be expected in the Boat.

To this End, on the 19th of *December*, they entered a Bay near *Cippo*, a Town inhabited by *Spaniards*, who discovering them, immediately issued out, to the Number of an hundred Horsemen, with about two hundred naked *Indians* running by their Sides. The *English* observing their Approach, retired to their Boat without any Loss, except of one Man, whom no Persuasions or Entreaties could move to retire with the rest, and, who, therefore, was shot by the *Spaniards*, who exulting at the Victory, commanded the *Indians* to draw the dead Carcase from the Rock on which he fell, and in the Sight of the *English* beheaded it, then cut off the right Hand, and tore out the Heart, which they carried away, having first commanded the *Indians* to shoot their Arrows all over the Body. The Arrows of the *Indians* were made of green Wood, for the immediate Service of the Day, the *Spaniards*, with the Fear that always harrasses Oppressors, forbiding them to have any Weapons, when they do not want their present Assistance.

Leaving this Place, they soon found a Harbour more secure and convenient, where they built their Pinnace, in which *Drake* went to seek his Companions, but finding the Wind contrary, he was obliged to return in two Days.

Leaving this Place soon after, they sailed along the Coast in search of fresh Water, and landing at *Turapaca*, they found a *Spaniard* asleep, with Silver

Bars lying by him to the Value of three thouſand Ducats; not all the Inſults which they had received from his Countrymen, could provoke them to offer any Violence to his Perſon, and therefore they carried away his Treaſure without doing him any farther Harm.

Landing in another Place, they found a *Spaniard* driving eight *Peruvian* Sheep, which are the Beaſts of Burthen in that Country, each laden with an hundred Pounds weight of Silver, which they ſeized likewiſe, and drove to their Boats.

Further along the Coaſt lay ſome *Indian* Towns, from which the Inhabitants repaired to the Ship, on Floats made of Seal-ſkins, blown full of Wind, two of which they faſten together, and ſitting between them, row with great Swiftneſs, and carry conſiderable Burthens. They very readily traded for Glaſs, and ſuch Trifles, with which the Old and the Young ſeemed equally delighted.

Arriving at *Mormorena* on the 26th of *January*, *Drake* invited the *Spaniards* to traffick with him, which they agreed to, and ſupplied him with Neceſſaries, ſelling to him, among other Proviſions, ſome of thoſe Sheep which have been mentioned, whoſe Bulk is equal to that of a Cow, and whoſe Strength is ſuch, that one of them can carry three tall Men upon his Back: Their Necks are like a Camel's, and their Heads like thoſe of our Sheep. They are the moſt uſeful Animals of this Country, not only affording excellent Fleeces, and wholeſome Fleſh, but ſerving as Carriages over Rocks and Mountains where no other Beaſt can travel; for their Foot is of a peculiar Form, which enables them to tread firm in the moſt ſteep and ſlippery Places.

On all this Coaſt the whole Soil is ſo impregnated with Silver, that five Ounces may be ſeparated from an hundred Pounds weight of common Earth.

Still

Still coasting in Hopes of meeting their Friends, they anchored on the 7th of *February* before *Aria*, where they took two Barks with about eight hundred Pound weight of Silver, and pursuing their Course seized another Vessel laden with Linens.

On the 15th of *February* 1578, they arrived at *Lima*, and entered the Harbour without Resistance, though thirty Ships were stationed there, of which seventeen were equipped for their Voyage, and many of them are represented in the Narrative as Vessels of considerable Force; so that their Security seems to have consisted not in their Strength, but in their Reputation, which had so intimidated the *Spaniards*, that the Sight of their own Superiority could not rouse them to Opposition. Instances of such panick Terrors are to be met with in other Relations, but as they are, for the most Part, quickly dissipated by Reason and Reflection, a wise Commander will rarely found his Hopes of Success on them; and, perhaps, on this Occasion, the *Spaniards* scarcely deserve a severer Censure for their Cowardice than *Drake* for his Temerity.

In one of these Ships they found fifteen hundred Bars of Silver, in another a Chest of Money, and very rich Lading in many of the rest, of which the *Spaniards* tamely suffered them to carry the most valuable Part away, and would have permitted them no less peaceably to burn their Ships; but *Drake* never made War with a Spirit of Cruelty or Revenge, or carried Hostilities further than was necessary for his own Advantage or Defence.

They set Sail the next Morning towards *Panama*, in quest of the *Caca Fuego*, a very rich Ship, which had sailed fourteen Days before, bound thither from *Lima*, which they overtook on the First of *March*, near *Cape Francisco*, and boarding it, found not only a Quantity of Jewels, and twelve Chests of Ryals of Plate, but eighty Pounds weight of Gold, and twenty-

twenty-six Tuns of uncoined Silver, with Pieces of wrought Plate to a great Value. In unlading this Prize, they spent six Days, and then dismissing the *Spaniards* stood off to Sea.

Being now sufficiently enriched, and having lost all Hopes of finding their Associates, and perhaps beginning to be infected with that Desire of Ease and Pleasure which is the natural Consequence of Wealth obtained by Dangers and Fatigues, they began to consult about their return Home, and in Pursuance of *Drake*'s Advice, resolved first to find out some convenient Harbour, where they might supply themselves with Wood and Water, and then endeavour to discover a Passage from the South-Sea into the Atlantic Ocean; a Discovery which would not only enable them to return Home with less Danger, and in a shorter Time, but would much facilitate the Navigation in those Parts of the World.

For this Purpose they had Recourse to a Port in the Island of *Caines*, where they met with Fish, Wood, and fresh Water, and in their Course took a Ship laden with Silk and Linen, which was the last that they met with on the Coast of *America*.

But being desirous of storing themselves for a long Course, they touched, April the 15th, at *Guatulca*, a *Spanish* Island, where they supplied themselves with Provisions, and seized a Bushel of Ryals of Silver.

From *Guatulca*, which lies in fifteen Degrees forty Minutes, they stood out to Sea, and without approaching any Land, sailed forward, till on the Night following, the 3d of *June*, being then in the Latitude of thirty-eight Degrees, they were suddenly benumbed with such cold Blasts, that they were scarcely able to handle the Ropes. This Cold increased upon them, as they proceeded, to such a Degree, that the Sailors were discouraged from mounting upon the Deck; nor were the Effects of the Climate to be imputed to the Warmth of the

Regions

Regions to which they had been lately accuſtomed, for the Ropes were ſtiff with Froſt, and the Meat could ſcarcely be conveyed warm to the Table.

On *June* 17th they came to Anchor in thirty-eight Degrees thirty Minutes, where they ſaw the Land naked, and the Trees without Leaves, and in a ſhort Time had Opportunities of obſerving, that the Natives of that Country were not leſs ſenſible of the Cold than themſelves; for the next Day came a Man rowing in his Canoe towards the Ship, and at a Diſtance from it, made a long Oration, with very extraordinary Geſticulations, and great Appearance of Vehemence, and a little Time afterwards made a ſecond Viſit in the ſame Manner, and then returning a third Time, he preſented them, after his Harangue was finiſhed, with a Kind of Crown of black Feathers, ſuch as their Kings wear upon their Heads, and a Basket of Ruſhes filled with a particular Herb, both which he faſtened to a ſhort Stick, and threw into the Boat; nor could he be prevailed upon to receive any Thing in return, though puſhed towards him upon a Board; only he took up a Hat which was flung into the Water.

Three Days afterwards, their Ship having received ſome Damage at Sea, was brought nearer to Land, that the Lading might be taken out. In order to which, the *Engliſh*, who had now learned not too negligently to commit their Lives to the Mercy of ſavage Nations, raiſed a Kind of Fortification with Stones, and built their Tents within it. All this was not beheld by the Inhabitants without the utmoſt Aſtoniſhment, which incited them to come down in Crowds to the Coaſt, with no other View, as it appeared, than to worſhip the new Divinities that had condeſcended to touch upon their Country.

Drake was far from countenancing their Errors, or taking Advantage of their Weakneſs to injure or moleſt

molest them; and therefore, having directed them to lay aside their Bows and Arrows, he presented them with Linen, and other Necessaries, of which he shewed them the Use. They then returned to their Habitation, about three Quarters of a Mile from the *English* Camp, where they made such loud and violent Outcries, that they were heard by the *English*, who found that they still persisted in their first Notions, and were paying them their kind of melancholy Adoration.

Two Days afterwards they perceived the Approach of a far more numerous Company, who stopped at the Top of a Hill which overlooked the *English* Settlement, while one of them made a long Oration, at the End of which all the Assembly bowed their Bodies, and pronounced the Syllable *Oh* with a solemn Tone, as by way of Confirmation of what had been said by the Orator. Then the Men laying down their Bows, and leaving the Women and Children on the Top of the Hill, came down towards the Tents, and seemed transported in the highest Degree, at the Kindness of the General, who received their Gifts, and admitted them to his Presence. The Women, at a Distance appeared seized with a Kind of Frenzy, such as that of old among the *Pagans* in some of their religious Ceremonies, and in Honour, as it seemed, of their Guests, tore their Cheeks and Bosoms with their Nails, and threw themselves upon the Stones with their naked Bodies till they were covered with Blood.

These cruel Rites, and mistaken Honours, were by no means agreeable to *Drake*; whose predominant Sentiments were Notions of Piety; and therefore not to make that criminal in himself by his Concurrence, which, perhaps, Ignorance might make guiltless in them, he ordered his whole Company to fall upon their Knees, and with their Eyes lifted up to Heaven, that the Savages might observe

that

that their Worſhip was addreſſed to a Being reſiding there, they all joined in praying that this harmleſs and deluded People might be brought to the Knowledge of the true Religion, and the Doctrines of our bleſſed Saviour; after which they ſung Pſalms, a Performance ſo pleaſing to their wild Audience, that in all their Viſits they generally firſt acoſted them with a Requeſt that they would ſing. They then returned all the Preſents which they had received, and retired.

Three Days after this, on *June* 25, 1579, our General received two Embaſſadors from the *Hioh*, or King of the Country, who intending to viſit the Camp, required that ſome Token might be ſent him of Friendſhip and Peace; this Requeſt was readily complied with, and ſoon after came the King, attended by a Guard of about an hundred tall Men, and preceded by an Officer of State, who carried a Scepter made of black Wood, adorned with Chains of a Kind of Bone or Horn, which are Marks of the higheſt Honour among them, and having two Crowns, made as before, with Feathers faſtened to it, with a Bag of the ſame Herb which was preſented to *Drake* at his firſt Arrival.

Behind him was the King himſelf, dreſſed in a Coat of Coney-Skins, with the Cawl woven with Feathers upon his Head, an Ornament ſo much in Eſtimation there, that none but the Domeſticks to the King are allowed to wear it; his Attendants followed him, adorned nearly in the ſame Manner, and after them came the common People, with Baſkets plaited ſo artificially that they held Water, in which, by Way of Sacrifice, they brought Roots and Fiſh.

Drake, not lulled into Security, ranged his Men in Order of Battle, and waited their Approach, who coming nearer, ſtood ſtill while the Scepter-bearer made an Oration, at the Concluſion of which they again

again came forward to the Foot of the Hill, and then the Scepter-bearer began a Song, which he accompanied with a Dance, in both which the Men joined, but the Women danced without singing.

Drake, now diſtruſting them no longer, admitted them into his Fortification, where they continued their Song and Dance a ſhort Time, and then both the King, and ſome others of the Company, made long Harangues, in which it appeared, by the reſt of their Behaviour, that they entreated him to accept of their Country, and to take the Government of it into his own Hands; for the King with the apparent Concurrence of the reſt, placed the Crown upon his Head, graced him with the Chains, and others Signs of Authority, and ſaluted him by the Title of *Hioh*.

The Kingdom thus offered, though of no farther Value to him than as it furniſhed him with preſent Neceſſaries, *Drake* thought it not prudent to refuſe, and therefore took Poſſeſſion of it in the Name of Queen *Elizabeth*, not without ardent Wiſhes that this Acquiſition might have been of Uſe to his native Country, and that ſo mild and innocent a People might have been united to the Church of Chriſt.

The Kingdom being thus conſigned, and the grand Affair at an End, the common People left their King and his Domeſticks with *Drake*, and diſperſed themſelves over the Camp; and when they ſaw any one that pleaſed them by his Appearance more than the reſt, they tore their Fleſh, and vented their Outeries as before, in Token of Reverence and Admiration.

They then proceeded to ſhew them their Wounds and Diſeaſes, in Hopes of a miraculous and inſtantaneous Cure; to which the *Engliſh*, to benefit and undeceive them at the ſame Time, applied ſuch Remedies as they uſed on the like Occaſions.

They

They were now grown confident and familiar, and came down to the Camp, every Day repeating their Ceremonies and Sacrifices, till they were more fully informed how disagreeable they were to those whose Favour they were so studious of obtaining: They then visited them without Adoration, indeed, but with a Curiosity so ardent, that it left them no Leisure to provide the Necessaries of Life, with which the *English* were therefore obliged to supply them.

They had then sufficient Opportunity to remark the Customs and Dispositions of these new Allies, whom they found tractable and benevolent, strong of Body, far beyond the *English*, yet unfurnished with Weapons, either for Assault or Defence, their Bows being too weak for any Thing but Sport. Their Dexterity in taking Fish was such, that if they saw them so near the Shore that they could come to them without swimming, they never missed them.

The same Curiosity that had brought them in such Crowds to the Shore, now induced *Drake*, and some of his Company, to travel up into the Country, which they found, at some Distance from the Coast, very fruitful, filled with large Deer, and abounding with a peculiar Kind of Conies smaller than ours, with Tails like that of a Rat, and Paws such as those of a Mole; they have Bags under their Chin, in which they carry Provisions to their Young.

The Houses of the Inhabitants are round Holes dug in the Ground, from the Brink of which they raise Rafters or Piles, shelving towards the Middle, where they all meet, and are cramped together; they lie upon Rushes, with the Fire in the Midst, and let the Smoak fly out at the Door.

The Men are generally naked; but the Women make a Kind of Petticoat of Bulrushes, which they

comb like Hemp, and throw the Skin of a Deer over their Shoulders. They are very modeſt, tractable and obedient to their Huſbands.

Such is the Condition of this People, and not very different is, perhaps, the State of the greateſt Part of Mankind. Whether more enlightened Nations ought to look upon them with Pity, as leſs happy than themſelves, ſome Sceptics have made, very unneceſſarily, a Difficulty of determining. More, they ſay, is loſt by the Perplexities than gained by the Inſtruction of Science; we enlarge our Vices with our Knowledge, and multiply our Wants with our Attainments, and the Happineſs of Life is better ſecured by the Ignorance of Vice than by the Knowledge of Virtue.

The Fallacy by which ſuch Reaſoners have impoſed upon themſelves, ſeems to ariſe from the Compariſon which they make, not between two Men equally inclined to apply the Means of Happineſs in their Power to the End for which Providence conferred them, but furniſhed in unequal Proportions with the Means of Happineſs, which is the true State of ſavage and poliſhed Nations, but between two Men, of which he to whom Providence has been moſt bountiful, deſtroys the Bleſſings by Negligence, or obſtinate Miſuſe; while the other, ſteady, diligent, and virtuous, employs his Abilities and Conveniencies to their proper End. The Queſtion is not, whether a good *Indian* or bad *Engliſhman* be moſt happy; but, which State is moſt deſirable, ſuppoſing Virtue and Reaſon the ſame in both.

Nor is this the only Miſtake which is generally admitted in this Controverſy; for theſe Reaſoners frequently confound Innocence with the mere Incapacity of Guilt. He that never ſaw, or heard, or thought of ſtrong Liquors, cannot be propoſed as a Pattern of Sobriety.

This

This Land was named by *Drake*, ALBION, from its white Cliffs, in which it bore ſome Reſemblance to his native Country; and the whole Hiſtory of the Reſignation of it to the *Engliſh*, was engraven on a Piece of Braſs, then nailed on a Poſt, and fixed up before their Departure, which being now diſcovered by the People to be near at Hand, they could not forbear perpetual Lamentations. When the *Engliſh* on the 23d of *July* weighed Anchor, they ſaw them climbing to the Tops of Hills, that they might keep them in ſight, and obſerved Fires lighted up in many Parts of the Country, on which, as they ſuppoſed, Sacrifices were offered.

Near this Harbour they touched at ſome Iſlands, where they found great Numbers of Seals, and deſpairing now to find any Paſſage through the Northern Parts, he after a general Conſultation determined to ſteer away to the *Moluccas*, and ſetting Sail *July* the 25th, he ſailed for ſixty-eight Days without Sight of Land; and on *September* 30th, arrived within View of ſome Iſlands, ſituate about eight Degrees Northward from the Line, from whence the Inhabitants reſorted to them in Canoes, hollowed out of the ſolid Trunk of a Tree, and raiſed at both Ends ſo high above the Water, that they ſeemed almoſt a Semicircle; they were burniſhed in ſuch a Manner, that they ſhone like Ebony, and were kept ſteady by a Piece of Timber, fixed on each Side of them, with ſtrong Canes, that were faſtened at one End to the Boat, and at the other to the End of the Timber.

The firſt Company that came brought Fruits, Potatoes, and other Things of no great Value, with an Appearance of Traffick, and exchanged their Lading for other Commodities, with great Shew of Honeſty and Friendſhip, but having, as they imagined, laid all Suſpicion aſleep, they ſoon ſent another Fleet of Canoes, of which the Crews behaved

with all the Insolence of Tyrants, and all the Rapacity of Thieves; for whatever was suffered to come into their Hands, they seemed to consider as their own, and would neither pay for it nor restore it; and at length, finding the *English* resolved to admit them no longer, they discharged a Shower of Stones from their Boats, which Insult, *Drake* prudently and generously returned by ordering a Piece of Ordnance to be fired without hurting them; at which they were so terrified, that they leaped into the Water, and hid themselves under the Canoes.

Having for some Time but little Wind, they did not arrive at the *Moluccas* till the 3d of *November*, and then designing to touch at *Tidore*, they were visited, as they sailed by a little Island belonging to the King of *Ternate*, by the Viceroy of the Place, who informed them, that it would be more advantageous for them to have recourse to his Master for Supplies and Assistance than to the King of *Ternate*, who was in some Degrees dependent on the *Portugueze*, and that he would himself carry the News of their Arrival, and prepare their Reception.

Drake was by the Arguments of the Viceroy prevailed upon to alter his Resolution; and on *November* 5, cast Anchor before *Ternate*, and scarce was he arrived, before the Viceroy, with others of the chief Nobles, came out in three large Boats, rowed by forty Men on each Side, to conduct the Ship into a safe Harbour, and soon after the King himself having received a velvet Cloak by a Messenger from *Drake*, as a Token of Peace, came with such a Retinue and Dignity of Appearance as was not expected in those remote Parts of the World. He was received with Discharges of Cannons and every Kind of Musick, with which he was so much delighted, that desiring the Musicians to come down into the Boat, he was towed along in it at the Stern of the Ship.

The

The King was of a graceful Stature, and regal Carriage, of a mild Aſpect, and low Voice; his Attendants were dreſſed in white Cotton or Callicoe, of whom ſome, whoſe Age gave them a venerable Appearance, ſeemed his Counſellors, and the reſt Officers or Nobles; his Guards were not ignorant of Fire-arms, but had not many among them, being equipped for the moſt Part with Bows and Darts.

The King having ſpent ſome Time in admiring the Multitude of new Objects that preſented themſelves, retired as ſoon as the Ship was brought to Anchor, and promiſed to return on the Day following; and in the mean Time, the Inhabitants having Leave to traffick, brought down Proviſions in great Abundance.

At the Time when the King was expected his Brother came aboard, to requeſt of *Drake* that he would come to the Caſtle, propoſing to ſtay himſelf as a Hoſtage for his Return; *Drake* refuſed to go, but ſent ſome Gentlemen, detaining the King's Brother in the mean Time.

Theſe Gentlemen were received by another of the King's Brothers, who conducted them to the Council-houſe near the Caſtle, in which they were directed to walk; there they found threeſcore old Men, Privy Counſellors to the King, and on each Side of the Door without, ſtood four old Men of foreign Countries, who ſerved as Interpreters in Commerce.

In a ſhort Time the King came from the Caſtle, dreſſed in Cloth of Gold, with his Hair woven into gold Rings, a Chain of Gold upon his Neck, and on his Hands Rings very artificially ſet with Diamonds and Jewels of great Value; over his Head was borne a rich Canopy, and by his Chair of State, on which he ſat down when he had entered the Houſe, ſtood a Page with a Fan ſet with Sapphires, to moderate the Exceſs of the Heat. Here he received the

Compliments of the *Engliſh*, and then honourably diſmiſſed them.

The Caſtle, which they had ſome Opportunity of obſerving, ſeemed of no great Force; it was built by the *Portugueze*, who attempting to reduce this Kingdom into an abſolute Subjection, murdered the King, and intended to purſue their Scheme by the Deſtruction of all his Sons; but the general Abhorrence, which Cruelty and Perfidy naturally excites, armed all the Nation againſt them, and procured their total Expulſion from all the Dominions of *Ternate*, which from that Time increaſing in Power, continued to make new Conqueſts, and to deprive them of other Acquiſitions.

While they lay before *Ternate*, a Gentleman came on Board attended by his Interpreter. He was dreſſed ſomewhat in the *European* Manner, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the Natives of *Ternate*, or any Country that they had ſeen, by his Civility and Apprehenſion. Such a Viſitant may eaſily be imagined to excite their Curioſity, which he gratified by informing them that he was a Native of *China*, of the Family of the King then reigning, and that being accuſed of a capital Crime, of which, though he was innocent, he had not Evidence to clear himſelf, he had petitioned the King that he might not be expoſed to a Trial, but that his Cauſe might be referred to divine Providence, and that he might be allowed to leave his Country, with a Prohibition againſt returning, unleſs Heaven, in Atteſtation of his Innocence, ſhould enable him to bring back to the King ſome Intelligence that might be to the Honour and Advantage of the Empire of *China*. In Search of ſuch Information he had now ſpent three Years, and had left *Tidore* for the Sake of converſing with the *Engliſh* General, from whom he hoped to receive ſuch Accounts as would enable him to return with Honour and Safety.

Drake willingly recounted all his Adventures and Observations, to which the *Chineſe* Exile liſtened with the utmoſt Attention and Delight, and having fixed them in his Mind, thanked God for the Knowledge he had gained. He then propoſed to the *Engliſh* General to conduct him to *China*, recounting, by Way of Invitation, the Wealth, Extent, and Felicity of that Empire; but *Drake* could not be induced to prolong his Voyage.

He therefore ſet ſail on the 9th of *November* in queſt of ſome convenient Harbour, in a deſart Iſland, to refit his Ship, not being willing, as it ſeems, to truſt the Generoſity of the King of *Ternate*. Five Days afterwards he found a very commodious Harbour in an Iſland overgrown with Wood, where he repaired his Veſſel, and refreſhed his Men without Danger or Interruption.

Leaving this Place the 12th of *December*, they ſailed towards the *Celebes*; but having a Wind not very favourable, they were detained among a Multitude of Iſlands, mingled with dangerous Shallows, till *January* 9, 1580. When they thought themſelves clear, and were ſailing forwards with a ſtrong Gale, they were at the Beginning of the Night ſurprized in their Courſe by a ſudden Shock, of which the Cauſe was eaſily diſcovered, for they were thrown upon a Shoal, and by the Speed of their Courſe, fixed too faſt for any Hope of eſcaping. Here even the Intrepidity of *Drake* was ſhaken, and his Dexterity baffled; but his Piety, however, remained ſtill the ſame, and what he could not now promiſe himſelf from his own Ability, he hoped from the Aſſiſtance of Providence. The Pump was plied, and the Ship found free from new Leaks.

The next Attempt was to diſcover towards the Sea ſome Place where they might fix their Boat, and from thence drag the Ship into deep Water; but upon Examination it appeared, that the Rock on

which they had ſtruck, roſe perpendicularly from the Water, and that there was no Anchorage, nor any Bottom to be found a Boat's Length from the Ship. But this Diſcovery, with its Conſequences, was by *Drake* wiſely concealed from the common Sailors, leſt they ſhould abandon themſelves to Deſpair; for which there was, indeed, Cauſe, there being no Proſpect left, but that they muſt there ſink with the Ship, which muſt undoubtedly be ſoon daſhed to Pieces; or periſh in attempting to reach the Shore in their Boat; or be cut in Pieces by Barbarians if they ſhould arrive at Land.

In the Midſt of this Perplexity and Diſtreſs, *Drake* directed that the Sacrament ſhould be adminiſtered, and his Men fortified with all the Conſolation which Religion affords; then perſuaded them to lighten the Veſſel by throwing into the Sea Part of their Lading, which was chearfully complied with, but without Effect. At length, when their Hopes had forſaken them, and no new Struggles could be made, they were on a ſudden relieved by a Remiſſion of the Wind, which having hitherto blown ſtrongly againſt the Side of the Ship which lay towards the Sea, held it upright againſt the Rock; but when the Blaſt ſlackened, (being then low Water) the Ship lying higher with that Part which reſted on the Rock than with the other, and being borne up no longer by the Wind, reeled into the deep Water, to the Surprize and Joy of *Drake* and his Companions.

This was the greateſt and moſt inextricable Diſtreſs which they had ever ſuffered, and made ſuch an Impreſſion upon their Minds, that for ſome Time afterwards they durſt not adventure to ſpread their Sails, but went ſlowly forward with the utmoſt Circumſpection.

They thus continued their Courſe without any obſervable Occurrence, till on the 11th of *March* they came to Anchor before the Iſland of *Java*, and ſending

to the King a Preſent of Cloth and Silks, received from him, in Return, a large Quantity of Proviſions; and the Day following *Drake* went himſelf on Shore, and entertained the King with his Muſick, and obtained Leave to ſtore his Ship with Proviſions.

The Iſland is governed by a great Number of petty Kings, or *Raias*, ſubordinate to one Chief; of theſe Princes three came on Board together a few Days after their Arrival; and having upon their Return recounted the Wonders which they had ſeen, and the Civility with which they had been treated, incited others to ſatisfy their Curioſity in the ſame Manner; and *Raia Donan*, the chief King, came himſelf to view the Ship, with the warlike Armaments and Inſtruments of Navigation.

This Intercourſe of Civilities ſomewhat retarded the Buſineſs for which they came; but at length they not only victualled their Ship, but cleanſed the Bottom, which, in the long Courſe, was overgrown with a Kind of Shell-fiſh that impeded her Paſſage.

Leaving *Java*, on *March* 26, they ſailed homewards by the *Cape of Good Hope*, which they ſaw on *June* the 5th; on the 15th of *Auguſt* paſſed the *Tropic*, and on the 26th of *September* arrived at *Plymouth*, where they found that by paſſing through ſo many different Climates, they had loſt a Day in their Account of Time, it being *Sunday* by their Journals, but *Monday* by the general Computation.

In this hazardous Voyage they had ſpent two Years, ten Months, and ſome odd Days; but were recompenſed for their Toils by great Riches, and the univerſal Applauſe of their Countrymen. *Drake* afterwards brought his Ship up to *Deptford*, where Queen *Elizabeth* viſited him on Board his Ship, and conferred the Honour of Knighthood upon him; an Honour in that illuſtrious Reign not made cheap by

Proſtitution, nor even beſtowed without uncommon Merit.

It is not neceſſary to give an Account equally particular of the remaining Part of his Life, as he was no longer a private Man, but engaged in public Affairs, and aſſociated in his Expeditions with other Generals, whoſe Attempts, and the Succeſs of them, are related in the Hiſtories of thoſe Times.

In 1585, on the 12th of *September*, Sir *Francis Drake* ſet ſail from *Plymouth* with a Fleet of five-and-twenty Ships and Pinnaces, of which himſelf was Admiral, Captain *Martin Forbiſher* Vice-Admiral, and Captain *Francis Knollis* Rear-Admiral: They were fitted out to cruize upon the *Spaniards*; and having touched at the Iſle of *Bayonne*, and plundered *Vigo*, put to Sea again, and on the 16th of *November* arrived before *St. Jago*, which they entered without Reſiſtance, and reſted there fourteen Days, viſiting in the mean Time *San Domingo*, a Town within the Land, which they found likewiſe deſerted; and carrying off what they pleaſed of the Produce of the Iſland, they at their Departure, deſtroyed the Town and Villages, in Revenge of the Murder of one of their Boys, whoſe Body they found mangled in a moſt inhuman Manner.

From this Iſland they purſued their Voyage to the *Weſt-Indies*, determining to attack St. *Domingo* in *Hiſpaniola*, as the richeſt Place in that Part of the World; they therefore landed a thouſand Men, and with ſmall Loſs entered the Town, of which they kept Poſſeſſion for a Month without Interruption or Alarm; during which Time a remarkable Accident happened, which deſerves to be related.

Drake having ſome Intention of treating with the *Spaniards*, ſent to them a Negro-Boy with a Flag of Truce, which one of the *Spaniards* ſo little regarded, that he ſtabbed him through the Body with a Lance. The Boy, notwithſtanding his Wound, came back

to

to the General, related the Treatment which he had found, and died in his Sight. *Drake* was so incenſed at this Outrage, that he ordered two Friars, then his Priſoners, to be conveyed with a Guard to the Place where the Crime was committed, and hanged up in the Sight of the *Spaniards*, declaring that two *Spaniſh* Priſoners ſhould undergo the ſame Death every Day, till the Offender ſhould be delivered up by them: They were too well acquainted with the Character of *Drake* not to bring him on the Day following, when to impreſs the Shame of ſuch Actions more effectually upon them, he compelled them to execute him with their own Hands. Of this Town, at their Departure, they demoliſhed Part, and admitted the reſt to be ranſomed for five-and-twenty thouſand Ducats.

From thence they ſailed to *Carthagena*, where the Enemy having received Intelligence of the Fate of St. *Domingo*, had ſtrengthened their Fortifications, and prepared to defend themſelves with great Obſtinacy; but the *Engliſh* landing in the Night, came upon them by a Way which they did not ſuſpect, and being better armed, partly by Surprize, and partly by Superiority of Order and Valour, became Maſters of the Place, where they ſtayed without Fear or Danger ſix Weeks, and at their Departure received an hundred and ten thouſand Ducats for the Ranſom of the Town.

They afterwards took St. *Auguſtin*, and touching at *Virginia*, took on Board the Governor, Mr. *Lane*, with the *Engliſh* that had been left there the Year before by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and arrived at *Portſmouth* on *July* 28, 1586, having loſt in the Voyage ſeven hundred and fifty Men. The Gain of this Expedition amounted to ſixty thouſand Pounds, of which forty were the Share of the Adventurers, who fitted out the Ships, and the reſt diſtributed among the

the ſeveral Crews, amounted to ſix Pounds each Man. So cheaply is Life ſometimes hazarded.

The Tranſactions againſt the *Armada*, 1588, are in themſelves far more memorable, but leſs neceſſary to be recited in this ſuccinct Narrative; only let it be remembered, that the Poſt of Vice-Admiral of *England*, to which Sir *Francis Drake* was then raiſed, is a ſufficient Proof that no Obſcurity of Birth, or Meanneſs of Fortue, is unſurmountable to Bravery and Diligence.

In 1595 Sir *Francis Drake*, and Sir *John Hawkins*, were ſent with a Fleet to the *Weſt-Indies*, which Expedition was only memorable for the Deſtruction of *Nombre de Dios*, and the Death of the two Commanders, of whom Sir *Francis Drake* died *January* 9, 1597, and was thrown into the Sea in a Leaden Coffin, with all the Pomp of naval Obſequies. It is reported by ſome, that the ill Succeſs of this Voyage haſtened his Death. Upon what this Conjecture is grounded does not appear, and we may be allowed to hope, for the Honour of ſo great a Man, that it is without Foundation; and that he whom no Series of Succeſs could ever betray to Vanity or Negligence, could have ſupported a Change of Fortune without Impatience or Dejection.

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THE

LIFE OF ROGER ASCHAM.

ROGER ASCHAM was born in the Year 1515, at *Kirby Wiske*, (or *Kirby Wicke*) a Village near *Northallerton* in *Yorkshire*, of a Family above the Vulgar. His Father *John Ascham* was House-steward in the Family of *Scroop*; and in that Age, when the different Orders of Men were at a greater Distance from each other, and the Manners of Gentlemen were regularly formed by menial Services in great Houses, lived with a very conspicuous Reputation. *Margaret Ascham*, his Wife, is said to have been allied to many considerable Families, but her maiden Name is not recorded. She had three Sons, of whom *Roger* was the youngest, and some Daughters; but who can hope, that of any Progeny more than one shall deserve to be mentioned? They lived married sixty-seven Years, and at last died together almost on the same Hour of the same Day.

Roger having passed his first Years under the Care of his Parents, was adopted into the Family of *Antony Wingfield*, who maintained him, and committed his Education, with that of his own Sons, to the Care of one *Bond*, a domestick Tutor. He very early discovered an unusual Fondness for Literature by an eager Perusal of *English* Books, and having passed happily through the scholastick Rudiments, was put, in 1530, by his Patron *Wingfield*, to St. *John*'s College in *Cambridge*.

Ascham entered *Cambridge* at a Time when the last great Revolution of the intellectual World was filling every academical Mind with Ardour or Anxiety.

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The Deſtruction of the *Conſtantinopolitan* Empire had driven the *Greeks* with their Language into the interior Parts of *Europe*, the Art of Printing had made the Books eaſily attainable, and *Greek* now began to be taught in *England*. The Doctrines of *Luther* had already filled all the Nations of the *Romiſh* Communion with Controverſy and Diſſention. New Studies of Literature, and new Tenets of Religion, found Employment for all who were deſirous of Truth, or ambitious of Fame. Learning was at that Time proſecuted with that Eagerneſs and Perſeverance which in this Age of Indifference and Diſſipation it is not eaſy to conceive. To teach or to learn was at once the Buſineſs and the Pleaſure of the academical Life; and an Emulation of Study was raiſed by *Cheke* and *Smith*, to which even the preſent Age perhaps owes many Advantages, without remembering or knowing its Benefactors.

Aſcham ſoon reſolved to unite himſelf to thoſe who were enlarging the Bounds of Knowledge, and immediately upon his Admiſſion into the College, applied himſelf to the Study of *Greek*. Thoſe who were zealous for the new Learning, were often no great Friends to the old Religion; and *Aſcham*, as he became a *Grecian*, became a Proteſtant. The Reformation was not yet begun, Diſaffection to Popery was conſidered as a Crime juſtly puniſhed by Excluſion from Favour and Preferment, and was not yet openly profeſſed, though Superſtition was gradually loſing its hold upon the Publick. The Study of *Greek* was reputable enough, and *Aſcham* purſued it with Diligence and Succeſs equally conſpicuous. He thought a Language might be moſt eaſily learned by teaching it; and when he had obtained ſome Proficiency in *Greek*, read Lectures, while he was yet a Boy, to other Boys who were deſirous of Inſtruction. His Induſtry was much encouraged by *Pember*, a Man of great Eminence at

that

that Time, though I know not that he has left any Monuments behind him, but what the Gratitude of his Friends and Scholars has beſtowed. He was one of the great Encouragers of *Greek* Learning, and particularly applauded *Aſcham*'s Lectures, aſſuring him in a Letter, of which *Graunt* has preſerved an Extract, that he would gain more Knowledge by explaining one of *Æſop*'s Fables to a Boy, than by hearing one of *Homer*'s Poems explained by another.

Aſcham took his Bachelor's Degree in 1534, *February* 18, in the eighteenth Year of his Age; a Time of Life at which it is more common now to enter the Univerſities than to take Degrees, but which, according to the Modes of Education then in Uſe, had nothing of remarkable Prematurity. On the 23d of *March* following, he was choſen Fellow of the College; which Election he conſidered as a ſecond Birth. Dr. *Metcalf* the Maſter of the College, *a Man*, as *Aſcham* tells us, *meanly learned himſelf, but no mean Encourager of Learning in others*, clandeſtinely promoted his Election, though he openly ſeemed firſt to oppoſe it, and afterwards to cenſure it, becauſe *Aſcham* was known to favour the new Opinions; and the Maſter himſelf was accuſed of giving an unjuſt Preference to the northern Men, one of the Factions into which this Nation was divided, before we could find any more important Reaſon of Diſſention, than that ſome were born on the northern and ſome on the ſouthern Side of *Trent*. Any Cauſe is ſufficient for a Quarrel; and the Zealots of the North and South lived long in ſuch Animoſity, that it was thought neceſſary at *Oxford* to keep them quiet by chuſing one Proctor every Year from each.

He ſeems to have been hitherto ſupported by the Bounty of *Wingfield*, which his Attainment of a Fellowſhip now freed him from the Neceſſity of receiving

ceiving. Dependance, though in those Days it was more common, and less irksome than in the present State of Things, can never have been free from Discontent; and therefore he that was released from it must always have rejoiced. The Danger is, lest the Joy of escaping from the Patron may not leave sufficient Memory of the Benefactor. Of this Forgetfulness *Ascham* cannot be accused; for he is recorded to have preserved the most grateful and affectionate Reverence for *Wingfield*, and to have never grown weary of recounting his Benefits.

His Reputation still increased, and many resorted to his Chamber to hear the *Greek* Writers explained. He was likewise eminent for other Accomplishments. By the Advice of *Pember*, he had learned to play on musical Instruments, and he was one of the Few who excelled in the mechanical Art of Writing, which then began to be cultivated among us, and in which we now surpass all other Nations. He not only wrote his Pages with Neatness, but embellished them with elegant Draughts and Illuminations; an Art at that Time so highly valued, that it contributed much both to his Fame and his Fortune.

He became Master of Arts in *March* 1537, in his twenty-first Year; and then, if not before, commenced Tutor, and publickly undertook the Education of young Men. A Tutor of one-and twenty, however accomplished with Learning, however exalted by Genius, would now gain little Reverence or Obedience; but in those Days of Discipline and Regularity, the Authority of the Statutes easily supplied that of the Teacher; all Power that was lawful was reverenced. Besides, young Tutors had still younger Pupils.

Ascham is said to have courted his Scholars to Study by every Incitement, to have treated them with great Kindness, and to have taken Care at once to instill Learning and Piety, to inlighten their Minds, and

to

to form their Manners. Many of his Scholars rose to great Eminence; and among them *William Grindal* was so much distinguished, that by *Cheke*'s Recommendation he was called to Court as a proper Master of Languages for the Lady *Elizabeth*.

There was yet no established Lecturer of *Greek*; the University therefore appointed *Ascham* to read in the open Schools, and paid him out of the publick Purse an honorary Stipend, such as was then reckoned sufficiently liberal: A Lecture was afterwards founded by King *Henry*, and he then quitted the Schools, but continued to explain *Greek* Authours in his own College.

He was at first an Opponent of the new Pronunciation introduced, or rather of the ancient restored, about this Time by *Cheke* and *Smith*, and made some cautious Struggles for the common Practice, which the Credit and Dignity of his Antagonists did not permit to defend very publickly, or with much Vehemence: Nor were they long his Antagonists; for either his Affection for their Merit, or his Conviction of the Cogency of their Arguments, soon changed his Opinion and his Practice, and he adhered ever after to their Method of Utterance.

Of this Controversy it is not necessary to give a circumstantial Account; something of it may be found in *Strype*'s Life of *Smith*, and something in *Baker*'s Reflexions upon Learning: It is sufficient to remark here, that *Cheke*'s Pronunciation was that which now prevails in the Schools of *England*. Disquisitions not only verbal, but merely literal, are too minute for popular Narration.

He was not less eminent as a Writer of *Latin*, than as a Teacher of *Greek*. All the publick Letters of the University were of his Composition; and as little Qualifications must often bring great Abilities into Notice, he was recommended to this honourable

nourable Employment not leſs by the Neatneſs of his Hand, than the Elegance of his Style.

However great was his Learning, he was not always immured in his Chamber; but being valetudinary, and weak of Body, thought it neceſſary to ſpend many Hours in ſuch Exerciſes as might beſt relieve him after the Fatigue of Study. His favourite Amuſement was Archery, in which he ſpent, or, in the Opinion of others, loſt ſo much Time, that thoſe whom either his Faults or Virtues made his Enemies, and perhaps ſome whoſe Kindneſs wiſhed him always worthily employed, did not ſcruple to cenſure his Practice, as unſuitable to a Man profeſſing Learning, and perhaps of bad Example in a Place of Education.

To free himſelf from this Cenſure was one of the Reaſons for which he publiſhed, in 1544, his *Toxophilus*, or the Schole or Partitions of Shooting, in which he joins the Praiſe with the Precepts of Archery. He deſigned not only to teach the Art of Shooting, but to give an Example of Diction more natural and more truly *Engliſh* than was uſed by the common Writers of that Age, whom he cenſures for mingling exotick Terms with their native Language, and of whom he complains, that they were made Authours not by Skill or Education, but, by Arrogance and Temerity.

He has not failed in either of his Purpoſes. He has ſufficiently vindicated Archery as an innocent, ſalutary, uſeful, and liberal Diverſion; and if his Precepts are of no great Uſe, he has only ſhown by one Example among many, how little the Hand can derive from the Mind, how little Intelligence can conduce to Dexterity. In every Art, Practice is much; in Arts manual, Practice is almoſt the Whole. Precept can at moſt but warn againſt Errour, it can never beſtow Excellence.

The

The Bow has been so long disused, that most *English* Readers have forgotten its Importance, though it was the Weapon by which we gained the Battle of *Agincourt*, a Weapon which when handled by *English* Yeomen, no foreign Troops were able to resist. We were not only abler of Body than the *French*, and therefore superior in the Use of Arms, which are forcible only in Proportion to the Strength with which they are handled, but the national Practice of Shooting for Pleasure or for Prizes, by which every Man was inured to Archery from his Infancy, gave us insuperable Advantage, the Bow requiring more Practice to skilful Use than any other Instrument of Offence.

Fire arms were then in their Infancy; and though Battering-pieces had been some Time in Use, I know not whether any Soldiers were armed with Hand-guns when the *Toxophilus* was first published: They were soon after used by the *Spanish* Troops, whom other Nations made haste to imitate: But how little they could yet effect, will be understood from the Account given by the ingenious Author of the Exercise for the *Norfolk* Militia.

'The first Muskets were very heavy, and could 'not be fired without a Rest; they had Match-'locks, and Barrels of a wide Bore, that carried a 'large Ball and Charge of Powder, and did Execu-'tion at a greater Distance.

'The Musketeers on a March carried only their 'Rests and Ammunition, and had Boys to bear 'their Muskets after them, for which they were al-'lowed great additional Pay.

'They were very slow in loading, not only by 'Reason of the Unweildiness of the Pieces, and 'because they carried the Powder and Balls sepa-'rate, but from the Time it took to prepare and 'adjust the Match; so that their Fire was not near 'so brisk as ours is now. Afterwards a lighter Kind

'of match-lock Muſket came into Uſe, and they 'carried their Ammunition in Bandeliers, which 'were broad Belts that came over the Shoulder, to 'which were hung ſeveral little Caſes of Wood 'covered with Leather, each containing a Charge 'of Powder; the Balls they carried looſe in a Pouch; 'and they had alſo a Priming-horn hanging by their 'Side.

'The old *Engliſh* Writers call thoſe large Muſ-'kets Calivers: The Harquebuze was a lighter 'Piece, that could be fired without a Reſt. The 'Match-lock was fired by a Match fixed by a Kind 'of Tongs in the Serpentine or Cock, which by 'pulling the Trigger, was brought down with great 'Quickneſs upon the Priming in the Pan; over 'which there was a ſliding Cover, which was drawn 'back by the Hand juſt at the Time of Firing. 'There was a great Deal of Nicety and Care re-'quired to fit the Match properly to the Cock, ſo 'as to come down exactly true on the Priming, to 'blow the Aſhes from the Coal, and to guard the 'Pan from the Sparks that fell from it. A great 'Deal of Time was alſo loſt in taking it out of the 'Cock, and returning it between the Fingers of 'the left Hand every Time that the Piece was fired; 'and wet Weather often rendered the Matches uſe-'leſs.'

While this was the State of Fire-arms, and this State continued among us to the civil War with very little Improvement, it is no Wonder that the Long-bow was preferred by Sir *John Smith*, who wrote of the Choice of Weapons in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, when the Uſe of the Bow ſtill continued, though the Muſket was gradually prevailing. Sir *John Hayward*, a Writer yet later, has, in his Hiſtory of the *Norman* Kings, endeavoured to evince the Superiority of the Archer to the Muſketeer: However, in the long Peace of King *James*, the Bow

was

was wholly forgotten. Guns have from that Time been the Weapons of the *Engliſh*, as of other Nations, and as they are now improved, are certainly more efficacious.

Aſcham had yet another Reaſon, if not for writing his Book, at leaſt for preſenting it to King *Henry*. *England* was not then what it may be now juſtly termed, the Capital of Literature, and therefore thoſe who aſpired to ſuperiour Degrees of Excellence, thought it neceſſary to travel into other Countries. The Purſe of *Aſcham* was not equal to the Expence of Peregrination; and therefore he hoped to have it augmented by a Penſion. Nor was he wholly diſappointed; for the King rewarded him with an yearly Payment of ten Pounds.

A Penſion of ten Pounds granted by a King of *England* to a Man of Letters, appears to modern Readers ſo contemptible a Beneſaction, that it is not unworthy of Enquiry what might be its Value at that Time, and how much *Aſcham* might be enriched by it. Nothing is more uncertain than the Eſtimation of Wealth by denominated Money; the precious Metals never retain long the ſame Proportion to real Commodities, and the ſame Names in different Ages do not imply the ſame Quantity of Metal; ſo that it is equally difficult to know how much Money was contained in any nominal Sum, and to find what any ſuppoſed Quantity of Gold or Silver would purchaſe; both which are neceſſary to the Commenſuration of Money, or the Adjuſtment of Proportion between the ſame Sums at different Periods of Time.

A numeral Pound in King *Henry*'s Time contained, as now, twenty Shillings; and therefore it muſt be inquired what twenty Shillings could perform. Bread-corn is the moſt certain Standard of the Neceſſaries of Life. Wheat was generally ſold at that Time for one Shilling the Buſhel: If there-

fore we take five Shillings the Buſhel for the current Price, ten Pounds were equivalent to fifty. But here is Danger of a Fallacy. It may be doubted, whether Wheat was the general Bread-corn of that Age; and if Rye, Barley, or Oats, were the common Food, and Wheat, as I ſuſpect, only a Delicacy, the Value of Wheat will not regulate the Price of other Things. This Doubt is however in Favour of *Aſcham*; for if we raiſe the Worth of Wheat, we raiſe that of his Penſion.

But the Value of Money has another Variation, which we are ſtill leſs able to aſcertain: The Rules of Cuſtom, or the different Needs of artificial Life, make that Revenue little at one Time which is great at another. Men are Rich and Poor, not only in Proportion to what they have, but to what they want. In ſome Ages, not only Neceſſaries are cheaper, but fewer Things are neceſſary. In the Age of *Aſcham*, moſt of the Elegancies and Expences of our preſent Faſhions were unknown: Commerce had not yet diſtributed Superfluity thro' the lower Claſſes of the People, and the Character of a Student implied Frugality, and required no Splendour to ſupport it. His Penſion, therefore, reckoning together the Wants which he could ſupply, and the Wants from which he was exempt, may be eſtimated, in my Opinion, at more than one hundred Pounds a Year; which, added to the Income of his Fellowſhip, put him far enough above Diſtreſs.

This was an Year of good Fortune to *Aſcham*. He was choſen Orator to the Univerſity on the Removal of Sir *John Cheke* to Court, where he was made Tutor to Prince *Edward*. A Man once diſtinguiſhed ſoon gains Admirers. *Aſcham* was now received to Notice by many of the Nobility, and by great Ladies, among whom it was then the Faſhion to ſtudy the ancient Languages. *Lee*, Archbiſhop of

of *York*, allowed him an yearly Penſion; how much we are not told. He was, probably about this Time employed in teaching many illuſtrious Perſons to write a fine Hand; and, among others, *Henry* and *Charles*, Dukes of *Suffolk*, the Princeſs *Elizabeth*, and Prince *Edward*.

Henry VIII. died two Years after, and a Reformation of Religion being now openly proſecuted by King *Edward* and his Council, *Aſcham*, who was known to favour it, had a new Grant of his Penſion, and continued at *Cambridge*, where he lived in great Familiarity with *Bucer*, who had been called from *Germany* to the Profeſſorſhip of Divinity. But his Retirement was ſoon at an End; for in 1548 his Pupil *Grindal*, the Maſter of the Princeſs *Elizabeth*, died, and the Princeſs, who had already ſome Acquaintance with *Aſcham*, called him from his College to direct her Studies. He obeyed the Summons, as we may eaſily believe, with Readineſs, and for two Years inſtructed her with great Diligence; but then being diſguſted either by her or her Domeſticks, or perhaps eager for another Change of Life, he left her without her Conſent, and returned to the Univerſity. Of this Precipitation he long repented; and as thoſe who are not accuſtomed to Diſreſpect, cannot eaſily forgive it, he probably felt the Effects of his Imprudence to his Death.

After having viſited *Cambridge*, he took a Journey into *Yorkſhire* to ſee his native Place and his old Acquaintance, and there received a Letter from the Court, informing him, that he was appointed Secretary to Sir *Richard Moriſine*, who was to be diſpatched as Ambaſſador into *Germany*. In his Return to *London* he paid that memorable Viſit to Lady *Jane Gray*, in which he found her reading the *Phædo* in *Greek*, as he has related in his *Schoolmaſter*.

In the Year 1550, he attended *Moriſine* to *Germany*, and wandered over a great Part of the Country,

making Obſervations upon all appeared worthy of his Curioſity, and contracting Acquaintance with Men of Learning. To his Correſpondent *Sturmius* he paid a Viſit, but *Sturmius* was not at Home, and thoſe two illuſtrious Friends never ſaw each other. During the Courſe of this Embaſſy, *Aſcham* undertook to improve *Moriſine* in *Greek*, and for four Days in the Week explained ſome Pages of *Herodotus* every Morning, and more than two hundred Verſes of *Sophocles* or *Euripides* every Afternoon. He read with him likewiſe ſome of the Orations of *Demoſthenes*. On the other Days he compiled the Letters of Buſineſs, and in the Night filled up his Diary, digeſted his Remarks, and wrote private Letters to his Friends in *England*, and particularly to thoſe of his College, whom he continually exhorted to Perſeverance in Study. Amidſt all the Pleaſures of Novelty, which his Travels ſupplied, and in the Dignity of his public Station, he preferred the Tranquility of private Study, and the Quiet of academical Retirement. The Reaſonableneſs of this Choice has been always diſputed; and in the Contrariety of human Intereſts and Diſpoſitions, the Controverſy will not eaſily be decided.

He made a ſhort Excurſion into *Italy*, and mentions in his *Schoolmaſter* with great Severity the Vices of *Venice*. He was deſirous of viſiting *Trent* while the Council were ſitting; but the Scantineſs of his Purſe defeated his Curioſity.

In this Journey he wrote his *Report and Diſcourſe of the Affaires in Germany*, in which he deſcribes the Diſpoſitions and Intereſts of the *German* Princes like a Man inquiſitive and judicious, and recounts many Particularities which are loſt in the Maſs of general Hiſtory, in a Style which to the Ears of that Age was undoubtedly mellifluous, and which is now a very valuable Specimen of genuine *Engliſh*.

By the Death of King *Edward* in 1553, the Reformation was ſtopped, *Moriſine* was recalled, and *Aſcham*'s Penſion and Hopes were at an End. He therefore retired to his Fellowſhip in a State of Diſappointment and Deſpair, which his Biographer has endeavoured to expreſs in the deepeſt Strain of plaintive Declamation. *He was deprived of all his Support*, ſays *Graunt*, *ſtripped of his Penſion, and cut off from the Aſſiſtance of his Friends, who had now loſt their Influence; ſo that he had* NEC PRÆMIA NEC PRÆDIA, *neither Penſion nor Eſtate to ſupport him at* Cambridge. There is no Credit due to a Rhetorician's Account either of Good or Evil. The Truth is, that *Aſcham* ſtill had in his Fellowſhip all that in the early Part of his Life had given him Plenty, and might have lived like the other Inhabitants of the College, with the Advantage of more Knowledge and higher Reputation. But notwithſtanding his Love of academical Retirement, he had now too long enjoyed the Pleaſures and Feſtivities of publick Life, to return with a good Will to academical Poverty.

He had however better Fortune than he expected; and, if he lamented his Condition like his Hiſtorian, better than he deſerved. He had during his Abſence in *Germany* been appointed *Latin* Secretary to King *Edward*; and by the Intereſt of *Gardiner*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, he was inſtated in the ſame Office under *Philip* and *Mary*, with a Salary of twenty Pounds a Year.

Soon after his Admiſſion to his new Employment, he gave an extraordinary Specimen of his Abilities and Diligence, by compoſing and tranſcribing with his uſual Elegance, in three Days, forty-ſeven Letters to Princes and Perſonages, of whom Cardinals were the loweſt.

How *Aſcham*, who was known to be a Proteſtant, could preſerve the Favour of *Gardiner*, and hold a

Place of Honour and Profit in Queen *Mary*'s Court, it must be very natural to inquire. *Cheke*, as is well known, was compelled to a Recantation; and why *Aſcham* was ſpared, cannot now be diſcovered. *Graunt*, at a Time when the Tranſactions of Queen *Mary*'s Reign muſt have been well enough remembered, declares, that *Aſcham* always made open Profeſſion of the reformed Religion, and that *Engleſfield* and others often endeavoured to incite *Gardiner* againſt him, but found their Accuſations rejected with Contempt: Yet he allows, that Suſpicions and Charges of Temporization and Compliance had ſomewhat ſullied his Reputation. The Author of the *Biographia Britannica* conjectures, that he owed his Safety to his Innocence and Uſefulneſs; that it would have been unpopular to attack a Man ſo little liable to Cenſure, and that the Loſs of his Pen could not have been eaſily ſupplied. But the Truth is, that Morality was never ſuffered in the Days of Perſecution to protect Hereſy; nor are we ſure that *Aſcham* was more clear from common Failings than thoſe who ſuffered more; and whatever might be his Abilities, they were not ſo neceſſary but *Gardiner* could have eaſily filled his Place with another Secretary. Nothing is more vain, than at a diſtant Time to examine the Motives of Diſcrimination and Partiality; for the Inquirer, having conſidered Intereſt and Policy, is obliged at laſt to omit more frequent and more active Motives of human Conduct, Caprice, Accident, and private Affections.

At that Time, ſome were puniſhed, many were forborn; and of many why ſhould not *Aſcham* happen to be one? He ſeems to have been calm and prudent, and content with that Peace which he was ſuffered to enjoy; a Mode of Behaviour that ſeldom fails to produce Security. He had been abroad in the laſt Years of King *Edward*, and had at leaſt given no recent Offence. He was certainly, accord-

ing to his own Opinion, not much in Danger; for in the next Year he reſigned his Fellowſhip, which by *Gardiner*'s Favour he had continued to hold, though not reſident; and married *Margaret Howe*, a young Gentlewoman of a good Family.

He was diſtinguiſhed in this Reign by the Notice of Cardinal *Pole*, a Man of great Candour, Learning, and Gentleneſs of Manners, and particularly eminent for his Skill in *Latin*, who thought highly of *Aſcham*'s Style; of which it is no inconſiderable Proof, that when *Pole* was deſirous of communicating a Speech made by himſelf as Legate, in Parliament, to the Pope, he employed *Aſcham* to tranſlate it.

He is ſaid to have been not only protected by the Officers of State, but favoured and countenanced by the Queen herſelf; ſo that he had no Reaſon of Complaint in that Reign of Turbulence and Perſecution: Nor was his Fortune much mended, when in 1558 his Pupil *Elizabeth* mounted the Throne. He was continued in his former Employment, with the ſame Stipend: But though he was daily admitted to the Preſence of the Queen, aſſiſted her private Studies, and partook of her Diverſions; ſometimes read to her in the learned Languages, and ſometimes played with her at Draughts and Cheſs; he added nothing to his twenty Pounds a Year but the Prebend of *Weſtwang* in the Church of *York*, which was given him the Year following. His Fortune was therefore not proportionate to the Rank which his Offices and Reputation gave him, or to the Favour in which he ſeemed to ſtand with his Miſtreſs. Of this parſimonious Allotment it is again a hopeleſs Search to inquire the Reaſon. The Queen was not naturally bountiful, and perhaps did not think it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh by any Prodigality of Kindneſs a Man who had formerly deſerted her, and whom ſhe might ſtill ſuſpect of ſerving rather for Intereſt

Intereſt than Affection. *Graunt* exerts his rhetorical Powers in Praiſe of *Aſcham*'s Diſintereſtedneſs and Contempt of Money; and declares, that though he was often reproached by his Friends with Neglect of his own Intereſt, he never would aſk any Thing, and inflexibly refuſed all Preſents which his Office or imagined Intereſt induced any to offer him. *Camden*, however, imputes the Narrowneſs of his Condition to his Love of Dice and Cock-fights: And *Graunt* forgetting himſelf, allows that *Aſcham* was ſometimes thrown into Agonies by diſappointed Expectations. It may be eaſily diſcovered from his *Schoolmaſter*, that he felt his Wants, though he might neglect to ſupply them; and we are left to ſuſpect, that he ſhewed his Contempt of Money only by loſing at Play. If this was his Practice, we may excuſe *Elizabeth*, who knew the domeſtick Character of her Servants, if ſhe did not give much to him who was laviſh of a little.

However he might fail in his Oeconomy, it were indecent to treat with wanton Levity the Memory of a Man who ſhared his Frailties with all, but whoſe Learning or Virtues few can attain, and by whoſe Excellencies many may be improved, while himſelf only ſuffered by his Faults.

In the Reign of *Elizabeth* nothing remarkable is known to have befallen him, except that, in 1563, he was invited by Sir *Edward Sackville* to write the *Schoolmaſter*, a Treatiſe on Education, upon an Occaſion which he relates in the Beginning of the Book. This Work, though begun with Alacrity in Hopes of a conſiderable Reward, was interrupted by the Death of the Patron, and afterwards ſorrowfully and ſlowly finiſhed, in the Gloom of Diſappointment, under the Preſſure of Diſtreſs. But of the Authour's Diſinclination or Dejection there can be found no Tokens in the Work, which is conceived with great Vigour, and finiſhed with great Accuracy; and perhaps

haps contains the beſt Advice that was ever given for the Study of Languages.

This Treatiſe he completed, but did not publiſh; for that Poverty which in our Days drives Authours ſo haſtily in ſuch Numbers to the Preſs, in the Time of *Aſcham*, I believe, debarred them from it. The Printers gave little for a Copy, and, if we may believe the Tale of *Ralegh*'s Hiſtory, were not forward to print what was offered them for nothing. *Aſcham*'s Book therefore lay unſeen in his Study, and was at laſt dedicated to Lord *Cecil* by his Widow.

Aſcham never had a robuſt or vigorous Body, and his Excuſe for ſo many Hours of Diverſion was his Inability to endure a long Continuance of ſedentary Thought. In the latter Part of his Life he found it neceſſary to forbear any intenſe Application of the Mind from Dinner to Bed-time, and roſe to read and write early in the Morning. He was for ſome Years hectically feveriſh; and though he found ſome Alleviation of his Diſtemper, never obtained a perfect Recovery of his Health. The immediate Cauſe of his laſt Sickneſs was too cloſe Application to the Compoſition of a Poem, which he purpoſed to preſent to the Queen on the Day of her Acceſſion. To finiſh this, he forbore to ſleep at his accuſtomed Hours, till in *December* 1568 he fell ſick of a Kind of lingering Diſeaſe, which *Graunt* has not named, nor accurately deſcribed. The moſt afflictive Symptom was want of Sleep, which he endeavoured to obtain by the Motion of a Cradle. Growing every Day weaker, he found it vain to contend with his Diſtemper, and prepared to die with the Reſignation and Piety of a true Chriſtian. He was attended on his Deathbed by *Gravet*, Vicar of St. *Sepulchre*, and Dr. *Nowel* the learned Dean of St. *Paul*'s, who gave ample Teſtimony to the Decency and Devotion of his concluding Life. He frequently teſtified his

Deſire

Desire of that Dissolution which he soon obtained. His funeral Sermon was preached by Dr. *Nowel*,

Roger Ascham died in the fifty-third Year of his Age, at a Time when, according to the general Course of Life, much might yet have been expected from him, and when he might have hoped for much from others: But his Abilities and his Wants were at an End together; and who can determine, whether he was cut off from Advantages, or rescued from Calamities? He appears to have been not much qualified for the Improvement of his Fortune. His Disposition was kind and social; he delighted in the Pleasures of Conversation, and was probably not much inclined to Business. This may be suspected from the Paucity of his Writings. He has left little behind him, and of that little nothing was published by himself but the *Toxophilus*, and the Account of *Germany*. The *Schoolmaster* was printed by his Widow; and the Epistles were collected by *Graunt*, who dedicated them to Queen *Elizabeth*, that he might have an Opportunity of recommending his Son *Giles Ascham* to her Patronage. The Dedication was not lost: The young Man was made, by the Queen's Mandate, Fellow of a College in *Cambridge*, where he obtained considerable Reputation. What was the Effect of his Widow's Dedication to *Cecil*, is not known: It may be hoped that *Ascham*'s Works obtained for his Family, after his Decease, that Support which he did not in his Life very plenteously procure them.

Whether he was poor by his own Fault, or the Fault of others, cannot now be decided; but it is certain that many have been Rich with less Merit. His philological Learning would have gained him Honour in any Country; and among us it may justly call for that Reverence which all Nations owe to those who first rouse them from Ignorance, and kindle among them the Light of Literature. Of his

his Manners nothing can be said but from his own Testimony, and that of his Contemporaries. Those who mention him allow him many Virtues. His Courtesy, Benevolence, and Liberality, are celebrated; and of his Piety we have not only the Testimony of his Friends, but the Evidence of his Writings.

That his *English* Works have been so long neglected, is a Proof of the Uncertainty of literary Fame. He was scarcely known as an Authour in his own Language till Mr. *Upton* published his *Schoolmaster* with learned Notes. His other Pieces were read only by those few who delight in obsolete Books; but as they are now collected into one Volume, with the Addition of some Letters never printed before, the Publick has an Opportunity of recompensing the Injury, and allotting *Ascham* the Reputation due to his Knowledge and his Eloquence.

THE

THE

LIFE of Sir THOMAS BROWNE.

SIR *THOMAS BROWNE* was born at *London*, in the Parish of St. *Michael* in *Cheapside*, on the 19th of *October*, 1605 *. His Father was a Merchant, of an ancient Family at *Upton* in *Cheshire*. Of the Name or Family of his Mother, I find no Account.

Of his Childhood or Youth, there is little known; except that he lost his Father very early; that he was, according to the common † Fate of Orphans, defrauded by one of his Guardians; and that he was placed for his Education at the School of *Winchester*.

His Mother, having taken ‡ three thousand Pounds, as the third Part of her Husband's Property, left her Son, by Consequence, six thousand; a large Fortune for a Man destined to Learning at that Time, when Commerce had not yet filled the Nation with nominal Riches. But it happened to him, as to many others, to be made poorer by Opulence; for his Mother soon married Sir *Thomas Dutton*, probably by the Inducement of her Fortune; and he was left to the Rapacity of his Guardian, deprived now of both his Parents, and therefore helpless and unprotected.

* Life of Sir *Thomas Browne*, prefixed to the Antiquities of *Norwich*.

† *Whitefoot*'s Character of Sir *Thomas Browne* in a marginal Note.

‡ Life of Sir *Thomas Browne*.

He

He was removed in the Beginning of the Year 1623 from *Winchester* to *Oxford* *, and entered a Gentleman-commoner of *Broadgate-Hall*, which was soon afterwards endowed, and took the Name of *Pembroke-College*, from the Earl of *Pembroke*, then Chancellor of the University. He was admitted to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts, *January* 31, 1626-7; being, as *Wood* remarks, the first Man of Eminence graduated from the new College, to which the Zeal or Gratitude of those that love it most, can wish little better, than that it may long proceed as it began.

Having afterwards taken his Degree of Master of Arts, he turned his Studies to Physick, † and practised it for some Time in *Oxfordshire*; but soon afterwards, either induced by Curiosity, or invited by Promises, he quitted his Settlement, and accompanied his ‡ Father-in-law, who had some Employment in *Ireland*, in a Visitation of the Forts and Castles, which the State of *Ireland* then made necessary.

He that has once prevailed on himself to break his Connexions of Acquaintance, and begin a wandering Life, very easily continues it. *Ireland* had, at that Time, very little to offer to the Observation of a Man of Letters: He, therefore, passed ‖ into *France* and *Italy*; made some Stay at *Montpellier* and *Padua*, which were then the celebrated Schools of Physick; and returning home through *Holland*, procured himself to be created Doctor of Physick at *Leyden*.

When he began his Travels, or when he concluded them, there is no certain Account; nor do there remain any Observations made by him in his Passage through those Countries which he visited. To consider, therefore, what Pleasure or Instruction

* *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses.*
† *Wood.* ‡ Life of Sir *Thomas Browne.* ‖ *Ibid.*

might

might have been received from the Remarks of a Man so curious and diligent, would be voluntarily to indulge a painful Reflection, and load the Imagination with a Wish, which, while it is formed, is known to be vain. It is, however, to be lamented, that those who are most capable of improving Mankind, very frequently neglect to communicate their Knowledge; either because it is more pleasing to gather Ideas than to impart them, or because, to Minds naturally great, few Things appear of so much Importance as to deserve the Notice of the Publick.

About the Year 1634, * he is supposed to have returned to *London*; and the next Year to have written his celebrated Treatise, called *Religio Medici*, 'The Religion of a Physician,' ‡ which he declares himself never to have intended for the Press, having composed it only for his own Exercise and Entertainment. It, indeed, contains many Passages, which, relating merely to his own Person, can be of no great Importance to the Publick: But when it was written, it happened to him as to others, he was too much pleased with his Performance, not to think that it might please others as much; he, therefore, communicated it to his Friends, and receiving, I suppose, that exuberant Applause with which every Man repays the Grant of perusing a Manuscript, he was not very diligent to obstruct his own Praise by recalling his Papers, but suffered them to wander from Hand to Hand, till at last, without his own Consent, they were in 1642 given to a Printer.

This has, perhaps, sometimes befallen others; and this, I am willing to believe, did really happen to Dr. *Browne*: But there is, surely, some Reason to doubt the Truth of the Complaint so frequently made of Surreptitious Editions. A Song, or an Epi-

* *Biographia Britannica.*

‡ Letter to Sir *Kenelm Digby*, prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, Folio Edition.

gram,

gram, may be eaſily printed without the Authour's Knowledge; becauſe it may be learned when it is repeated, or may be written out with very little Trouble: But a long Treatiſe, however elegant, is not often copied by mere Zeal or Curioſity, but may be worn out in paſſing from Hand to Hand, before it is multiplied by a Tranſcript. It is eaſy to convey an imperfect Book, by a diſtant Hand, to the Preſs, and plead the Circulation of a falſe Copy as an Excuſe for publiſhing the true, or to correct what is found faulty or offenſive, and charge the Errors on the Tranſcriber's Depravations.

This is a Stratagem, by which an Authour panting for Fame, and yet afraid of ſeeming to challenge it, may at once gratify his Vanity, and preſerve the Appearance of Modeſty; may enter the Liſts, and ſecure a Retreat: And this Candour might ſuffer to paſs undetected as an innocent Fraud, but that indeed no Fraud is innocent; for the Confidence which makes the Happineſs of Society, is in ſome Degree diminiſhed by every Man, whoſe Practice is at Variance with his Words.

The *Religio Medici* was no ſooner publiſhed than it excited the Attention of the Publick, by the Novelty of Paradoxes, the Dignity of Sentiment, the quick Succeſſion of Images, the Multitude of abſtruſe Alluſions, the Subtlety of Diſquiſition, and the Strength of Language.

What is much read, will be much criticiſed. The Earl of *Dorſet* recommended this Book to the Peruſal of Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who returned his Judgment upon it, not in a Letter, but a Book; in which, though mingled with ſome Poſitions fabulous and uncertain, there are acute Remarks, juſt Cenſures, and profound Speculations, yet its principal Claim to Admiration is, that * it was written

* *Digby*'s Letter to *Browne*, prefixed to the *Religio Medici*, Fol. Edit.

in twenty-four Hours, of which Part was ſpent in procuring *Browne*'s Book, and Part in reading it.

Of theſe Animadverſions, when they were yet not all printed, either Officiouſneſs or Malice, informed Dr. *Browne*; who wrote to Sir *Kenelm* with much Softneſs and Ceremony, declaring the Unworthineſs of his Work to engage ſuch Notice, the intended Privacy of the Compoſition, and the Corruptions of the Impreſſion; and received an Anſwer equally gentle and reſpectful, containing high Commendations of the Piece, pompous Profeſſions of Reverence, meek Acknowledgments of Inability, and anxious Apologies for the Haſtineſs of his Remarks.

The reciprocal Civility of Authours is one of the moſt riſible Scenes in the Farce of Life. Who would not have thought, that theſe two Luminaries of their Age had ceaſed to endeavour to grow bright by the Obſcuration of each other? Yet the Animadverſions thus weak, thus precipitate, upon a Book thus injured in the Tranſcription, quickly paſſed the Preſs; and *Religio Medici* was more accurately publiſhed, with an Admonition prefixed 'to 'thoſe who have or ſhall peruſe the Obſervations 'upon a former corrupt Copy:' in which there is a ſevere Cenſure, not upon *Digby*, who was to be uſed with Ceremony, but upon the Obſervator who had uſurped his Name: Nor was this Invective written by Dr. *Browne*, who was ſuppoſed to be ſatisfied with his Opponent's Apology; but by ſome officious Friend, zealous for his Honour, without his Conſent.

Browne has, indeed, in his own Preface, endeavoured to ſecure himſelf from rigorous Examination, by alleging, that 'many Things are delivered Rhe-'torically, many Expreſſions merely Tropical, and 'therefore many Things to be taken in a ſoft and 'flexible Senſe, and not to be called unto the rigid 'Teſt of Reaſon.' The firſt Glance upon his Book will

will indeed discover Examples of this Liberty of Thought and Expression: 'I could be content (says 'he) to be nothing almost to Eternity, if I might 'enjoy my Saviour at the last.' He has little Acquaintance with the Acuteness of *Browne*, who suspects him of a serious Opinion, that any Thing can be 'almost Eternal,' or that any Time beginning and ending is not infinitely Less than infinite Duration.

In this Book he speaks much, and, in the Opinion of *Digby*, too much of himself; but with such Generality and Conciseness as affords very little Light to his Biographer: He declares, that, besides the Dialects of different Provinces, he understood six Languages; that he was no Stranger to Astronomy; and that he had seen several Countries: But what most awakens Curiosity, is his solemn Assertion, that 'His Life has been a Miracle of thirty Years; which 'to relate, were not History but a Piece of Poetry, 'and would sound like a Fable.'

There is, undoubtedly, a Sense in which all Life is miraculous; as it is an Union of Powers of which we can image no Connexion, a Succession of Motions of which the first Cause must be supernatural: But Life, thus explained, whatever it may have of Miracle, will have nothing of Fable; and therefore, the Authour undoubtedly had regard to something, by which he imagined himself distinguished from the rest of Mankind.

Of these Wonders, however, the View that can be now taken of his Life offers no Appearance. The Course of his Education was like that of others, such as put him little in the Way of extraordinary Casualties. A scholastick and academical Life is very uniform; and has, indeed, more Safety than Pleasure. A Traveller has greater Opportunities of Adventure; but *Browne* traversed no unknown Seas, or *Arabian* Deserts: And, surely, a Man may visit

France and *Italy*, reſide at *Montpellier* and *Padua*, and at laſt take his Degree at *Leyden*, without any Thing miraculous. What it was that would, if it was related, ſound ſo poetical and fabulous, we are left to gueſs; I believe without Hope of gueſſing rightly. The Wonders probably were tranſacted in his own Mind: Self-love, co-operating with an Imagination vigorous and fertile as that of *Browne*, will find or make Objects of Aſtoniſhment in every Man's Life: And, perhaps, there is no human Being, however hid in the Crowd from the Obſervation of his Fellow-mortals, who, if he has Leiſure and Diſpoſition to recollect his own Thoughts and Actions, will not conclude his Life in ſome Sort a Miracle, and imagine himſelf diſtinguiſhed from all the reſt of his Species by many Diſcriminations of Nature or of Fortune.

The Succeſs of this Performance was ſuch, as might naturally encourage the Authour to new Undertakings. A Gentleman of *Cambridge*, * whoſe Name was *Merryweather*, turned it not inelegantly into *Latin*; and from his Verſion it was again tranſlated into *Italian*, *German*, *Dutch*, and *French*; and at *Straſburg* the *Latin* Tranſlation was publiſhed with large Notes, by *Lenuus Nicolaus Molſarius*. Of the *Engliſh* Annotations, which in all the Editions from 1644 accompany the Book, the Authour is unknown.

Of *Merryweather*, to whoſe Zeal *Browne* was ſo much indebted for the ſudden Extenſion of his Renown, I know nothing; but that he publiſhed a ſmall Treatiſe for the Inſtruction of young Perſons in the Attainment of a *Latin* Style. He printed his Tranſlation in *Holland* with ſome Difficulty †. The firſt Printer to whom he offered it, caaried it to *Salmaſius*, ‘ who laid it by (ſays he) in State for three

* Life of Sir *Thomas Browne*.

† *Merryweather*'s Letter, inſerted in the Life of Sir *Thomas Browne*.

‘ Months,’

'Months,' and then discouraged its Publication: It was afterwards rejected by two other Printers, and at last was received by *Hackius*.

The Peculiarities of this Book raised the Authour, as is usual, many Admirers and many Enemies; but we know not of more than one professed Answer, written under * the Title of *Medicus Medicatus*, by *Alexander Ross*, which was universally neglected by the World.

At the Time when this Book was published, Dr. *Browne* resided at *Norwich*, where he had settled in 1636, by † the Persuasion of Dr. *Lushington* his Tutor, who was then Rector of *Barnham Westgate* in the Neighbourhood. It is recorded by *Wood*, that his Practice was very extensive, and that many Patients resorted to him. In 1637 ‡ he was incorporated Doctor of Physick in *Oxford*.

He married in 1641 ‖ Mrs. *Mileham*, of a good Family in *Norfolk*; 'a Lady (says *Whitefoot*) of such 'symmetrical Proportion to her worthy Husband, 'both in the Graces of her Body and Mind, that 'they seemed to come together by a Kind of natural 'Magnetism.'

This Marriage could not but draw the Raillery of contemporary Wits § upon a Man, who had just been wishing in his new Book, 'that we might pro-'create, like Trees, without Conjunction;' and had ¶ lately declared, that 'the whole World was 'made for Man, but only the twelfth Part of Man 'for Woman;' and, that 'Man is the whole World, 'but Woman only the Rib or crooked Part of 'Man.'

Whether the Lady had been yet informed of these contemptuous Positions, or whether she was pleased with the Conquest of so formidable a Rebel, and considered it as a double Triumph, to attract so

* Life of Sir *Thomas Browne*. † *Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses*.
‡ *Wood*. ‖ *Whitefoot*. § *Howel's* Letters. ¶ *Religio Medici*.

much Merit, and overcome so powerful Prejudices; or whether, like most others, she married upon mingled Motives, between Convenience and Inclination; she had, however, no Reason to repent: For she lived happily with him one and forty Years; and bore him ten Children, of whom one Son and three Daughters outlived their Parents: She survived him two Years, and passed her Widowhood in Plenty, if not in Opulence.

Browne having now entered the World as an Authour, and experienced the Delights of Praise and Molestations of Censure, probably found his Dread of the publick Eye diminished; and, therefore, was not long before he trusted his Name to the Criticks a second Time: For in 1646 * he printed *Enquiries into vulgar and common Errours*; a Work, which as it arose not from Fancy and Invention, but from Observation and Books, and contained not a single Discourse of one continued Tenor, of which the latter Part arose from the former, but an Enumeration of many unconnected Particulars, must have been the Collection of Years, and the Effect of a Design early formed and long pursued, to which his Remarks had been continually referred, and which arose gradually to its present Bulk by the daily Aggregation of new Particles of Knowledge. It is, indeed, to be wished, that he had longer delayed the Publication, and added what the remaining Part of his Life might have furnished: The thirty-six Years which he spent afterwards in Study and Experience, would doubtless have made large Additions to an *Enquiry into vulgar Errours*. He published in 1673 the sixth Edition, with some Improvements; but I think rather with Explication of what he had already written, than any new Heads of Disquisition. But with the Work, such as the Authour, whether

* Life of Sir *Thomas Browne*.

hindered

hindered from continuing it by Eagerneſs of Praiſe, or Wearineſs of Labour, thought fit to give, we muſt be content; and remember, that in all ſublunary Things there is ſomething to be wiſhed which we muſt wiſh in vain.

This Book, like his former, was received with great Applauſe, was anſwered by *Alexander Roſs*, and tranſlated into *Dutch* and *German*, and not many Years ago into *French*. It might now be proper, had not the Favour with which it was at firſt received filled the Kingdom with Copies, to reprint it with Notes, partly Supplemental and partly Emendatory, to ſubjoin thoſe Diſcoveries which the Induſtry of the laſt Age has made, and correct thoſe Miſtakes which the Authour has committed not by Idleneſs or Negligence, but for Want of *Boyle*'s and *Newton*'s Philoſophy.

He appears, indeed, to have been willing to pay Labour for Truth. Having heard a flying Rumour of ſympathetick Needles, by which, ſuſpended over a circular Alphabet, diſtant Friends or Lovers might correſpond, he procured two ſuch Alphabets to be made, touched his Needles with the ſame Magnet, and placed them upon proper Spindles: The Reſult was that when he moved one of his Needles, the other, inſtead of taking by Sympathy the ſame Direction, 'ſtood like the Pillars of *Hercules*.' That it continued motionleſs, will be eaſily believed; and moſt Men would have been content to believe it, without the Labour of ſo hopeleſs an Experiment. *Browne* might himſelf have obtained the ſame Conviction by a Method leſs operoſe, if he had thruſt his Needles through Corks, and ſet them afloat in two Baſons of Water.

Notwithſtanding his Zeal to detect old Errors, he ſeems not very eaſy to admit new Poſitions; for he never mentions the Motion of the Earth but with Contempt and Ridicule, though the Opinion, which

admits it, was then growing popular, and was, surely, plausible, even before it was confirmed by later Observations.

The Reputation of *Browne* encouraged some low Writer to publish, under his Name a Book called, ' *Nature's Cabinet unlocked*, translated, according to *Wood*, from the Physicks of *Magirus*; of which *Browne* took care to clear himself, by modestly advertising, that ' if any Man ‡ had been benefited by ' it, he was not so ambitious as to challenge the ' Honour thereof, as having no Hand in that Work.'

In 1658 the Discovery of some ancient Urns in *Norfolk* gave him occasion to write *Hydriotaphia, Urnburial, or a Discourse of sepulchral Urns*, in which he treats with his usual Learning on the funeral Rites of the ancient Nations; exhibits their various Treatment of the Dead; and examines the Substances found in his *Norfolcian* Urns. There is, perhaps, none of his Works which better exemplifies his Reading or Memory. It is scarcely to be imagined, how many Particulars he has amassed together, in a Treatise which seems to have been occasionally written; and for which, therefore, no Materials could have been previously collected. It is indeed, like other Treatises of Antiquity, rather for Curiosity than Use; for it is of small Importance to know which Nation buried their Dead in the Ground, which threw them into the Sea, or which gave them to Birds and Beasts; when the Practice of Cremation began, or when it was disused; whether the Bones of different Persons were mingled in the same Urn; what Oblations were thrown into the Pyre; or how the Ashes of the Body were distinguished from those of other Substances. Of the Uselessness of all these Enquiries, *Browne* seems not to have been ignorant; and, therefore, concludes them with

‡ *Wood*, and Life of *Thomas Browne*, At the End of *Hydriotaphia*.

an

an Observation which can never be too frequently recollected.

'All or most Apprehensions rested in Opinions of 'some future Being, which ignorantly or coldly be-'lieved, begat those perverted Conceptions, Cere-'monies, Sayings, which Christians pity or laugh 'at. Happy are they, which live not in that Dis-'advantage of Time, when Men could say little for 'Futurity, but from Reason; whereby the noblest 'Mind fell often upon doubtful Deaths, and melan-'choly Dissolutions: With these Hopes *Socrates* 'warmed his doubtful Spirits against the cold Po-'tion; and *Cato*, before he durst give the fatal Stroke, 'spent Part of the Night in reading the Immor-'tality of *Plato*, thereby confirming his wavering 'Hand unto the Animosity of that Attempt.

'It is the heaviest Stone that Melancholy can 'throw at a Man, to tell him he is at the End of his 'Nature; or that there is no further State to come, 'unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise 'made in vain: Without this Accomplishment, the 'natural Expectation and Desire of such a State, 'were but a Fallacy in Nature; unsatisfied Consi-'derators would quarrel the Justice of the Consti-'tution, and rest content that *Adam* had fallen lower, 'whereby, by knowing no other Original, and 'deeper Ignorance of themselves, they might have 'enjoyed the Happiness of inferior Creatures, who 'in Tranquillity possess their Constitutions, as having 'not the Apprehension to deplore their own Na-'tures; and being framed below the Circumference 'of these Hopes or Cognition of better Things, the 'Wisdom of God hath necessitated their Content-'ment. But the superior Ingredient and obscured 'Part of ourselves, whereto all present Felicities af-'ford no resting Contentment, will be able at last 'to tell us we are more than our present Selves; and

'evacuate

'evacuate such Hopes in the Fruition of their own 'Accomplishments.'

To his Treatise on *Urnburial* was added *The Garden of Cyrus, or the quincunxial Lozenge, or network Plantation of the Antients, artificially, naturally, mystically considered.* This Discourse he begins with the *Sacred Garden*, in which the first Man was placed; and deduces the Practice of Horticulture from the earliest Accounts of Antiquity to the Time of the *Persian Cyrus*, the first Man whom we actually know to have planted a Quincunx; which, however, our Authour is inclined to believe of longer Date, and not only discovers it in the Description of the hanging Gardens of *Babylon*, but seems willing to believe, and to persuade his Reader, that it was practised by the Feeders on Vegetables before the Flood.

Some of the most pleasing Performances have been produced by Learning and Genius exercised upon Subjects of little Importance. It seems to have been in all Ages, the Pride of Wit, to shew how it could exalt the low, and amplify the little. To speak not inadequately of Things really and naturally great, is a Task not only difficult but disagreeable; because the Writer is degraded in his own Eyes by standing in Comparison with his Subject, to which he can hope to add nothing from his Imagination: But it is a perpetual Triumph of Fancy to expand a scanty Theme, to raise glittering Ideas from obscure Properties, and to produce to the World an Object of Wonder to which Nature had contributed little. To this Ambition, perhaps, we owe the Frogs of *Homer*, the Gnat and the Bees of *Virgil*, the Butterfly of *Spencer*, the Shadow of *Wowerus*, and the Quincunx of *Browne*.

In the Prosecution of this Sport of Fancy, he considers every Production of Art and Nature in which he could find any Decussation or Approaches to the Form of a Quincunx; and as a Man once resolved upon

upon ideal Discoveries, seldom searches long in vain, he finds his favourite Figure in almost every Thing, whether natural or invented, ancient or modern, rude or artificial, sacred and civil; so that a Reader, not watchful against the Power of his Infusions, would imagine that Decussation was the great Business of the World, and that Nature and Art had no other Purpose than to exemplify and imitate a Quincunx.

To shew the Excellence of this Figure, he enumerates all its Properties; and finds in it almost every Thing of Use or Pleasure: And to shew how readily he supplies what he cannot find, one Instance may be sufficient: 'though therein (says he) we 'meet not with right Angles, yet every Rhombus containing four Angles equal unto two Right, 'it virtually contains two Right in every one.'

The fanciful Sport of great Minds are never without some Advantage to Knowledge. *Browne* has interspersed many curious Observations on the Form of Plants, and the Laws of Vegetation; and appears to have been a very accurate Observer of the Modes of Germination, and to have watched with great Nicety the Evolution of the Parts of Plants from their seminal Principles.

He is then naturally led to treat of the number Five; and finds, that by this Number many Things are circumscribed; that there are five Kinds of vegetable Productions, five Sections of a Cone, five Orders of Architecture, and five Acts of a Play. And observing that five was the ancient Conjugal, or wedding Number, he proceeds to a Speculation which I shall give in his own Words; 'The ancient Numerists made out the conjugal Number by two and 'three, the first Parity and Imparity, the active and 'passive Digits, the material and formal Principles 'in generative Societies.'

These are all the Tracts which he published: But many Papers were found in his Closet, 'Some of 'them,

'them, (says *Whitefoot*) designed for the Press, were 'often transcribed and corrected by his own Hand, 'after the Fashion of great and curious Writers.'

Of these, two Collections have been published; one by Dr. *Tenison*, the other in 1722 by a nameless Editor. Whether the one or the other selected those Pieces which the Authour would have preferred, cannot be known: But they have both the Merit of giving to Mankind what was too valuable to be suppressed; and what might, without their Interposition have, perhaps perished among other innumerable Labours of learned Men, or have been burnt in a Scarcity of Fuel like the Papers of *Peresk*ius.

The first of these posthumous Treatises contains *Observations upon several Plants mentioned in Scripture*. These Remarks, though they do not immediately either rectify the Faith, or refine the Morals of the Reader, yet are by no Means to be censured as superfluous Niceties, or useless Speculations; for they often shew some Propriety of Description, or Elegance of Allusion, utterly undiscoverable to Readers not skilled in oriental Botany; and are often of more important Use, as they remove some Difficulty from Narratives, or some Obscurity from Precepts.

The next is, *Of Garlands, or coronary and garland Plants*; a Subject merely of learned Curiosity, without any other End than the Pleasure of reflecting on ancient Customs, or on the Industry with which studious Men have endeavoured to recover them.

The next is a Lettter, *On the Fishes eaten by our Saviour with his Disciples, after his Resurrection from the Dead*; which contains no determinate Resolution of the Question, what they were, for indeed it cannot be determined. All the Information that Diligence or Learning could supply, consists in an Enumeration of the Fishes produced in the Waters of *Judea*.

Then

Then follow, *Answers to certain Queries about Fishes, Birds, and Insects*; and *A Letter of Hawks and Falconry ancient and modern*: In the first of which he gives the proper Interpretation of some ancient Names of Animals, commonly mistaken; and in the other has some curious Observation on the Art of Hawking, which he considers as a Practice unknown to the Ancients. I believe all our Sports of the Field are of *Gothic* Original; the Ancients neither hunted by the Scent, nor seemed much to have practised Horsemanship as an Exercise; and though, in their Works, there is mention of *aucupium* and *piscatio*, they seem no more to have been considered as Diversions, than Agriculture or any other manual Labour.

In two more Letters he speaks of *the Cymbals of the* Hebrews, but without any satisfactory Determination; and of *repalick or Gradual Verses*, that is, of Verses beginning with a Word of one Syllable, and proceeding by Words of which each has a Syllable more than the former; as,

O Deus, æternæ stationis conciliator. AUSONIUS.

and, after his Manner, pursuing the Hint, he mentions many other restrained Methods of versifying, to which industrious Ignorance has sometimes voluntarily subjected itself.

His next Attempt is, *On Languages, and particularly the* Saxon *Tongue*. He discourses with great Learning, and generally with great Justness, of the Deriviation and Changes of Languages; but, like other Men of multifarious Learning, he receives some Notions without Examination. Thus he observes, according to the popular Opinion, that the *Spaniards* have retained so much *Latin*, as to be able to compose Sentences that shall be at once grammatically *Latin* and *Castilian*: This will appear very unlikely to a Man that considers the *Spanish* Termina-

tions; and *Howel*, who was eminently skilful in the three provincial Languages, declares, that after many Essays he never could effect it.

The principal Design of this Letter, is to shew the Affinity between the modern *English* and the antient *Saxon*; and he observes, very rightly, that 'though we have borrowed many Substantives, 'Adjectives, and some Verbs from the *French*; yet 'the great Body of Numerals, auxiliary Verbs, Articles, Pronouns, Adverbs, Conjunctions, and 'Prepositions, which are the distinguishing and lasting Parts of a Language, remain with us from the 'Saxon.'

To prove this Position more evidently, he has drawn up a short Discourse of six Paragraphs, in *Saxon* and *English*; of which every Word is the same in both Languages, excepting the Terminations and Orthography. The Words are, indeed, *Saxon*, but the Phraseology is *English*; and, I think, would not have been understood by *Bede* or *Ælfric*, notwithstanding the Confidence of our Authour. He has, however, sufficiently proved his Position, that the *English* resembles its parental Langnage, more than any modern *European* Dialect.

There remains five Tracts of this Collection yet unmentioned; one *Of artificial Hills, Mounts, or Barrows, in* England; in reply to an interrogatory Letter of *E. D.* whom the Writers of *Biographia Britannica* suppose to be, if rightly printed, *W. D.* or Sir *William Dugdale*, one of *Browne*'s Correspondents. These are declared by *Browne*, in concurrence, I think, with all other Antiquaries, to be for the most Part funeral Monuments. He proves, that both the *Danes* and *Saxons* buried their Men of Eminence under Piles of Earth, 'which admitting '(says he) neither Ornament, Epitaph, nor Inscrip-'tion, may, if Earthquakes spare them, outlast 'other Monuments: Obelisks have their Term,

'and

'and Pyramids will tumble; but these mountainous 'Monuments may stand, and are like to have the 'same Period with the Earth.'

In the next, he answers two Geographical Questions; one concerning *Troas*, mentioned in the Acts and Epistles of St. *Paul*, which he determines to be the City built near the antient *Ilium*; and the other concerning the Dead Sea, of which he gives the same Account with other Writers.

Another Letter treats *Of the Answers of the Oracle of* Apollo *at* Delphos, to Crœsus *King of* Lydia. In this Tract nothing deserves Notice, more than that *Browne* considers the Oracles as evidently and indubitably supernatural, and founds all his Disquisition upon that Postulate. He wonders why the Physiologists of old, having such Means of Instruction, did not inquire into the Secrets of Nature: But judiciously concludes, that such Questions would probably have been vain; 'for in Matters cognosci-'ble, and formed for our Disquisition, our Industry 'must be our Oracle, and Reason our *Apollo*.'

The Pieces that remain are, *A Prophecy concerning the future State of several Nations*; in which *Browne* plainly discovers his Expectation to be the same with that entertained lately with more Confidence by Dr. *Berkley*, 'that *America* will be the Seat of the fifth 'Empire:' and *Museum clausum*, *sive Bibliotheca abscondita*; in which the Authour amuses himself with imagining the Existence of Books and Curiosities, either never in being, or irrecoverably lost.

These Pieces I have recounted as they are ranged in *Tenison*'s Collection, because the Editor has given no account of the Time at which any of them were written. Some of them are of little Value, more than as they gratify the Mind with the Picture of a great Scholar, turning his Learning into Amusement; or shew, upon how great a Variety of Enquiries the same Mind has been successfully employed.

The

The other Collection of his posthumous Pieces, published in Octavo, *London* 1722, contains *Repertorium; or some Account of the Tombs and Monuments in the Cathedral of* Norwich; where, as *Tennison* observes, there is not Matter proportionate to the Skill of the Antiquary.

The other Pieces are, *Answers to Sir* William Dugdale's *Enquiries about the Fens*; *a Letter concerning* Ireland; *Another relating to Urns newly discovered*; *Some short Strictures on different Subjects*; and *A Letter to a Friend on the Death of his intimate Friend*, published singly by the Authour's Son in 1690.

There is inserted, in the *Biographia Britannica*, *A Letter containing Instructions for the Study of Physick*; which, with the Essays here offered to the Public, completes the Works of Dr. *Browne*.

To the Life of this learned Man, there remains little to be added, but that in 1665 he was chosen honorary Fellow of the College of Physicians, as a Man, *Virtute et Literis ornatissimus.—eminently embellished with Literature and Virtue:* And, in 1671, received, at *Norwich*, the Honour of Knighthood from *Charles* II. a Prince, who with many Frailties and Vices, had yet Skill to discover Excellence, and Virtue to reward it, with such honorary Distinctions at least as cost him nothing, yet conferred by a King so judicious and so much beloved, had the Power of giving Merit new Lustre and greater Popularity.

Thus he lived in high Reputation; till in his seventy-sixth Year he was seized with a Colick, which, after having tortured him about a Week, put an End to his Life at *Norwich*, on his Birthday, *October* 19, 1682. † Some of his last Words were Expressions of Submission to the Will of God, and Fearlessness of Death.

† *Browne*'s Remains. *Whitefoot.*

He

He lies buried in the Church of St. *Peter*, *Mancroft*, in *Norwich*, with this Inſcription on a mural Monument, placed on the ſouth Pillar of the Altar:

M. S.
Hic ſitus eſt THOMAS BROWNE, M. D.
Et Miles.
Anno 1605. Londini natus
Generoſa Familia apud Upton
In agro Ceſtrienſi oriundus.
Scholâ primum Wintonienſi, poſtea
In Coll. Pembr.
Apud Oxonienſes bonis literis
Haud leviter imbutus
In urbe hâc Nordovicenſi medicinam
Arte egregia, & fælici ſucceſſu profeſſus,
Scriptis quibus tituli, RELIGIO MEDICI
ET PSEUDODOXIA EPIDEMICA aliiſque
Per Orbem notiſſimus.
Vir Prudentiſſimus, Integerrimus, Doctiſſimus;
Obiit Octob. 19. 1682.
Pie poſuit mæſtiſſima Conjux
Da. Doroth. Br.

Near the Foot of this Pillar
Lies Sir Thomas Browne, Kt. and Doctor in Phyſick,
Author of Religio Medici, and other learned Books,
Who practic'd Phyſick in this City 46 Years,
And died Oct. 1682, in the 77 Year of his Age.
In Memory of whom
Dame Dorothy Browne, who had bin his Affectionate Wife 47 Years, cauſed this Monument
to be Erected.

Beſides his Lady, who died in 1685, he left a Son and three Daughters. Of the Daughters nothing very remarkable is known; but his Son, *Edward Browne*, requires a particular Mention.

He was born about the Year 1642; and after having passed through the Classes of the School at *Norwich*, became Bachelor of Physick at *Cambridge*; and afterwards removing to *Merton-College* in *Oxford*, was admitted there to the same Degree, and afterwards made a Doctor. In 1668 he visited Part of *Germany*; and in the Year following made a wider Excursion into *Austria*, *Hungary*, and *Thessaly*; where the *Turkish* Sultan then kept his Court at *Larissa*. He afterwards passed through *Italy*. His Skill in Natural History made him particularly attentive to Mines and Metallurgy. Upon his Return he published an Account of the Countries thro' which he had passed; which I have heard commended by a learned Traveller, who has visited many Places after him, as written with scrupulous and exact Veracity, such as is scarcely to be found in any other Book of the same Kind. But whatever it may contribute to the Instruction of a Naturalist, I cannot recommend it as likely to give much Pleasure to common Readers: For whether it be that the World is very uniform, and therefore he who is resolved to adhere to Truth, will have few Novelties to relate; or that Dr. *Browne* was, by the Train of his Studies, led to enquire most after those Things, by which the greatest Part of Mankind is little affected; a great Part of his Book seems to contain very unimportant Accounts of his Passage from one Place where he saw little, to another where he saw no more.

Upon his Return, he practised Physick in *London*; was made Physician first to *Charles* II. and afterwards, in 1682, to St. *Bartholomew*'s Hospital. About the same Time he joined his Name to those of many other eminent Men, in *A Translation of* Plutarch's *Lives*. He was first Censor, then Elect, and Treasurer of the College of Physicians; of which in 1705 he was chosen President, and held

his Office till in 1708 he died in a Degree of Estimation suitable to a Man so variously accomplished, that King *Charles* had honoured him with this Panegyrick, that 'He was as learned as any of the 'College, and as well-bred as any of the Court.'

Of every great and eminent Character, Part breaks forth into publick View, and Part lies hid in domestick Privacy. These Qualities which have been exerted in any known and lasting Performances, may, at any Distance of Time, be traced and estimated; but silent Excellencies are soon forgotten; and those minute Peculiarities which discriminate every Man from all others, if they are not recorded by those whom personal Knowledge enabled to observe them, are irrecoverably lost. This Mutilation of Character must have happened, among many others, to Sir *Thomas Browne*, had it not been delineated by his friend Mr. *Whitefoot*, who 'esteemed 'it an especial Favour of Providence, to have had a 'particular Acquaintance with him for two-thirds of 'his Life.' Part of his Observations I shall therefore copy.

'For a Character of his Person, his Complexion 'and Hair was answerable to his Name; his Stature 'was moderate, and Habit of Body neither fat nor 'lean, but ευσάρκ@.

'In his Habit of Clothing, he had an Aversion 'to all Finery, and affected Plainness, both in the 'Fashion and Ornaments. He ever wore a Cloke, 'or Boots, when few others did. He kept himself 'always very warm, and thought it most safe so to 'do, though he never loaded himself with such a 'Multitude of Garments, as *Suetonius* reports of *Au-* 'gustus, enough to clothe a good Family.

'The Horizon of his Understanding was much 'larger than the Hemisphere of the World: All

'that was visible in the Heavens he comprehended 'so well, that few that are under them knew so 'much. He could tell the Number of the visible 'Stars in his Horizon, and call them all by their 'Names that had any; and of the Earth he had 'such a minute and exact geographical Knowledge, 'as if he had been by divine Providence ordained 'Surveyor-general of the whole terrestrial Orb, and 'its Products, Minerals, Plants, and Animals. He 'was so curious a Botanist, that besides the specifical 'Distinctions, he made nice and elaborate Observa-'tions, equally useful as entertaining.

'His Memory, though not so eminent as that of 'Seneca or Scaliger, was capacious and tenacious, 'insomuch as he remembered all that was remark-'able in any Book that he had read; and not only 'knew all Persons again that he had ever seen at any 'Distance of Time, but remembered the Circum-'stances of their Bodies, and their particular Dis-'courses and Speeches.

'In the *Latin* Poets he remembered every Thing 'that was acute and pungent; he had read most of 'the Historians, antient and modern, wherein his 'Observations were singular, not taken Notice of 'by common Readers; he was excellent Company 'when he was at Leisure, and expressed more Light 'than Heat in the Temper of his Brain.

'He had no despotical Power over his Affections 'and Passions, (that was a Privilege of original Per-'fection, forfeited by the Neglect of the Use of it) but 'as large a political Power over them, as any Stoick, 'or Man of his Time, whereof he gave so great 'Experiment, that he hath very rarely been known 'to have been overcome with any of them. The 'strongest that were found in him, both of the 'Irascible and Concupiscible, were under the Con-'troul of his Reason. Of Admiration, which is 'one of them, being the only Product, either of 'Ignorance,

'Ignorance, or uncommon Knowledge, he had 'more, and less, than other Men, upon the same 'Account of his knowing more than others; so that 'though he met with many Rarities, he admired 'them not so much as others do.

'He was never seen to be transported with Mirth, 'or dejected with Sadness; always chearful, but 'rarely merry, at any sensible Rate; seldom heard 'to break a Jest; and when he did, he would be apt 'to blush at the Levity of it: His Gravity was Na-'tural, without Affectation.

'His Modesty was visible in a natural habitual 'Blush, which was increased upon the least Occasion, 'and oft discovered without any observable Cause.

'They that knew no more of him than by the 'Briskness of his Writings, found themselves de-'ceived in their Expectation, when they came in his 'Company, noting the Gravity and Sobriety of his 'Aspect and Conversation; so free from Loquacity, 'or much Talkativeness, that he was something 'difficult to be engaged in any Discourse; though 'when he was so, it was always singular, and never 'trite or vulgar. Parsimonious in nothing but his 'Time, whereof he made as much Improvement, 'with as little Loss as any Man in it: When he had 'any to spare from his drudging Practice, he was 'scarce patient of any Diversion from his Study; so 'impatient of Sloth and Idleness, that he would say, 'he could not do nothing.

'Sir *Thomas* understood most of the *European* Lan-'guages; *viz.* all that are in *Hutter*'s Bible, which 'he made use of. The *Latin* and *Greek* he under-'stood critically; the Oriental Languages, which 'never were vernacular in this Part of the World, 'he thought the Use of them would not answer the 'Time and Pains of learning them; yet had so 'great a Veneration for the Matrix of them, *viz.* the '*Hebrew*, consecrated to the Oracles of God, that

'he was not content to be totally ignorant of it; 'though very little of his Science is to be found in 'any Books of that primitive Language. And tho' 'much is said to be written in the derivative Idioms 'of that Tongue, especially the *Arabick*, yet he was 'satisfied with the Translations, wherein he found 'nothing admirable.

'In his Religion he continued in the same Mind 'which he had declared in his first Book, written 'when he was but thirty Years old, his *Religio Medici*, wherein he fully assented to that of the Church 'of *England*, preferring it before any in the World, 'as did the learned *Grotius*. He attended the public Service very constantly, when he was not withheld by his Practice. Never missed the Sacrament 'in his Parish, if he were in Town. Read the best '*English* Sermons he could hear of, with liberal Applause; and delighted not in Controversies. In 'his last Sickness, wherein he continued about a 'week's Time, enduring great Pain of the Colick, 'besides a continual Fever, with as much Patience 'as hath been seen in any Man, without any Pretence of *Stoical* Apathy, Animosity, or Vanity of 'not being concerned thereat, or suffering no Impeachment of Happiness. *Nihil agis dolor.*

'His Patience was founded upon the Christian 'Philosophy, and a sound Faith of God's Providence, and a meek and humble Submission thereunto, which he expressed in few Words: I visited 'him near his End, when he had not Strength to 'hear or speak much; the last Words which I heard 'from him, were, besides some Expressions of Dearness, that he did freely submit to the Will of God, 'being without Fear: He had oft triumphed over 'the King of Terrors in others, and given many 'Repulses in the Defence of Patients; but when his 'own Turn came, he submitted with a meek, rational, and religious Courage.

'He

'He might have made good the old saying of *Dat Galenus opes*, had he lived in a Place that could have afforded it. But his Indulgence and Liberality to his Children, especially in their Travels, two of his Sons in divers Countries, and two of his Daughters in *France*, spent him more than a little. He was liberal in his House-Entertainments and in his Charity; he left a comfortable, but no great Estate, both to his Lady and Children, gained by his own Industry.

'Such was his Sagacity and Knowledge of all History, antient and modern, and his Observations thereupon so singular, that it hath been said by them that knew him best, that if his Profession, and Place of Abode, would have suited his Ability, he would have made an extraordinary Man for the Privy-Council, not much inferior to the famous *Padre Paulo*, the late Oracle of the *Venetian* State.

'Though he were no Prophet, nor Son of a Prophet, yet in that Faculty which comes nearest it he excelled, *i. e.* the Stochastick, wherein he was seldom mistaken, as to future Events, as well publick as private; but not apt to discover any Presages or Superstition.'

It is observable, that he who in his earlier Years had read all the Books against Religion, was in the latter Part of his Life averse from Controversies. To play with important Truths, to disturb the Repose of established Tenets, to subtilize Objections, and elude Proof, is too often the Sport of youthful Vanity, of which maturer Experience commonly repents. There is a Time when every Man is weary of raising Difficulties only to task himself with the Solution, and desires to enjoy Truth without the Labour or Hazard of Contest. There is, perhaps, no better Method of encountering these troublesome Irruptions of Scepticism, with which inquisitive

Minds are frequently harraſſed, than that which *Browne* declares himſelf to have taken: 'If there 'ariſe any Doubts in my Way, I do forget them: 'or at leaſt defer them, till my better ſettled Judg-'ment, and more manly Reaſon be able to reſolve 'them: For I perceive, every Man's Reaſon is his 'beſt *Oedipus*, and will, upon a reaſonable Truce 'find a Way to looſe thoſe Bonds, wherewith the 'Subtilties of Error have enchained our more flexible 'and tender Judgments.'

The foregoing Character may be confirmed and enlarged by many Paſſages in the *Religio Medici*; in which it appears, from *Whitefoot*'s Teſtimony, that the Authour, though no very ſparing Panegyriſt of himſelf, has not exceeded the Truth, with reſpect to his Attainments or viſible Qualities.

There are, indeed, ſome interior and ſecret Virtues, which a Man may ſometimes have without the Knowledge of others; and may ſometimes aſſume to himſelf, without ſufficient Reaſons for his Opinion. It is charged upon *Browne*, by Dr. *Watts*, as an Inſtance of arrogant Temerity, that, after a long Detail of his Attainments, he declares himſelf to have eſcaped 'the firſt and Father-ſin of Pride.' A Peruſal of the *Religio Medici* will not much contribute to produce a Belief of the Authour's Exemption from this Father-ſin: Pride is a Vice, which Pride itſelf inclines every Man to find in others, and to overlook in himſelf.

As eaſily may we be miſtaken in eſtimating our own Courage, as our own Humility; and, therefore, when *Browne* ſhews himſelf perſuaded, that 'he could loſe an Arm without a Tear, or with a 'few Groans be quartered to Pieces,' I am not ſure that he felt in himſelf any uncommon Powers of Endurance; or, indeed, any Thing more than a ſudden Efferveſcence of Imagination, which, uncer-

tain

tain and involuntary as it is, he miſtook for ſettled Reſolution.

'That there were not many extant, that in a noble 'Way feared the Face of Death leſs than himſelf; he might likewiſe believe at a very eaſy Expence, while Death was yet at a Diſtance; but the Time will come to every human Being, when it muſt be known how well he can bear to die; and it has appeared, that our Authour's Fortitude did not deſert him in the great Hour of Trial.

It was obſerved by ſome of the Remarkers on the *Religio Medici*, that 'the Author was yet alive, and 'might grow worſe as well as better:' It is therefore happy, that this Suſpicion can be obviated by a Teſtimony given to the Continuance of his Virtue, at a Time when Death had ſet him free from Danger of Change, and his Panegyriſt from Temptation to Flattery.

But it is not on the Praiſes of others, but on his own Writings, that he is to depend for the Eſteem of Poſterity; of which he will not eaſily be deprived while Learning ſhall have any Reverence among Men: For there is no Science in which he does not diſcover ſome Skill; and ſcarce any Kind of Knowledge, profane or ſacred, abſtruſe or elegant, which he does not appear to have cultivated with Succeſs.

His Exuberance of Knowledge, and Plenitude of Ideas, ſometimes obſtruct the Tendency of his Reaſoning, and the Clearneſs of his Deciſions: On whatever Subject he employed his Mind, there ſtarted up immediately ſo many Images before him, that he loſt one by graſping another. His Memory ſupplied him with ſo many Illuſtrations; parallel or dependent Notions, that he was always ſtarting into collateral Conſiderations: But the Spirit and Vigour of his Purſuit always gives Delight; and the Reader follows him, without Reluctance, through his Mazes, in

in themſelves flowery and pleaſing, and ending at the Point originally in View.

To have great Excellencies and great Faults, '*magnæ virtutes nec minora vitia*, is the Poeſy,' ſays our Authour, 'of the beſt Natures.' This Poeſy may be properly applied to the Style of *Browne*: It is vigorous, but rugged; it is learned, but pedantick; it is deep, but obſcure; it ſtrikes, but does not pleaſe; it commands, but does not allure: His Tropes are harſh, and his Combinations uncouth. He fell into an Age in which our Language began to loſe the Stability which it had obtained in the Time of *Elizabeth*; and was conſidered by every Writer as a Subject on which he might try his plaſtick Skill, by moulding it according to his own Fancy. *Milton*, in Conſequence of this encroaching Licence, began to introduce the *Latin* Idiom: And *Browne*, though he gave leſs Diſturbance to our Structures in Phraſeology, yet poured in a Multitude of exotick Words; many, indeed, uſeful and ſignificant, which, if rejected, muſt be ſupplied by Circumlocution, ſuch as Commenſality for the State of many living at the ſame Table; but many ſuperfluous, as a Paralogical for an unreaſonable Doubt; and ſome ſo obſcure, that they conceal his Meaning rather than explain it, as arthritical Analogies for Parts that ſerve ſome Animals in the Place of Joints.

His Style is, indeed, a Tiſſue of many Languages; a Mixture of heterogeneous Words, brought together from diſtant Regions, with Terms originally appropriated to one Art, and drawn by Violence into the Service of another. He muſt, however, be confeſſed to have augmented our philoſophical Diction; and in Defence of his uncommon Words and Expreſſions, we muſt conſider, that he had uncommon Sentiments, and was not content to expreſs in many

many Words that Idea for which any Language could ſupply a ſingle Term.

But his Innovations are ſometimes pleaſing, and his Temerities happy: He has many *verba ardentia*, forcible Expreſſions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmoſt Verge of Propriety; and Flights which would never have been reached, but by one who had very little Fear of the Shame of Falling.

There remains yet an Objection againſt the Writings of *Browne*, more formidable than the Animadverſions of Criticiſm. There are Paſſages, from which ſome have taken Occaſion to rank him among Deiſts, and others among Atheiſts. It would be difficult to gueſs how any ſuch Concluſion ſhould be formed, had not Experience ſhewn that there are two Sorts of Men willing to enlarge the Catalogue of Infidels.

It has been long obſerved, that an Atheiſt has no juſt Reaſon for endeavouring Converſions; and yet none harraſs thoſe Minds which they can influence, with more Importunity of Solicitation to adopt their Opinions. In Proportion as they doubt the Truth of their own Doctrines, they are deſirous to gain the Atteſtation of another Underſtanding; and induſtriouſly labour to win a Proſelyte, and eagerly catch at the ſlighteſt Pretence to dignify their Sect with a celebrated Name.*

The others become Friends to Infidelity only by unſkilful Hoſtility: Men of rigid Orthodoxy, cautious Converſation, and religious Aſperity. Among theſe, it is too frequently the Practice, to make in their Heat Conceſſions to Atheiſm, or Deiſm, which their moſt confident Advocates had never dared to

* Therefore no Hereticks deſire to ſpread
Their wild Opinions like theſe Epicures.
For ſo their ſtagg'ring Thoughts are computed,
And other Mens' Aſſent their Doubt aſſures.—DAVIES.

claim,

claim, or to hope. A Sally of Levity, an idle Paradox, an indecent Jeſt, an unſeaſonable Objection, are ſufficient, in the Opinion of theſe Men, to efface a Name from the Liſts of Chriſtianity, to exclude a Soul from everlaſting Life. Such Men are ſo watchful to cenſure, that they have ſeldom much Care to look for favourable Interpretations of Ambiguities, to ſet the general Tenor of Life againſt ſingle Failures, or to know how ſoon any Slip of Inadvertency has been expiated by Sorrow and Retraction, but let fly their Fulminations, without Mercy or Prudence, againſt ſlight Offences or caſual Temerities, againſt Crimes never committed, or immediately repented.

The Infidel knows well what he is doing. He is endeavouring to ſupply, by Authority, the Deficiency of his Arguments; and to make his Cauſe leſs invidious, by ſhewing Numbers on his Side: He will, therefore, not change his Conduct, till he reforms his Principles. But the Zealot ſhould recollect, that he is labouring, by this Frequency of Excommunication, againſt his own Cauſe; and voluntarily adding Strength to the Enemies of Truth. It muſt always be the Condition of a great Part of Mankind to reject and embrace Tenets upon the Authority of thoſe whom they think wiſer than themſelves; and, therefore, the Addition of every Name to Infidelity, in ſome Degree invalidates that Argument upon which the Religion of Multitudes is neceſſarily founded.

Men may differ from each other in many religious Opinions, and yet all may retain the Eſſentials of Chriſtianity; Men may ſometimes eagerly diſpute, and yet not differ much from one another: The rigorous Perſecutors of Error, ſhould, therefore, enlighten their Zeal with Knowledge, and temper their Orthodoxy with Charity; that Charity, without which Orthodoxy is vain; Charity that 'thinketh

'no

'no Evil,' but 'hopeth all Things,' and 'endureth 'all Things.'

Whether *Browne* has been numbered among the Contemners of Religion, by the Fury of its Friends, or the Artifice of its Enemies, it is no difficult Task to replace him among the most zealous Professors of Christianity. He may, perhaps, in the Ardour of his Imagination, have hazarded an Expression, which a Mind intent upon Faults may interpret into Heresy, if considered apart from the rest of his Discourse; but a Phrase is not to be opposed to Volumes: There is scarcely a Writer to be found, whose Profession was not Divinity, that has so frequently testified his Belief of the sacred Writings, has appealed to them with such unlimited Submission, or mentioned them with such invaried Reverence.

It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful, that he should be placed without the Pale of Christianity, who declares, that 'he assumes the honourable Stile of a 'Christian,' not because it is 'the Religion of his 'Country,' but because 'having in his riper Years 'and confirmed Judgment seen and examined all, 'he finds himself obliged, by the Principles of Grace, 'and the Law of his own Reason, to embrace no 'other Name but this:' Who, to specify his Persuasion yet more, tells us, that 'he is of the re-'formed Religion; of the same Belief our Saviour 'taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorized, and the Martyrs confirmed:' Who, tho' 'paradoxical in Philosophy, loves in Divinity to 'keep the beaten Road; and pleases himself that 'he has no Taint of Heresy, Schism, or Error:' To whom 'where the Scripture is silent, the Church is 'a Text; where that speaks, 'tis but a Comment;' and who uses not 'the Dictates of his own Reason, 'but where there is a joint Silence of both: Who 'blesses himself, that he lived not in the Days of 'Miracles, when Faith had been thrust upon him;

'but enjoys that greater Bleſſing, pronounced to all 'that believe and ſaw not.' He cannot ſurely be charged with a Defect of Faith, who 'believes that 'our Saviour was dead, and buried, and roſe again, 'and deſires to ſee him in his Glory:' And who affirms, that 'this is not much to believe;' that 'as 'we have reaſon to owe this faith unto hiſtory;' and that 'they only had the Advantage of a bold , and noble Faith, who lived before his coming; 'and, upon obſcure Prophecies and myſtical Types, 'could raiſe a Belief.' Nor can Contempt of the poſitive and ritual Parts of Religion be imputed to him, who doubts, whether a good Man would refuſe a poiſoned Euchariſt; and 'who would violate 'his own Arm, rather than a Church.'

The Opinions of every Man muſt be learned from himſelf: Concerning his Practice, it is ſafeſt to truſt the Evidence of others. Where theſe Teſtimonies concur, no higher Degree of hiſtorical Certainty can be obtained; and they apparently concur to prove, that *Browne* was a zealous Adherent to the Faith of Chriſt, that he lived in Obedience to his Laws, and died in Confidence of his Mercy.

THE

THE

LIFE of PETER BURMAN.

PETER BURMAN was born at *Utrecht*, on the 26th Day of *June*, 1668. The Family from which he deſcended, has for ſeveral Generations produced Men of great Eminence for Piety and Learning; and his Father, who was Profeſſor of Divinity in the Univerſity, and Paſtor of the City of *Utrecht*, was equally celebrated for the Strictneſs of his Life, the Efficacy and Orthodoxy of his Sermons, and the Learning and Perſpicuity of his Academical Lectures.

From the Aſſiſtance and Inſtruction which ſuch a Father would doubtleſs have been encouraged by the Genius of this Son not to have omitted, he was unhappily cut off at eleven Years of Age, being at that Time by his Father's Death thrown entirely under the Care of his Mother, by whoſe Diligence, Piety, and Prudence, his Education was ſo regulated, that he had ſcarcely any Reaſon, but filial Tenderneſs, to regret the Loſs of his Father.

He was about this Time ſent to the publick School of *Utrecht*, to be inſtructed in the learned Languages; and it will convey no common Idea of his Capacity and Induſtry to relate, that he had paſſed through the Claſſes, and was admitted into the Univerſity in his thirteenth Year.

This Account of the Rapidity of his Progreſs in the firſt Part of his Studies, is ſo ſtupendous, that though it is atteſted by his Friend, Dr. *Oſterdyke*, of whom it cannot be reaſonably ſuſpected, that he is himſelf

himself deceived, or that he can desire to deceive others, it must be allowed far to exceed the Limits of Probability, if it be considered, with regard to the Methods of Education practised in our Country, where it is not uncommon for the highest Genius, and most comprehensive Capacity to be entangled for ten Years, in those thorny Paths of Literature, which *Burman* is represented to have passed in less than two; and we must doubtless confess the most skilful of our Masters, much excelled by the Address of the *Dutch* Teachers, or the Abilities of our greatest Scholars, far surpassed by those of *Burman*.

But to reduce this Narrative to Credibility, it is necessary that Admiration should give Place to Inquiry, and that it be discovered what Proficiency in Literature is expected from a Student, requesting to be admitted into a *Dutch* University. It is to be observed, that in the Universities in foreign Countries, they have Professors of Philology, or Humanity, whose Employment is to instruct the younger Classes in Grammar, Rhetoric, and Languages; nor do they engage in the Study of Philosophy, till they have passed through a Course of Philological Lectures and Exercises, to which in some Places two Years are commonly allotted.

The *English* Scheme of Education, which with regard to academical Studies is more vigorous, and sets literary Honours at a higher Price than that of any other Country, exacts from the Youth, who are initiated in our Colleges, a Degree of Philological Knowledge, sufficient to qualify them for Lectures in Philosophy, which are read to them in *Latin*, and to enable them to proceed in other Studies without Assistance, so that it may be conjectured, that *Burman*, at his Entrance into the University, had no such Skill in Languages, nor such Ability of Composition, as are frequently to be met with in the higher Classes of an *English* School; nor was perhaps

haps more than moderately skilled in *Latin*, and taught the first Rudiments in *Greek*.

In the University he was committed to the Care of the learned *Grævius*, whose Regard for his Father inclined him to superintend his Studies with more than common Attention, which was soon confirmed and encreased by his Discoveries of the Genius of his Pupil, and his Observation of his Diligence.

One of the Qualities which contributed eminently to qualify *Grævius* for an instructor of Youth, was the Sagacity by which he readily discovered the predominant Faculty of each Pupil, and the peculiar Designation by which Nature had allotted him to any Species of Literature, and by which he was soon able to determine, that *Burman* was remarkably adapted to classical Studies, and predict the great Advances that he would make, by industriously pursuing the Direction of his Genius.

Animated by the Encouragement of a Tutor so celebrated, he continued the Vigour of his Application, and for several Years, not only attended the Lectures of *Grævius*, but made use of every other Opportunity of Improvement, with such Diligence, as might justly be expected to produce an uncommon Proficiency.

Having thus attained a sufficient Degree of classical Knowledge, to qualify him for Enquiries into other Sciences, he applied himself to the Study of the Law, and published a Dissertation, *de Vicesima Hæreditatum*, which he publickly defended under the Professor *Van Muyden*, with such Learning and Eloquence, as procured him great Applause.

Imagining then, that the Conversation of other Men of Learning might be of Use towards his farther Improvement, and rightly judging, that Notions formed in any single Seminary, are for the greatest Part contracted and partial; he went to

Leyden, where he ſtudied Philoſophy for a Year, under *M. de Volder*, whoſe Celebrity was ſo great, that the Schools aſſigned to the Sciences, which it was his Province to teach, were not ſufficient, tho' very ſpacious, to contain the Audience that crowded his Lectures, from all Parts of *Europe*.

Yet he did not ſuffer himſelf to be engroſſed by Philoſophical Diſquiſitions, to the Neglect of thoſe Studies in which he was more early engaged, and to which he was perhaps by Nature better adapted; for he attended at the ſame Time *Ryckius*'s Explanations of *Tacitus*, and *James Gronovius*'s Lectures on the *Greek* Writers, and has often been heard to acknowledge, at an advanced Age, the Aſſiſtance which he received from them.

Having thus paſſed a Year at *Leyden*, with great Advantage, he returned to *Utrecht*, and once more applied himſelf to Philological Studies, by the Aſſiſtance of *Grævius*, whoſe early Hopes of his Genius, were now raiſed to a full Confidence of that Excellence at which he afterwards arrived.

At *Utrecht*, in *March* 1688, in the twentieth Year of his Age, he was advanced to the Degree of Doctor of Laws, on which Occaſion he publiſhed a learned Diſſertation, *de Tranſactionibus*, and defended it with his uſual Eloquence, Learning and Succeſs.

The Attainment of this Honour was far from having upon *Burman* that Effect which has been too often obſerved to be produced in others, who having in their own Opinion no higher Object of Ambition, have elapſed into Idleneſs and Security, and ſpent the reſt of their Lives in a lazy Enjoyment of their Academical Dignities. *Burman* aſpired to farther Improvements, and not ſatisfied with the Opportunities of literary Converſation, which *Utrecht* afforded, travelled into *Switzerland* and *Germany*, where he gained an Increaſe both of Fame and Learning.

At

At his Return from this Excurſion, he engaged in the Practice of the Law, and pleaded ſeveral Cauſes with ſuch Reputation, as might be hoped by a Man who had joined to his Knowledge of the Law, the Embelliſhments of polite Literature, and the ſtrict Ratiocination of true Philoſophy, and who was able to employ on every Occaſion, the Graces of Eloquence, and the Power of Argumentation.

While *Burman* was haſtening to high Reputation in the Courts of Juſtice, and to thoſe Riches and Honours which always follow it, he was ſummoned in 1691, by the Magiſtrates of *Utrecht*, to undertake the Charge of *Collector of the Tenths*, an Office in that Place of great Honour, and which he accepted therefore as a Proof of their Confidence and Eſteem.

While he was engaged in this Employment, he married *Eve Clotterboke*, a young Lady of a good Family, and uncommon Genius and Beauty, by whom he had ten Children, of which eight died young, and only two Sons, *Francis* and *Caſpar*, lived to conſole their Mother for their Father's Death.

Neither public Buſineſs, nor domeſtick Cares, detained *Burman* from the Proſecution of his Literary Enquiries, by which he ſo much endeared himſelf to *Grævius*, that he was recommended by him to the Regard of the Univerſity of *Utrecht*, and accordingly, in 1696, was choſen Profeſſor of Eloquence and Hiſtory, to which was added, after ſome Time, the Profeſſorſhip of the *Greek* Language, and afterwards that of Politicks; ſo various did they conceive his Abilities, and ſo extenſive his Knowledge.

At his Entrance upon this new Province, he pronounced an Oration upon Eloquence and Poetry.

Having now more frequent Opportunities of diſplaying his Learning, he roſe, in a ſhort Time, to a high Reputation, of which the great Number of his Auditors was a ſufficient Proof, and which the

Proficiency of his Pupils ſhewed not to be accidental or undeſerved.

In 1714 he formed a Reſolution of viſiting *Paris*, not only for the Sake of conferring in Perſon, upon Queſtions of Literature, with the learned Men of that Place, and of gratifying his Curioſity with a more familiar Knowledge of thoſe Writers whoſe Works he admired, but with a View more important, of viſiting the Libraries, and making thoſe Enquiries which might be of Advantage to his darling Study.

The Vacation of the Univerſity allowed him to ſtay at *Paris* but ſix Weeks, which he employed with ſo much Dexterity and Induſtry, that he had ſearched the principal Libraries, collated a great Number of Manuſcripts and printed Copies, and brought back a great Treaſure of curious Obſervations.

In this Viſit to *Paris* he contracted an Acquaintance, among other learned Men, with the celebrated Father *Montafucon*; with whom he converſed, at his firſt Interview, with no other Character than that of a Traveller; but their Diſcourſe turning upon ancient Learning, the Stranger ſoon gave ſuch Proofs of his Attainments, that *Montfaucon* declared him a very uncommon Traveller, and confeſſed his Curioſity to know his Name; which he no ſooner heard, than he roſe from his Seat, and embracing him with the utmoſt Ardour, expreſſed his Satisfaction at having ſeen the Man whoſe Productions of various Kinds he had ſo often praiſed; and, as a real Proof of his Regard, offered not only to procure him an immediate Admiſſion to all the Libraries of *Paris*, but to thoſe in remoter Provinces, which are not generally open to Strangers, and undertook to eaſe the Expences of his Journey by procuring him Entertainment in all Monaſteries of his Order.

This

This Favour *Burman* was hindered from accepting, by the Neceſſity of returning to *Utrecht* at the uſual Time of beginning a new Courſe of Lectures, to which there was always ſo great a Concourſe of Students, as much encreaſed the Dignity and Fame of the Univerſity in which he taught.

He had already extended, to diſtant Parts, his Reputation for Knowledge of ancient Hiſtory by a Treatiſe *de Vectigalibus Populi Romani*, on *the Revenues of the* Romans; and for his Skill in *Greek* Learning, and in ancient Coins, by a Tract called *Jupiter Fulgurator*; and after his Return from *Paris*, he publiſhed *Phædrus*, firſt with the Notes of various Commentators, and afterwards with his own. He printed many Poems, and made many Orations upon different Subjects, and procured an Impreſſion of the Epiſtles of *Gudius* and *Sarravius*.

While he was thus employed, the Profeſſorſhips of Hiſtory, Eloquence, and the *Greek* Language, become vacant at *Leyden*, by the Death of *Perizonius*, which *Burman*'s Reputation incited the Curators of the Univerſity to offer him upon very generous Terms, and which, after ſome Struggles with his Fondneſs for his native Place, his Friends, and his Colleagues, he was prevailed on to accept, finding the Solicitations from *Leyden* warm and urgent, and his Friends at *Utrecht*, though unwilling to be deprived of him, yet not zealous enough for the Honour and Advantage of their Univerſity, to endeavour to detain him by great Liberality.

At his Entrance upon this new Profeſſorſhip, which was conferred upon him in 1715, he pronounced an Oration upon the *Duty and Office of a Profeſſor of polite Literature. De Publici Humaniorıs Diſciplinæ Profeſſoris proprio officio et munere.* And ſhewed by the Uſefulneſs and Perſpicuity of his Lectures, that he was not confined to ſpeculative Notions on that Subject, having a very happy Method

of accommodating his Inſtructions to the different Abilities and Attainments of his Pupils.

Nor did he ſuffer the publick Duties of this Station to hinder him from promoting Learning by Labours of a different Kind; for, beſides many Poems and Orations which he recited on different Occaſions, he wrote ſeveral Prefaces to the Works of others, and publiſhed many uſeful Editions of the beſt *Latin* Writers, with large Collections of Notes from various Commentators.

He was twice Rector, or chief Governor of the Univerſity, and diſcharged that important Office with equal Equity and Ability, and gained by his Conduct in every Station ſo much Eſteem, that when the Profeſſorſhip of Hiſtory of the *United Provinces* became vacant, it was conferred on him, as an Addition to his Honours and Revenues, which he might juſtly claim; and afterwards, as a Proof of the Continuance of their Regard, and a Teſtimony that his Reputation was ſtill encreaſing, they made him Chief Librarian, an Office which was the more acceptable to him, as it united his Buſineſs with his Pleaſure, and gave him an Opportunity at the ſame Time of ſuperintending the Library, and carrying on his Studies.

Such was the Courſe of his Life, till, in his old Age, leaving off his Practice of Walking and other Exerciſes, he began to be afflicted with the Scurvy, which diſcovered itſelf by very tormenting Symptoms of various Kinds; ſometimes diſturbing his Head with Vertigos, ſometimes cauſing Faintneſs in his Limbs, and ſometimes attacking his Legs with Anguiſh ſo excruciating, that all his Vigour was deſtroyed, and the Power of Walking entirely taken away, till at Length his left Foot became motionleſs. The Violence of his Pain produced irregular Fevers, deprived him of Reſt, and entirely debilitated his whole Frame.

This

This tormenting Diſeaſe he bore, though not without ſome Degree of Impatience, yet without any unbecoming or irrational Deſpondency, and applied himſelf in the Intermiſſion of his Pains to ſeek for Comfort in the Duties of Religion.

While he lay in this State of Miſery he received an Account of the Promotion of two of his Grandſons, and a Catalogue of the King of *France*'s Library, preſented to him by the Command of the King himſelf, and expreſſed ſome Satisfaction on all theſe Occaſions; but ſoon diverted his Thoughts to the more important Conſideration of his eternal State, into which he paſſed on the 31ſt of *March* 1741, in the 73d Year of his Age.

He was a Man of moderate Stature, of great Strength and Activity, which he preſerved by temperate Diet, without medical Exactneſs, and by allotting Proportions of his Time to Relaxation and Amuſement, not ſuffering his Studies to exhauſt his Strength, but relieving them by frequent Intermiſſions; a Practice conſiſtent with the moſt exemplary Diligence, and which he that omits will find at laſt, that Time may be loſt, like Money, by unſeaſonable Avarice.

In his Hours of Relaxation he was gay, and ſometimes gave Way ſo far to his Temper, naturally ſatirical, that he drew upon himſelf the Ill-will of thoſe who had been unfortunately the Subjects of his Mirth; but Enemies ſo provoked he thought it beneath him to regard or to pacify; for he was fiery but not malicious, diſdained Diſſimulation, and in his gay or ſerious Hours preſerved a ſettled Deteſtation of Falſhood. So that he was an open and undiſguiſed Friend or Enemy, entirely unacquainted with the Artifices of Flatterers, but ſo judicious in the Choice of Friends, and ſo conſtant in his Affection to them, that thoſe with whom he had contracted

Familiarity in his Youth, had for the greateſt Part his Confidence in his old Age.

His Abilities, which would probably have enabled him to have excelled in any Kind of Learning, were chiefly employed, as his Station required, on polite Literature, in which he arrived at very uncommon Knowledge, which, however, appears rather from judicious Compilations than original Productions. His Stile is lively and maſculine, but not without Harſhneſs and Conſtraint, nor, perhaps, always poliſhed to that Purity which ſome Writers have attained. He was at leaſt inſtrumental to the Inſtruction of Mankind, by the Publication of many valuable Performances, which lay neglected by the greateſt Part of the learned World; and if Reputation be eſtimated by Uſefulneſs, he may claim a higher Degree in the Ranks of Learning than ſome others of happier Elocution, or more vigorous Imagination.

The Malice or Suſpicion of thoſe who either did not know, or did not love him, had given riſe to ſome Doubts about his Religion, which he took an Opportunity of removing on his Death-bed by a voluntary Declaration of his Faith, his Hope of everlaſting Salvation from the revealed Promiſes of God, and his Confidence in the Merits of our Redeemer, of the Sincerity of which Declaration his whole Behaviour in his long Illneſs was an inconteſtable Proof; and he concluded his Life, which had been illuſtrious for many Virtues, by exhibiting an Example of true Piety.

Of his Works we have not been able to procure a complete Catalogue; he publiſhed,

Quintilianus, 2 vols. 4to.
Valerius Flaccus,
Ovidius, 3 vols. 4to.
Poetæ Latini Minores, 2 vols. 4to.
} Cum notis Variorum.
Buchanani Opera, 2 vols. 4to.

THE

THE LIFE OF EDWARD CAVE,

Written in the Year 1754.

EDWARD CAVE was born at *Newton* in *Warwickſhire*, on the 29th Day of *February*, in the Year 1691. His Father was the younger Son of Mr. *Edward Cave*, of *Cave's in the Hole*, a lone Houſe, on the *Street-Road* in the ſame County, which took its Name from the Occupier; but having concurred with his elder Brother in cutting off the Intail of a ſmall hereditary Eſtate, by which Act it was loſt from the Family, he was reduced to follow in *Rugby* the Trade of a Shoemaker. He was a Man of good Reputation in his narrow Circle, and remarkable for Strength and ruſtick Intrepidity. He lived to a great Age, and was in his latter Years ſupported by his Son.

It was fortunate for *Edward Cave*, that having a Diſpoſition to literary Attainments, he was not cut off by the Poverty of his Parents from Opportunities of cultivating his Faculties. The School of *Rugby*, in which he had, by the Rules of its Foundation, a Right to be inſtructed, was then in high Reputation, under the Reverend Mr. *Holyock*, to whoſe Care moſt of the neighbouring Families, even of the higheſt Rank, entruſted their Sons. He had Judgment to diſcover, and, for ſome Time, Generoſity to encourage the Genius of young *Cave*, and was ſo well pleaſed with his quick Progreſs in the School, that he declared his Reſolution to breed him for the Univerſity, and recommend him as a Servitor to ſome of his Scholars of high Rank. But Proſperity which depends upon the Caprice of others, is of

ſhort

ſhort Duration. *Cave*'s Superiority in Literature exalted him to an invidious Familiarity with Boys who were far above him in Rank and Expectations; and, as in unequal Aſſociations it always happens, whatever unlucky Prank was played, was imputed to *Cave*. When any Miſchief, great or ſmall, was done, though perhaps others boaſted of the Stratagem when it was ſucceſsful, yet upon Detection or Miſcarriage, the Fault was ſure to fall upon poor *Cave*.

At laſt, his Miſtreſs by ſome inviſible Means loſt a favourite Cock; *Cave* was with little Examination ſtigmatized as the Thief or Murderer; not becauſe he was more apparently criminal than others, but becauſe he was more eaſily reached by vindictive Juſtice. From that Time Mr. *Holyock* withdrew his Kindneſs viſibly from him, and treated him with Harſhneſs, which the Crime, in its utmoſt Aggravation, could ſcarcely deſerve, and which ſurely he would have forborn, had he conſidered how hardly the habitual Influence of Birth and Fortune is reſiſted; and how frequently Men, not wholly without Senſe of Virtue, are betrayed to Acts more atrocious than the Robbery of a Hen-rooſt, by a Deſire of pleaſing their Superiors.

Thoſe Reflections his Maſter never made, or made without Effect, for under Pretence that *Cave* obſtructed the Diſcipline of the School, by ſelling clandeſtine Aſſiſtance, and ſupplying Exerciſes to Idlers, he was oppreſſed with unreaſonable Taſks, that there might be an Opportunity of quarrelling with his Failure; and when his Diligence had ſurmounted them, no Regard was paid to the Performance. *Cave* bore this Perſecution a-while, and then left the School, and the Hope of a literary Education, to ſeek ſome other Means of gaining a Livelihood.

He

He was first placed with a Collector of the Excise. He used to recount with some Pleasure a Journey or two which he rode with him as his Clerk, and relate the Victories that he gained over the Excisemen in grammatical Disputations. But the Insolence of his Mistress, who employed him in servile Drudgery, quickly disgusted him, and he went up to *London* in quest of more suitable Employment.

He was recommended to a Timber Merchant at the *Bank side*, and while he was there on liking, is said to have given Hopes of great mercantile Abilities; but this Place he soon left, I know not for what Reason, and was bound Apprentice to Mr. *Collins*, a Printer of some Reputation, and deputy Alderman.

This was a Trade for which Men were formerly qualified by a literary Education, and which was pleasing to *Cave*, because it furnished some Employment for his scholastick Attainments. Here therefore he resolved to settle, though his Master and Mistress lived in perpetual Discord, and their House was therefore no comfortable Habitation. From the Inconveniences of these domestick Tumults he was soon released, having in only two Years attained so much Skill in his Art, and gained so much the Confidence of his Master, that he was sent without any Superintendant to conduct a Printing-House at *Norwich*, and publish a weekly Paper. In this Undertaking he met with some Opposition, which produced a publick Controversy, and procured young *Cave* the Reputation of a Writer.

His Master died before his Apprenticeship was expired, and he was not able to bear the Perverseness of his Mistress. He therefore lived out of her House upon a stipulated Allowance, and married a young Widow with whom he lived at *Bow*. When his Apprenticeship was over, he worked as a Journeyman at the Printing-House of Mr. *Barber*, a

Man

Man much diſtinguiſhed and employed by the Tories, whoſe Principles had at that Time ſo much Prevalence with *Cave*, that he was for ſome Years a Writer in *Miſt's Journal*, which, though he afterwards obtained, by his Wife's Intereſt, a ſmall Place in the Poſt-Office, he for ſome Time continued. But as Intereſt is powerful, and Converſation, however mean, in Time perſuaſive, he by Degrees inclined to another Party; in which, however, he was always moderate, though ſteady and determined.

When he was admitted into the Poſt-Office he ſtill continued, at his Intervals of Attendance, to exerciſe his Trade, or to employ himſelf with ſome typographical Buſineſs. He corrected the *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*; and was honourably rewarded by the Company of Stationers. He wrote on Account of the Criminals, which had for ſome Time a conſiderable Sale; and publiſhed many little Pamphlets that Accident brought into his Hands, of which it would be very difficult to recover the Memory. By the Correſpondence which his Place in the Poſt-Office facilitated, he procured Country News-Papers, and ſold their Intelligence to a Journaliſt of *London*, for a Guinea a Week.

He was afterwards raiſed to the Office of Clerk of the Franks, in which he acted with great Spirit and Firmneſs; and often ſtopped Franks which were given by Members of Parliament to their Friends; becauſe he thought ſuch Extenſion of a peculiar Right illegal. This raiſed many Complaints, and having ſtopped, among others, a Frank given to the old Ducheſs of *Marlborough* by Mr *Walter Plummer*, he was cited before the Houſe, as for Breach of Privilege, and accuſed, I ſuppoſe very unjuſtly, of opening Letters to detect them. He was treated with great Harſhneſs and Severity, but declining their Queſtions by pleading his Oath of Secrecy,

crecy, was at last dismissed. And it must be recreded to his Honour, that when he was ejected from his Office, he did not think himself discharged from his Trust, but continued to refuse to his nearest Friends any Information about the Management of the Office.

By this Constancy of Diligence and Diversification of Employment, he in Time collected a Sum sufficient for the Purchase of a small Printing-Office, and began the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a periodical Pamphlet, of which the Scheme is known wherever the *English* Language is spoken. To this Undertaking he owed the Affluence in which he passed the last twenty Years of his Life; and the Fortune which he left behind him, which though large, had been yet larger, had he not rashly and wantonly impaired it by innumerable Projects, of which I know not that ever one succeeded.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has already subsisted three and twenty Years, and still continues equally to enjoy the Favour of the World, is one of the most successful and lucrative Pamphlets which literary History has upon Record, and therefore deserves, in this Narrative, particular Notice.

Mr. *Cave*, when he formed the Project, was far from expecting the Success which he found; and others had so little Prospect of its Consequence, that though he had for several Years talked of his Plan among Printers and Booksellers, none of them thought it worth the Trial. That they were not restrained by their Virtue from the Execution of another Man's Design, was sufficiently apparent as soon as that Design began to be gainful; for in a few Years a Multitude of Magazines arose, and perished; only the *London Magazine*, supported by a powerful Association of Booksellers, and circulated with all the Art, and all the Cunning of Trade, exempted itself from the general Fate of *Cave*'s Invaders,

Invaders, and obtained, though not an equal, yet a conſiderable Sale.

Cave now began to aſpire to Popularity, and being a greater Lover of Poetry than any other Art, he ſometimes offered Subjects for Poems, and propoſed Prizes for the beſt Performers. The firſt Prize was fifty Pounds, for which, being but newly acquainted with Wealth, and thinking the Influence of fifty Pounds extremely great, he expected the firſt Authours of the Kingdom to appear as Competitors; and offered the Allotment of the Prize to the Univerſities. But when the Time came, no Name was ſeen among the Writers that had been ever ſeen before; the Univerſities and ſeveral private Men rejected the Province of aſſigning the Prize. At all this Mr. *Cave* wondered for a while, but his natural Judgment, and a wider Acquaintance with the World, ſoon cured him of his Aſtoniſhment, as of many other Prejudices and Errors. Nor have many Men been ſeen raiſed by Accident or Induſtry to ſudden Riches, that retained leſs of the Meanneſs of their former State.

He continued to improve his Magazine, and had the Satisfaction of ſeeing its Succeſs proportionate to his Diligence, till in the Year 1751 his Wife died of an Aſthma. He ſeemed not at firſt much affected by her Death, but in a few Days loſt his Sleep and his Appetite, which he never recovered; but after having lingered about two Years, with many Viciſſitudes of Amendment and Relapſe, fell by drinking acid Liquors into a Diarrhœa, and afterwards into a Kind of le thargick Inſenſibility, in which one of the laſt Acts of Reaſon which he exerted, was fondly to preſs the Hand which is now writing this little Narrative. He died on *January* 10, 1754, having juſt concluded the twenty-third annual Collection.

He was a Man of a large Stature, not only tall but bulky, and was, when young, of remarkable Strength

and Activity. He was generally healthful, and capable of much Labour and long Application; but in the latter Years of his Life was afflicted with the Gout, which he endeavoured to cure or alleviate by a total Abſtinence both from ſtrong Liquors and animal Food. From animal Food he abſtained about four Years, and from ſtrong Liquors much longer; but the Gout continued unconquered, perhaps unabated.

His Reſolution and Perſeverance were very uncommon; in whatever he under took, neither Expence nor Fatigue were able to repreſs him: but his Conſtancy was calm, and, to thoſe who did not know him, appeared faint and languid, but he always went forward though he moved ſlowly.

The ſame Chilneſs of Mind was obſervable in his Converſation; he was watching the minuteſt Accent of thoſe whom he diſguſted by ſeeming Inattention; and his Viſitant was ſurprized when he came a ſecond Time, by Preparations to execute the Scheme which he ſuppoſed never to have been heard.

He was, conſiſtently with this general Tranquillity of Mind, a tenacious Maintainer, though not a clamorous Demander of his Right. In his Youth having ſummoned his fellow Journeymen to concert Meaſures againſt the Oppreſſion of their Maſters, he mounted a Kind of Roſtrum, and harangued them ſo efficaciouſly, that they determined to reſiſt all future Invaſions; and when the Stamp Officers demanded to ſtamp the laſt half Sheet of the Magazines, Mr. *Cave* alone defeated their Claim, to which the Proprietors of the rival Magazines would meanly have ſubmitted.

He was a Friend rather eaſy and conſtant, than zealous and active; yet many Inſtances might be given, where both his Money and his Diligence were employed liberally for others. His Enmity was in like Manner cool and deliberate; but though cool

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it was not insidious, and though deliberate, not pertinacious.

His mental Faculties were slow. He saw little at a Time, but that little he saw with great Exactness. He was long in finding the Right, but seldom failed to find it at last. His Affections were not easily gained, and his Opinion not quickly discovered. His Reserve, as it might hide his Faults, concealed his Virtues: But such he was, as they who best knew him, have most lamented.

A DISSER-

A DISSERTATION UPON THE GREEK COMEDY.

I. I WAS in doubt a long Time, whether I ſhould meddle at all with the *Greek* Comedy, both, becauſe the Pieces which remain are very few, the Licentiouſneſs of *Ariſtophanes*, their Authour, is exorbitant, and it is very difficult to draw from the Performances of a ſingle Poet, a juſt Idea of *Greek* Comedy. Beſides, it ſeemed that Tragedy was ſufficient to employ all my Attention, that I might give a complete Repreſentation of that Kind of Writing, which was moſt eſteemed by the *Athenians* and the wiſer *Greeks* *, particularly by *Socrates*, who ſet no Value upon Comedy or comic Actors. But the very Name of that Drama, which in polite Ages, and above all others in our own, has been ſo much advanced, that it has become equal to Tragedy, if not preferable, incline me to think that I may be partly reproached with an imperfect Work, if, after having gone as deep as I could into the Nature of the *Greek* Tragedy, I did not at leaſt ſketch a Draught of the Comedy.

Reaſons why *Ariſtophanes* may be reviewed without tranſlating him entirely.

* There was a Law which forbad any Judge of the *Areopagus* to write Comedy.

I then considered, that it was not wholly impossible to surmount, at least in Part, the Difficulties which had stopt me, and to go somewhat farther than the learned Writers †, who have published in *French* some Pieces of *Aristophanes*; not that I pretend to make large Translations. The same Reasons which have hindered with Respect to the more noble Parts of the *Greek* Drama, operate with double Force upon my present Subject. Though Ridicule, which is the Business of Comedy, be not less uniform in all Times, than the Passions which are moved by tragic Compositions; yet, if Diversity of Manners may sometimes disguise the Passions themselves, how much more greater Change will be made in Jocularities? The Truth is, that they are so much changed by the Course of Time, that Pleasantry and Ridicule become dull and flat much more easily than the Pathetic becomes ridiculous.

That which is commonly known by the term Jocular and Comic, is nothing but a Turn of Expression, an airy Phantom, that must be caught at a particular Point. As we lose this Point, we lose the Jocularity, and find nothing but Dulness in its Place. A lucky Sally, which has filled a Company with Laughter, will have no Effect in Print, because it is shewn single and separate from the Circumstance which gave it Force. Many satirical Jests, found in ancient Books, have had the same Fate; their Spirit has evaporated by Time, and have left nothing to us but Insipidity. None but the most biting Passages have preserved their Points unblunted.

But, besides this Objection, which extends universally to all Translations of *Aristophanes*, and many Allusions, of which Time has deprived us, there are loose Expressions thrown out to the Populace to raise Laughter from corrupt Passions, which are un-

† Madame *Dacier*, M. *Boivin*.

worthy

worthy of the Curiosity of decent Readers, and which ought to rest eternally in proper Obscurity. Not every thing in this Infancy of Comedy was excellent, at least it would not appear excellent at this Distance of Time, in Comparison of Compositions of the same Kind, which lie before our Eyes; and this is Reason enough to save me the Trouble of translating, and the Reader that of perusing. As for that small Number of Writers who delight in those Delicacies, they give themselves very little Trouble about Translations, except it be to find fault with them; and the Majority of People of Wit, like Comedies that may give them Pleasure, without much Trouble of Attention, and are not much disposed to find Beauties in that which requires long Deductions to find it beautiful. If *Helen* had not appeared beautiful to the *Greeks* and *Trojans* but by Force of Argument, we had never been told of the *Trojan* War.

On the other Side, *Aristophanes* is an Authour more considerable than one would imagine. The History of *Greece* could not pass over him, when it comes to touch upon the People of *Athens*; this alone might procure him Respect, even when he was not considered as a comic Poet. But when his Writings are taken into View, we find him the only Authour from whom may be drawn a just Idea of the Comedy of his Age; and farther, we find in his Pieces, that he often makes Attacks upon the tragic Writers, particularly upon the three Chief, whose valuable Remains we have had under Examination; and, what is yet worse, fell sometimes upon the State, and upon the Gods themselves.

II. These Considerations have determined me to follow, in my Representation of this Writer, the same Method which I have taken in several tragic Pieces, which is that of giving an exact Analysis, as far as the Matter

The chief Heads of this Discourse.

would allow, from which I deduce four important Syſtems. Firſt, Upon the Nature of the Comedy of that Age, without omitting that of *Menander* †. Secondly, Upon the Vices and Government of the *Athenians*. Thirdly, Upon the Notion we ought to entertain of *Ariſtophanes*, with Reſpect to *Eſchylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. Fourthly, Upon the Jeſt which he makes upon the Gods. Theſe Things will not be treated in Order, as a regular Diſcourſe ſeems to require, but will ariſe ſometimes ſeparately, ſometimes together, from the View of each particular Comedy, and from the Reflections which this free Manner of Writing will allow. I ſhall conclude with a ſhort View of the Whole, and ſo finiſh my Deſign.

III. I ſhall not repeat here what Madame *Dacier*, and ſo many others before her, have collected of all Hiſtory of Comedy. that can be known relating to the Hiſtory of Comedy. Its Beginnings are as obſcure as thoſe of Tragedy, and there is an Appear-

† *Menander*, an *Athenian*, Son of *Diopethes* and *Hegeſtrates*, was apparently the moſt eminent of the Writers of the new Comedy. He had been a Scholar of *Theophraſtes*: His Paſſion for the Women brought Infamy upon him: He was ſquint-eyed, and very lively. Of the one hundred and eighty Comedies, or, according to *Suidas*, the Eighty which he compoſed, and which are all ſaid to be tranſlated by *Terence*, we have now only a few Fragments remaining. He flouriſhed about the 115th Olympiad, 318 Years before the Chriſtian Æra. He was drowned as he was bathing in the Port of *Pireus*. I have told in another Place, what is ſaid of one *Philemon*, his Antagoniſt, not ſo good a Poet as himſelf, but one who often gained the Prize. This *Philemon* was older than him, and was much in Faſhion in the Time of *Alexander the Great*. He expreſſed all his Wiſhes in two Lines, 'To have Health, and Fortune, and Pleaſure, and never 'to be in Deb', is all I deſire.' He was very covetous, and was pictured with his Fingers hooked, ſo that he ſet his Comedies at a high Price. He lived about a hundred Years, ſome ſay a hundred and one. Many Tales are told of his Death; *Valerius Maximus* ſays, that he died with laughing at a little Incident: Seeing an Aſs eating his Figs, he ordered his Servant to drive her away; the Man made no great Haſte, and the Aſs eat them all. 'Well done, ſays *Philemon*, now 'give her ſome Wine.' *Apuleius* and *Quintilian* placed this Writer much below *Menander*, but gave him the ſecond Place.

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ance that we take these two Words in a more extensive Meaning; they had both the same Original, that is, they began among the Festivals of the Vintage, and were not distinguished from one another but by a burlesque or serious Chorus, which made all the Soul and all the Body. But, if we give these Words a stricter Sense, according to the Notion which has since been formed, Comedy was produced after Tragedy, and was in many Respects a Sequel and Imitation of the Works of *Eschylus*. It is in reality nothing more than an Action set before the Sight, by the same Artifice of Representation. Nothing is different but the Object, which is merely Ridicule. This Original of true Comedy will be easily admitted, if we take the Word of *Horace*, who must have known better than us the true Dates of dramatick Works. This Poet supports the System which I have endeavoured to establish in the second Discourse † so strongly as to amount to demonstrative Proof.

Horace ‡ expresses himself thus: 'Thespis is said 'to have been the first Inventor of a Species of Tragedy, in which he carried about in Carts, Players 'smeared with the Dregs of Wine, of whom some sung 'and others declaimed.' This was the first Attempt both of Tragedy and Comedy; for *Thespis* made use only of one Speaker, without the least Appearance of Dialogue. 'Eschylus afterwards exhibited them 'with more Dignity. He placed them on a Stage, 'somewhat above the Ground, covered their Faces 'with Masks, put Buskins on their Feet, dressed 'them in trailing Robes, and made them speak in a 'more lofty Style.' *Horace* omits Invention of Dialogue, which we learn from *Aristotle* ‖. But, however, it may be well enough inferred from the fol-

† *Greek Theatre*, Part I. Vol. I.
‡ *Hor.* Poet. v. 275.
‖ Poet. ch. 4.

lowing Words of *Horace*; this Completion is mentioned while he speaks of *Eschylus*, and therefore to *Eschylus* it must be ascribed: 'Then first appeared 'the old Comedy, with great Success in its Begin-'ning.' Thus we see that the *Greek* Comedy arose after Tragedy, and by Consequence Tragedy was its Parent. It was formed in Imitation of *Eschylus*, the Inventor of the tragick Drama; or, to go yet hither into Antiquity, had its Original from *Homer*, who was the Guide of *Eschylus*. For, if we credit *Aristotle* †, Comedy had its Birth from the *Margetes*, a satirical Poem of *Homer*, and Tragedy from the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Thus the Design and Artifice of Comedy were drawn from *Homer* and *Eschylus*. This will appear less surprising, since the Ideas of the human Mind are always gradual, and Arts are seldom invented but by Imitation. The first Idea contains the Seed of the Second; this Second, expanding itself, gives Birth to a Third; and so on. Such is the Progress of the Mind of Man; it proceeds in its Productions Step by Step, in the same Manner as Nature multiplies her Works by imitating, or repeating her own Act, when she seems most to run into Variety. In this Manner it was that Comedy had its Birth, its Increase, its Improvement, its Perfection, and its Diversity.

Who is Authour of Comedy.

IV. But the Question is, who was the happy Authour of that Imitation, and that Shew, whether only one like *Eschylus* of Tragedy, or whether they were several? for neither *Horace*, nor any before him, explained this ‡. This Poet only quotes three Writers

† Poet. ch. 4.

‡ 'The Alterations, which have been made in Tragedy, were 'perceptible, and the Authours of them unknown; but Comedy has 'lain in Obscurity, being not cultivated, like Tragedy, from the 'Time of its Original: For it was long before the Magistrates began 'to give comic Choruses. It was first exhibited by Actors, who 'played voluntarily, without Orders of the Magistrate. From the 'Time

Writers who had Reputation in the old Comedy, *Eupolis* *, *Cratinus* †, and *Ariſtophanes*, of whom he ſays, 'That they, and others who wrote in the ſame 'Way, reprehended the Faults of particular Per-'ſons with exceſſive Liberty.' Theſe are probably the Poets of the greateſt Reputation, though they were not the firſt, and we know the Names of many others ‡. Among theſe Three we may be ſure that *Ariſtophanes* had the greateſt Character, ſince not only the King of *Perſia* ‖ expreſſed a high Eſteem of him to the *Grecian* Ambaſſadors, as of a Man extremely uſeful to his Country, and *Plato* § rated him ſo high, as to ſay, that the Graces reſided in his Boſom; but likewiſe becauſe he is the only Writer of whom any Comedies have made their Way down to us, through the Confuſion of Times. There are not indeed any Proofs that he was the Inventor of Comedy, properly ſo called, eſpecially ſince he had not only Predeceſſors who wrote in the ſame

'Time that it began to take ſome ſettled Form, we know its Au-'thours, but are not informed who firſt uſed Maſks, added Prologues, 'increaſed the Number of the Actors, and joined all the other 'Things which now belong to it. 'The firſt that thought of forming 'comic Fables, were *Epicharmus* and *Phormys*, and conſequently this 'Manner came from *Sicily*: *Crates* was the firſt *Athenian* that adopted 'it, and forſook the Practice of groſs Raillery that prevailed before.' *Ariſtot.* ch. 5. *Crates* flouriſhed in the 82d Olympiad, 450 Years before our Æra, twelve or thirteen Years before *Ariſtophanes*.

* *Eupolis* was an *Athenian*; his Death, which we ſhall mention preſently, is repreſented differently by Authours, who almoſt all agree that he was drowned. *Elian* adds an Incident which deſerves to be mentioned: He ſays (Book x. of Animals), that one *Augeas* of *Eleuſis* made *Eupolis* a Preſent of a fine Maſtif, who was ſo faithful to his Maſter as to worry to death a Slave who was carrying away ſome of his Comedies. He adds, that when the Poet died at *Egene*, his Dog ſtaid by his Tomb till he periſhed by Grief and Hunger.

† *Cratinus* of *Athens*, who was Son of *Callimedes*, died at the Age of Ninety-ſeven. He compoſed twenty Comedies, of which nine had the Prize; he was a daring Writer, but a cowardly Warrior.

‡ *Hertelius* has collected the Sentences of fifty *Greek* Poets of the different Ages of Comedy.

‖ Interlude of the ſecond Act of the Comedy intitled *The Acharnians*.

§ Epigram attributed to *Plato*.

Kind, but it is at leaſt a Sign, that he had contributed more than any other to bring Comedy to the Perfection in which he left it. We ſhall, therefore, not inquire farther, whether regular Comedy was the Work of a ſingle Mind, which ſeems yet to be unſettled, or of ſeveral Cotemporaries, ſuch as theſe which *Horace* quotes. We muſt diſtinguiſh three Forms which Comedy wore, in Conſequence of the Genius of the Writers, or of the Laws of the Magiſtrates, and the Change of the Government of many into that of few.

The old, middle, and new Comedy.

That Comedy †, which *Horace* calls the Ancient, and which, according to his Account, was after *Eſchylus*, retained ſomething of its original State, and of the Licentiouſneſs which it practiſed, while it was yet without Regularity, and uttered looſe Jokes and Abuſe upon the Paſſers-by from the Cart of *Theſpis*. Though it was now properly modelled, as might have been worthy of a great Theatre and a numerous Audience, and deſerved the Name of a regular Comedy, it was not yet much nearer to Decency. It was a Repreſentation of real Actions, and exhibited the Dreſs, the Motions, and the Air, as far as could be done in a Maſk, of any one who was thought proper to be ſacrificed to publick Scorn. In a City ſo free, or to ſay better, ſo licentious as *Athens* was at that Time, no-body was ſpared, not even the chief Magiſtrate, nor the very Judges, by whoſe voice Comedies were allowed or prohibited. The Inſolence of thoſe Performances reached to open Impiety, and Sport was made equally with Men and Gods*. Theſe are the Features by which the greateſt Part of the Compoſitions of *Ariſtophanes* will be known. In which it may be particularly obſerved, that not the

† This Hiſtory of the three Ages of Comedy, and their different Characters, is taken in Part from the valuable Fragments of *Platonius*.

* It will be ſhewn how and in what Senſe this was allowed.

leaſt

leaſt Appearance of Praiſe will be found, and therefore certainly no Trace of Flattery or Servility.

This Licentiouſneſs of the Poets, to which in ſome Sort *Socrates* fell a Sacrifice, at laſt was reſtrained by a Law. For the Government, which was before ſhared by all the Inhabitants, was now confined to a ſettled Number of Citizens. It was ordered, that no Man's Name ſhould be mentioned on the Stage; but poetical Malignity was not long in finding the Secret of defeating the Purpoſe of the Law, and of making themſelves ample Compenſation for the Reſtraint laid upon Authors, by the Neceſſity of inventing falſe Names. They ſet themſelves to work upon known and real Characters, ſo that they had now the Advantage of giving a more exquiſite Gratification to the Vanity of Poets, and the Malice of Spectators. One had the refined Pleaſure of ſetting others to gueſs, and the other that of gueſſing Right by naming the Maſks. When Pictures are ſo like, that the Name is not wanted, no Body inſcribes it. The Conſequence of the Law, therefore, was nothing more than to make that done with Delicacy, which was done groſsly before; and the Art, which was expected would be confined within the Limits of Duty, was only partly tranſgreſſed with more Ingenuity. Of this *Ariſtophanes*, who was comprehended in this Law, gives us good Examples in ſome of his Poems. Such was that which was afterwards called the middle Comedy.

The new Comedy, or that which followed, was again an excellent Refinement, preſcribed by the Magiſtrates, who, as they had before forbid the Uſe of real Names, forbad afterwards real Subjects, and the Train of Choruſſes † too much given to Abuſe: So that the Poets ſaw themſelves reduced to the Neceſſity of bringing imaginary Names and Subjects

† Perhaps the Chorus was forbid in the middle Age of the Comedy. *Platonius* ſeems to ſay ſo.

upon the Stage, which a tonce purified and enriched the Theatre; for Comedy from that Time was no longer a Fury armed with Torches, but a pleasing and innocent Mirror of human Life.

Chacun peint avec art dans ce nouveau miroir
S'y vit avec plaisir, on crut ne s'y pas voir!
L'avare des premiers ris du tableau fidelle
D'un avare souvent tracé sur son modelle;
Et mille fois un fat finement exprimé
Méconnut le portrait sur lui-même formé ‖.

The Comedy of *Menander* and *Terence* is, in Propriety of Speech, the fine Comedy. I do not repeat all this after so many Writers but just to recall it to Memory, and to add to what they have said, something which they have omitted, a singular Effect of publick Edicts appearing in the successive Progress of the Art. A naked History of Poets and of Poetry, such as has been often given, is a mere Body without Soul, unless it be enlivened with an Account of the Birth, Progress, and Perfection of the Art, and of the Causes by which they were produced.

VI. To omit nothing essential which concerns this Part, we shall say a Word of the *Latin* Comedy. When the Arts passed from *Greece* to *Rome*, Comedy took its turn among the rest: But the *Romans* applied themselves only to the new Species, without Chorus or personal Abuse; though perhaps they might have played some Translations of the old or the middle Comedy, for *Pliny* gives an Account of one which was represented in his own Time. But the *Roman* Comedy, which was modelled upon the last Species of the *Greek*, hath nevertheless its different Ages, according as its Authours were rough or polished. The Pieces of *Li-*

The *Latin* Comedy.

‖ *Desfreaux Art. Poet. chant.* 3.

vius

vius Andronicus §, more ancient and less refined than those of the Writers who learned the Art from him, may be said to compose the first Age, or the old *Roman* Comedy and Tragedy. To him you must join *Nevius* his Cotemporary, and *Ennius*, who lived some Years after him. The second Age comprises *Pacuvius*, *Cecilius*, *Accius*, and *Plautus*, unless it shall be thought better to reckon *Plautus* with *Terence*, to make the third and highest Age of the *Latin* Comedy, which may properly be called the new Comedy, especially with regard to *Terence*, who was the Friend of *Lelius*, and the faithful Copier of *Menander*.

But the *Romans*, without troubling themselves with this Order of Succession, distinguished their Comedies by the Dresses † of the Players. The Robe called *Prætexta*, with large Borders of Purple, being the formal Dress of Magistrates in their Dignity, and in the Exercise of their Office, the Actors, who had this Dress, gave its Name to the Comedy. This is the same with that called *Trabeata* *, from *Trabea*, the Dress of the Consuls in Peace, and the Generals in Triumph. The second Species introduced the Senators not in great Offices, but as private Men; this was called *Toges*, from *Togata*. The last Species was named *Tabernaria*, from the Tunic, or the common Dress of the People, or rather from the mean Houses which were painted on the Scene. There is no Need of mentioning the Farces, which took their Name and Original from *Atella*, an ancient Town of *Campania* in *Italy*, because they differed from the low Comedy only by greater Licentiousness; nor of those which were called *Palliates*, from the *Greek*, a Cloak, in which

§ The Year of *Rome* 514, the first Year of the 135th Olympiad.

† *Prætextæ*, *Togatæ*, *Tabernariæ*.

* *Suet. de Claris Grammat.* says, that *C. Melissus*, Librarian to *Augustus*, was the Authour of it.

the *Greek* Characters were dreſſed upon the *Roman* Stage, becauſe that Habit only diſtinguiſhed the Nation, not the Dignity or Character, like thoſe which have been mentioned before. To ſay Truth, theſe are but trifling Diſtinctions; for, as we ſhall ſhew in the following Pages, Comedy may be more uſefully and judiciouſly diſtinguiſhed, by the general Nature of its Subjects. As to the *Romans*, whether they had, or had not, Reaſon for theſe Names, they have left us ſo little upon the Subject which is come down to us, that we need not trouble ourſelves with a Diſtinction which affords us no ſolid Satisfaction. *Plautus* and *Terence*, the only Authours of whom we are in Poſſeſſion, give us a fuller Notion of the real Nature of their Comedy, with reſpect at leaſt to their own Times, than can be received from Names and Terms, from which we have no real Exemplification.

VII. Not to go too far out of the Way, let us return to *Ariſtophanes*, the only Poet in whom we can now find the *Greek* Comedy. He is the ſingle Writer, whom the Violence of Time has in ſome Degree ſpared, after having buried in Darkneſs, and almoſt in Forgetfulneſs, ſo many great Men, of whom we have nothing but the Names and a few Fragments, and ſuch ſlight Memorials as are ſcarcely ſufficient to defend them againſt the Enemies of the Honour of Antiquity; yet theſe Memorials are like the laſt Glimmer of the ſetting Sun, which ſcarce afford us a weak and fading Light: Yet from this Glimmer we muſt endeavour to collect Rays of ſufficient ſtrength to form a Picture of the *Greek* Comedy approaching as near as poſſible to the Truth.

The *Greek* Comedy is reduced only to *Ariſtophanes*.

Of the perſonal Character, of *Ariſtophanes* little is known; what Account we can give of it muſt therefore be had from his Comedies. It can ſcarcely be ſaid with certainty of what Country he was: The

Invectives

Invectives of his Enemies so often called in Question his Qualification as a Citizen, that they have made it doubtful. Some said, he was of *Rhodes*, others of *Egena*, a little Island in the Neighbourhood, and all agreed that he was a Stranger. As to himself, he said that he was the Son of *Philip*, and born in the *Cydathenian* Quarter; but he confessed that some of his Fortune was in *Egena*, which was probably the original Seat of his Family. He was, however, formally declared a Citizen of *Athens*, upon Evidence, whether good or bad, upon a decisive Judgment, and this for having made his Judges merry by an Application of a Saying of *Telemachus* ‡, of which this is the Sense: 'I am, as my Mother tells 'me, the Son of *Philip*; for my own Part, I know 'little of the Matter, for what Child knows his own 'Father?' This Piece of Merriment did him as much good, as *Archias* received from the Oration of *Cicero* ‖, who said that that Poet was a *Roman* Citizen. An Honour which, if he had not inherited by Birth, he deserved for his Genius.

Aristophanes § flourished in the Age of the great Men of *Greece*, particularly of *Socrates* and *Euripides*, both of which he outlived. He made a great Figure during the whole *Peloponesian* War, not merely as a comick Poet by whom the People were diverted, but as the Censor of the Government, as a Man kept in Pay by the State to reform it, and almost to act the Part of the Arbitrator of the Publick. A particular Account of his Comedies will best let us into his personal Character as a Poet, and into the Nature of his Genius, which is what we are most interested to know. It will, however, not be amiss to prepossess our Readers a little by the Judgments that had been

‡ *Homer, Odyssey.*

‖ *Orat. pro Archia Poeta.*

§ In the 85th Year of the Olympiad, 437 before our Æra, and 317 of the Foundation of *Rome*.

passed

passed upon him by the Critics of our own Time, without forgetting one of the Ancients that deserves great Respect.

Aristophanes censured and praised.

VIII. 'Aristophanes, says Father *Rapin*, 'is not exact in the Contrivance of his 'Fables; his Fictions are not probable; 'he brings real Characters upon the Stage too coarsely 'and too openly. *Socrates*, whom he ridicules so 'much in his Plays, had a more delicate Turn of 'Burlesque than himself, and had his Merriment 'without his Impudence. It is true, that *Aristophanes* 'wrote amidst the Confusion and Licentiousness of 'the old Comedy, and he was well acquainted with 'the Humour of the *Athenians*, to whom uncommon 'Merit always gave Disgust, and therefore he made 'the eminent Men of his Time the Subject of his 'Merriment. But the too great Desire which he had 'to delight the People by exposing worthy Characters 'upon the Stage, made him at the same Time an 'unworthy Man; and the Turn of his Genius to 'Ridicule was disfigured and corrupted by the Indelicacy and Outrageousness of his Manners. After 'all, his Pleasantry consists chiefly in new-coined 'puffy Language. The Dish of twenty-six Syllables, which he gives in his last Scene of his *Female Orators*, would please few Tastes in our Days. 'His Language is sometimes obscure, perplexed and 'vulgar, and his frequent Play with Words, his 'Oppositions of contradictory Terms, his Mixture 'of Tragick and Comick, of Serious and Burlesque, are all flat, and his Jocularity, if you examine it to the Bottom, is all false. *Menander* is 'diverting in a more elegant Manner; his Style is 'pure, clear, elevated, and natural; he persuades 'like an Orator, and instructs like a Philosopher: 'and if we may venture to judge upon the Fragments which remain, it appears that his Pictures 'of civil Life are pleasing, that he makes every one

'speak

'speak according to his Character, that every Man 'may apply his Pictures of Life to himself, becauſe 'he always follows Nature, and feels for the Per'ſonages which he brings upon the Stage. To 'conclude, *Plutarch*, in his Compariſon of theſe 'Authours, ſays, that the Muſe of *Ariſtophanes* is 'an abandoned Proſtitute, and that of *Menander* a 'modeſt Woman.'

It is evident that this whole Character is taken from *Plutarch*. Let us now go on with this Remark of Father *Rapin*, ſince we have already ſpoken of the *Latin* Comedy, of which he gives us a Deſcription.

'With reſpect to the two *Latin* comick Poets, '*Plautus* is ingenious in his Deſigns, happy in his 'Conceptions, and fruitful of Invention. He has, 'however, according to *Horace*, ſome low Jocula'rities, and thoſe ſmart Sayings, which made the 'Vulgar laugh, made him be pitied by Men of 'higher Taſte. It is true, that ſome of his Jeſts 'are extremely good, but others likewiſe are very 'bad. To this every Man is expoſed, who is too 'much determined to make Sallies of Merriment; 'they endeavour to raiſe that Laughter by Hyper'boles, which would not ariſe by a juſt Repreſenta'tion of Things. *Plautus* is not quite ſo regular 'as *Terence* in the Scheme of his Deſigns, or in the 'Diſtribution of his Acts, but he is more ſimple 'in his Plot; for the Fables of *Terence* are com'monly complex, as may be ſeen in his *Andria*, 'which contains two Amours. It was imputed as 'a Fault to *Terence*, that, to bring more Action up'on the Stage, he made one *Latin* Comedy out of 'two *Greek*; but then *Terence* unravels his Plot 'more naturally than *Plautus*, which *Plautus* did 'more naturally than *Ariſtophanes*; and tho' *Cæſar* 'calls *Terence* but one half of *Menander*, becauſe, 'though he had Softneſs and Delicacy, there was in

'him

'him some Want of Sprightliness and Strength; 'yet he has written in a Manner so natural and so 'judicious, that, though he was then only a Copy, 'he is now an Original. No Authour has ever had 'a more exact Sense of pure Nature. Of *Cecilius*, 'since we have only a few Fragments, I shall say 'nothing. All that we know of him is told us by '*Varrus*, that he was happy in the Choice of Sub-'jects.'

Rapin omits many others for the same Reason, that we have not enough of their Works to qualify us for Judges. While we are upon this Subject, it will perhaps not displease the Reader to see here what that Critick's Opinion is of *Lopes de Vega* and *Moliere*. It will appear, that with respect to *Lopes de Vega*, he is rather too profuse of Praise; that in speaking of *Moliere*, he is too parsimonious. This Piece will, however, be of Use to our Design, when we shall examine to the Bottom what it is that ought to make the Character of Comedy.

'No Man has ever had a greater Genius for Co-'medy than *Lopes de Vega* the *Spaniard*. He had a 'Fertility of Wit, joined with great Beauty of Con-'ception, and a wonderful Readiness of Composi-'tion; for he has written more than three hundred 'Comedies. His Name alone gave Reputation to 'his Pieces; for his Reputation was so well esta-'blished, that a Work which came from his Hands 'was sure to claim the Approbation of the Publick. 'He had a Mind too extensive to be subjected to 'Rules, or restrained by Limits. For that Reason 'he gave himself up to his own Genius, on which 'he could always depend with Confidence. When 'he wrote, he consulted no other Laws than the 'Taste of his Auditors, and regulated his Manner 'more by the Success of his Work than by the 'Rules of Reason. Thus he discarded all Scruples 'of Unity, and all the Superstition of Probability.'

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(This is certainly not said with a Design to praise him, and must be connected with that which immediately follows.) 'But as, for the most Part, he 'endeavours at too much Jocularity, and carries 'Ridicule to too much Refinement; his Conceptions are often rather happy than just, and rather 'wild than natural; for, by subtilizing Merriment 'too far, it becomes too nice to be true, and his 'Beauties lose their Power of striking by being too 'delicate and acute.

'Among us, nobody has carried Ridicule in Comedy farther than *Moliere*. Our ancient comick 'Writers brought no Characters higher than Servants, to make Sport upon the Theatre; but we 'are diverted upon the Theatre of *Moliere* by Marquises and People of Quality. Others have exhibited in Comedy no Species of Life above that 'of a Citizen; but *Moliere* shews us all *Paris*, and 'the Court. He is the only Man amongst us, who 'has laid open those Features of Nature by which 'he has exactly marked, and may be accurately 'known. The Beauties of his Pictures are so natural, that they are felt by Persons of the least 'Discernment, and his Power of Pleasantry received 'half its Force from his Power of Copying. His 'Misanthrope is, in my Opinion, the most complete, and likewise the most singular Character that 'has ever appeared upon the Stage: But the Disposition of his Comedies is always defective some 'way or other. This is all which we can observe 'in general upon Comedy.'

Such are the Thoughts of one of the most refined Judges of Works of Genius, from which, though they are not all oraculous, some Advantages may be drawn, as they always make some Approaches to Truth.

Madame *Dacier* *, having her Mind full of the Merit of *Ariſtophanes*, expreſſes herſelf in this Manner: 'No Man had ever more Diſcernment than 'him, in finding out the Ridiculous, nor a more 'ingenious Manner of ſhewing it to others. His 'Remarks are natural and eaſy, and, what very 'rarely can be found, with great Copiouſneſs he 'has great Delicacy. To ſay all at once, the *Attick* 'Wit, of which the Ancients made ſuch Boaſt, ap-'pears more in *Ariſtophanes* than in any other that I 'know of in Antiquity. But what is moſt of all 'to be admired in him is, that he is always ſo much 'Maſter of the Subject before him, that, without 'doing any Violence to himſelf, he finds a Way to 'introduce naturally Things which at firſt appeared 'moſt diſtant from his Purpoſe, and even the moſt 'quick and unexpected of his deſultory Sallies ap-'pear the neceſſary Conſequence of the foregoing 'Incidents. This is that Art which ſets the Dia-'logues of *Plato* above Imitation, which we muſt 'conſider as ſo many dramatick Pieces, which are 'equally entertaining by the Action and by the Dia-'logue. The Style of *Ariſtophanes* is no leſs pleaſing 'than his Fancy; for, beſides its Clearneſs, its Vi-'gour, and its Sweetneſs, there is in it a certain 'Harmony ſo delightful to the Ear, that there is no 'Pleaſure equal to that of reading it. When he ap-'plies himſelf to vulgar Mediocrity of Style, he deſ-'cends without Meanneſs: When he attempts the 'Sublime, he is elevated without Obſcurity; and no 'Man has ever had the Art of blending all the dif-'ferent Kinds of Writing ſo equally together. After 'having ſtudied all that is left us of *Grecian* Learn-'ing, if we have not read *Ariſtophanes*, we cannot 'yet know all the Charms and Beauties of that 'Language.'

† Preface to *Plutus*, *Paris*, 1684.

IX. This

IX. This is a pompous Eulogium: But let us ſuſpend our Opinion, and hear that of *Plutarch*, who, being an Ancient, well deſerves our Attention, at leaſt after we have heard the Moderns before him. This is then the Sum of his Judgment concerning *Ariſtophanes* and *Menander*. To *Menander* he gives the Preference, without allowing much Competition. He objects to *Ariſtophanes*, that he carries all his Thoughts beyond Nature; that he writes rather to the Crowd than to Men of Character; that he affects a Style obſcure and licentious, tragical, pompous, and mean, ſometimes ſerious, and ſometimes ludicrous, even to Puerility; that he makes none of his Perſonages ſpeak according to any diſtinct Character: ſo that in his Scenes the Son cannot be known from the Father, the Citizen from the Boor, the Hero from the Shopkeeper, or the Divine from the Serving-man. Whereas the Diction of *Menander*, which is always uniform and pure, is very juſtly adapted to different Characters, riſing when it is neceſſary to vigorous and ſprightly Comedy, yet without tranſgreſſing the proper Limits, or loſing Sight of Nature, in which *Menander*, ſays *Plutarch*, has attained a Perfection to which no other Writer has arrived. For, what Man, beſides himſelf, has ever found the Art of making a Diction equally ſuitable to Women and Children, to Old and Young, to Divinities and Heroes? Now *Menander* has found this happy Secret, in the Equality and Flexibility of his Diction, which, though always the ſame, is nevertheleſs different upon different Occaſions; like a Current of clear Water (to keep cloſely to the Thoughts of *Plutarch*), which running through Banks differently turned, complies with all their Turns backward and forward, without changing any Thing of its Nature, or its Purity. *Plutarch* mentions it as a Part of the Merit of *Menander*, that he

Plutarch's Sentiment upon *Ariſtophanes* and *Menander*.

began very young, and was ſtopped only by old Age, at a Time when he would have produced the greateſt Wonders, if Death had not prevented him. This, joined to a Reflection, which he makes as he returns to *Ariſtophanes*, ſhews that *Ariſtophanes* continued a long Time to diſplay his Powers: For his Poetry, ſays *Plutarch*, is a Strumpet that affects ſometimes the Airs of a Prude, but whoſe Impudence cannot be forgiven by the People, and whoſe affected Modeſty is deſpiſed by Men of Decency. *Menander*, on the contrary, always ſhews himſelf a Man agreeable and witty, a Companion deſirable upon the Stage, at Table, and in gay Aſſemblies; an Extract of all the Treaſures of *Greece*, who deſerves always to be read, and always to pleaſe. His irreſiſtible Power of Perſuaſion, and the Reputation which he has had of being the beſt Maſter of Language of *Greece*, ſufficiently ſhews the Delightfulneſs of his Style. Upon this Article of *Menander*, *Plutarch* does not know how to make an End: He ſays, that he is the Delight of Philoſophers fatigued with Study; that they uſe his Works as a Meadow enamelled with Flowers, where a purer Air gratifies the Senſe; that, notwithſtanding the Powers of the other comick Poets of *Athens*, *Menander* has always been conſidered as poſſeſſing a Salt peculiar to himſelf, drawn from the ſame Waters that gave Birth to *Venus*. That, on the contrary, the Salt of *Ariſtophanes* is bitter, keen, coarſe, and corroſive; that one cannot tell whether his Dexterity, which has been ſo much boaſted, conſiſts not more in the Characters than in the Expreſſion, for he is charged with playing often upon Words, with affecting antithetical Alluſions; that he has ſpoiled the Copies which he endeavoured to take after Nature; that Artifice in his Plays is Wickedneſs, and Simplicity Brutiſhneſs; that his Jocularity ought to raiſe Hiſſes rather than Laughter; that his Amours have more Impudence

dence than Gaiety; and that he has not so much written for Men of Understanding, as for Minds blackened with Envy and corrupted with Debauchery.

X. After such a Character there seems no need of going further, and one would think that it would be better to bury for ever the Memory of so hateful a Writer, that makes us so poor a Recompense for the Loss of *Menander* who cannot be recalled. But, without shewing any Mercy to the indecent or malicious Sallies of *Aristophanes*, any more than to *Plautus* his Imitator, or at least the Inheritor of his Genius, may it not be allowed us to do, with respect to him, what, if I mistake not, *Lucretius* * did to *Ennius* from whose muddy Verses he gathered Jewels? *Enni de stercore gemmas.* The Justification of *Aristophanes.*

Besides, we must not believe that *Plutarch*, who lived more than four Ages after *Menander*, and more than five after *Aristophanes*, has passed so exact a Judgment upon both, but that it may be fit to re-examine it. *Plato*, the Cotemporary of *Aristophanes*, thought very differently, at least of his Genius, for, in his Piece called the *Entertainment*, he gives that Poet a distinguished Place, and makes him speak, according to his Character, with *Socrates* himself; from which by the Way it is apparent, that this Dialogue of *Plato* was composed before the Time that *Aristophanes* wrote his *Clouds* against *Socrates*. *Plato* is likewise said to have sent a Copy of *Aristophanes* to *Dionysius* the Tyrant, with Advice to read it diligently, if he would attain a complete Judgment of the State of the *Athenian* Republick.

Many other Scholars have thought, that they might depart somewhat from the Opinion of *Plutarch*. *Frischlinus*, for Example, one of the Commentators upon *Aristophanes*, though he justly allows

* *Brumoy* has mistaken *Lucretius* for *Virgil*.

his Taſte to be leſs pure than that of *Menander*, has yet undertaken his Defence againſt the outrageous Cenſure of the ancient Critick. In the firſt Place, he condemns without Mercy his Ribaldry and Obſcenity. But this Part, ſo worthy of Contempt, and written only for the lower People, according to the Remark of *Boivin*, bad as it is, after all is not the chief Part which is left of *Ariſtophanes*. I will not ſay with *Friſchlinus*, that *Plutarch* ſeems in this to contradict himſelf, and in reality commends the Poet, when he accuſes him of having adapted his Language to the Stage; by the Stage, in this Place, he meant the Theatre of *Farces*, on which low Mirth and Buffoonry was exhibited. This Plea of *Friſchlinus* is a mere Cavil; and though the Poet had obtained his End, which was to divert a corrupted Populace, he would not have been leſs a bad Man, nor leſs a deſpicable Poet, notwithſtanding the Excuſe of his Defender. To be able in the higheſt Degree to divert Fools and Libertines, will not make a Poet: It is not, therefore, by this Defence that we muſt juſtify the Character of *Ariſtophanes*. The depraved Taſte of the Crowd, who once drove away *Cratinus* and his Company, becauſe the Scenes had not low Buffoonry enough for their Taſte, will not juſtify *Ariſtophanes*, ſince *Menander* found a Way of changing the Taſte by giving a Sort of Comedy, not indeed ſo modeſt as *Plutarch* repreſents it, but leſs licentious than before. Nor is *Ariſtophanes* better juſtified by the Reaſon which he himſelf offers, when he ſays, that he exhibited Debauchery upon the Stage, not to corrupt the Morals, but to mend them. The Sight of groſs Faults is rather a Poiſon than a Remedy.

The Apologiſt has forgot one Reaſon, which appears to me eſſential to a juſt Account. As far as we can judge by Appearance, *Plutarch* had in his Hands all the Plays of *Ariſtophanes*, which were at leaſt

leaſt fifty in Number. In theſe he ſaw more Licentiouſneſs than has come to our Hands, though in the Eleven that are ſtill remaining, there is much more than could be wiſhed.

Plutarch cenſures him in the ſecond Place for playing upon Words; and againſt this Charge *Friſchlinus* defends him with leſs Skill. It is impoſſible to exemplify this in *French*. But after all, this Part is ſo little, that it deſerved not ſo ſevere a Reprehenſion, eſpecially ſince amongſt thoſe Sayings, there are ſome ſo miſchievouſly malignant, that they became proverbial, at leaſt by the Sting of their Malice, if not by the Delicacy of their Wit. One Example will be ſufficient: Speaking of the Tax-gatherers, or the Exciſe-men of *Athens*, he cruſhes them at once by obſerving, *non quod eſſent* ταμιαὶ, *ſed*, λαμιαὶ. The Word *lamiæ* ſignified *walking Spirits*, which, according to the vulgar Notion, devoured Men; this makes the Spirit of the Sarcaſm againſt the Tax-gatherers. This cannot be rendered in our Language; but if any Thing as good had been ſaid in *France* on the like Occaſion, it would have laſted too long, and, like many other Sayings amongſt us, been too well received. The beſt is, that *Plutarch* himſelf confeſſes that it was extremely applauded.

The third Charge is, a Mixture of tragick and comick Style. This Accuſation is certainly true; *Ariſtophanes* often gets into the Buſkin: But we muſt examine upon what Occaſion. He does not take upon him the Character of a tragick Writer; but, having remarked that his Trick or Parody was always well received by a People who liked to laugh at that for which they had been juſt weeping, he is eternally uſing the ſame Craft; and there is ſcarce any Tragedy or ſtriking Paſſage known by Memory by the *Athenians*, which he does not turn into Merriment, by throwing over it a Dreſs of Ridicule and Burleſque, which is done ſometimes by changing or

tranſpoſing the Words, and ſometimes by an unexpected Application of the whole Sentence. Theſe are the Shreds of Tragedy, in which he arrays the comick Muſe, to make her ſtill more Comick. *Cratinus* had before done the ſame Thing; and we know that he made a Comedy called *Ulyſſes*, to burleſque *Homer* and his *Odyſſey*; which ſhews, that the Wits and Poets are, with reſpect to one another, much the ſame at all Times, and that it was at *Athens* as here. I will prove this Syſtem by Facts, particularly with reſpect to the Merriment of *Ariſtophanes* upon our three celebrated Tragedians. This being the Caſe, the mingled Style of *Ariſtophanes* will, perhaps, not deſerve ſo much Cenſure as *Plutarch* has vented. We have no need of the Traveſty of *Virgil*, nor the Parodies of our own Time, nor of the Lutrin of *Boileau*, to ſhew us that this Medley may have its Merit upon particular Occaſions.

The ſame may be ſaid in general of his Obſcurity, his Meanneſſes, and his high Flights, and of all the ſeeming Inequality of Style, which puts *Plutarch* in a Rage. Theſe Cenſures can never be juſt upon a Poet, whoſe Style has always been allowed to be perfectly *Attick*, and of an *Atticiſm* which made him extremely delightful to the Lovers of the *Athenian* Taſte. *Plutarch*, perhaps, rather means to blame the Choruſſes, of which the Language is ſometimes elevated, ſometimes burleſque, always very poetical, and therefore in Appearance not ſuitable to Comedy. But the Chorus, which had been borrowed from Tragedy was then all the Faſhion, particularly for Pieces of Satire, and *Ariſtophanes* admitted them like the other Poets of the old, and perhaps of the middle Comedy; whereas *Menander* ſuppreſſed them, not ſo much in Compliance with his own Judgment as in Obedience to the publick Edicts. It is not, therefore, this Mixture of Tragick and Comick that will place *Ariſtophanes* below *Menander*.

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The fifth Charge is, that he kept no Diſtinction of Character; that, for Example, he makes Women ſpeak like Orators, and Orators like Slaves: But it appears by the Characters which he ridicules, that this Objection falls of itſelf. It is ſufficient to ſay, that a Poet who painted, not imaginary Characters, but real Perſons, Men well known, Citizens whom he called by their Names, and ſhewed in Dreſſes like their own, and Maſks reſembling their Faces, whom he branded in the Sight of a whole City, extremely haughty and full of Deriſion; it is ſufficient to ſay, that ſuch a Poet could never be ſuppoſed to miſs his Characters. The Applauſe which his Licentiouſneſs produced, is too good a Juſtification; beſides, if he had not ſucceeded, he expoſed himſelf to the Fate of *Eupolis*, who in a Comedy, called the *Drowned Man*, having imprudently pulled to Pieces particular Perſons, more powerful than himſelf, was laid hold of, and drowned more effectually than thoſe he had drowned upon the open Stage.

The Condemnation of the Poignancy of *Ariſtophanes*, as having too much Acrimony, is better founded. Such was the Turn of a Species of Comedy, in which all Licentiouſneſs was allowed; in a Nation which made every Thing a Subject of Laughter, in its Jealouſy of immoderate Liberty, and its Enmity to all Appearance of Rule and Superiority; for the Genius of Independency naturally produces a Kind of Satire more keen than delicate, as may be eaſily obſerved in moſt of the Inhabitants, of Iſlands. If we do not ſay with *Longinus*, that a popular Government kindles Eloquence, and that a lawful Monarchy ſtifles it; at leaſt it is eaſy to diſcover by the Event, that Eloquence in different Governments takes a different Appearance. In Republicks it is more ſprightly and violent, and in Monarchies more inſinuating and ſoft. The ſame Thing may

may be said of Ridicule: It follows the Cast of Genius, as Genius follows that of Government. Thus the Republican Raillery, particularly of the Age which we are now considering, must have been rougher than that of the Age which followed it, for the same Reason, that *Horace* is more delicate, and *Lucilius* more pointed. A Dish of Satire was always a delicious Treat to human Malignity; but that Dish was differently seasoned, as the Manners were polished more or less. By polished Manners I mean that Good-breeding, that Art of Reserve and Self-restraint, which is the Consequence of Dependance. If one was to determine the Preference due to one of those Kinds of Pleasantry, of which both have their Value, there would not need a Moment's Hesitation, every Voice would join in Favour of the softer, yet without Contempt of that which is rough. *Menander* will, therefore, be preferred, but *Aristophanes* will not be despised, especially since he was the first who quitted that wild Practice of Satirising at Liberty right or wrong, and by a Comedy of another Cast made way for the Manner of *Menander*, more agreeable yet, and less dangerous. There is yet another Distinction to be made between the Acrimony of the one, and the Softness of the other; the Works of the one are acrimonious, and of the other soft, because the one exhibited personal, and the other general Characters; which leaves us still at Liberty to examine, if these different Designs might not be executed with equal Delicacy.

We shall know this by a View of the Particulars; in this Place we say only that the reigning Taste, or the Love of striking Likenesses, might justify *Aristophanes* for having turned, as *Plutarch* says, Art into Malignity, Simplicity into Brutality, Merriment into Farce, and Amour into Impudence; if in any Age a Poet could be excused for painting publick Folly and Vice in their true Colours.

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There is a Motive of Intereſt at the Bottom which diſpoſed *Elian*, *Plutarch*, and many others, to condemn this Poet without Appeal. *Socrates*, who is ſaid to have been deſtroyed by a poetical Attack, at the Inſtigation of two Wretches *, has too many Friends among good Men, to have Pardon granted to ſo horrid a Crime. This has filled them with an implacable Hatred againſt *Ariſtophanes*, which is mingled with the Spirit of Philoſophy, a Spirit, wherever it comes, more dangerous than any other. A common Enemy will confeſs ſome good Qualities in his Adverſary; but a Philoſopher, made partial by Philoſophy, is never at reſt till he has totally deſtroyed him who has hurt the moſt tender Part of his Heart; that is, has diſturbed him in his Adherence to ſome Character, which, like that of *Socrates*, takes Poſſeſſion of the Mind. The Mind is the freeſt Part of Man, and the moſt tender of its Liberties: Poſſeſſions, Life, and Reputation, may be in another's Power, but Opinion is always independant. If any Man can obtain that gentle Influence, by which he ingratiates himſelf with the Underſtanding, and makes a Sect in a Commonwealth, his Followers will ſacrifice themſelves for him, and nobody will be pardoned that dares to attack him juſtly or unjuſtly, becauſe that Truth, real or imaginary, which he maintained, is now become an Idol. Time will do nothing for the Extinction of this Hatred; it will be propagated from Age to Age; and there is no Hope that *Ariſtophanes* will ever be treated with Tenderneſs by the Diſciples of *Plato*, who made *Socrates* his Hero. Every Body elſe may, perhaps, confeſs, that *Ariſtophanes*, tho' in one Inſtance a bad Man, may nevertheleſs be a good Poet; but Diſtinctions, like theſe, will not be

* It is not certain, that *Ariſtophanes* did procure the Death of *Socrates*: But, however, he is certainly criminal for having, in the *Clouds*, accuſed him publickly of Impiety.

admitted

admitted by Prejudice and Paſſion, and one or other dictates all Characters, whether good or bad.

As I add my own Reaſons, ſuch as they are, for or againſt *Ariſtophanes*, to thoſe of *Friſchlinus* his Defender, I muſt not omit one Thing, which he has forgot, and which, perhaps, without taking in the reſt, put *Plutarch* out of Humour, which is that perpetual Farce which goes through all the Comedies of *Ariſtophanes*, like the Character of *Harlequin* on the *Italian* Theatre. What kind of Perſonages are Clouds, Frogs, Waſps, and Birds? *Plutarch*, uſed to a comick Stage of a very different Appearance, muſt have thought them ſtrange Things; and yet ſtranger muſt they appear to us, who have a newer Kind of Comedy, with which the *Greeks* were unacquainted. This is what our Poet may be charged with, and what may be proved beyond Refutation. This Charge compriſes all the reſt, and againſt this I ſhall not pretend to juſtify him. It would be of no Uſe to ſay, that *Ariſtophanes* wrote for an Age that required Shews which filled the Eye, and groteſque Paintings in ſatirical Performances; that the Crowds of Spectators, which ſometimes neglected *Cratinus* to throng *Ariſtophanes*, obliged him more and more to comply with the ruling Taſte, leſt he ſhould loſe the publick Favour by Pictures more delicate and leſs ſtriking; that in a State, where it was conſidered as Policy to lay open every Thing that had the Appearance of Ambition, Singularity, or Knavery, Comedy was become a Haranguer, a Reformer, and a publick Counſellor, from whom the People learned to take care of their moſt valuable Intereſts; and that this Comedy, in the Attempt to lead and to pleaſe the People, claimed a Right to the ſtrongeſt Touches of Eloquence, and had likewiſe the Power of perſonal Painting peculiar to herſelf. All theſe Reaſons, and many others, would diſappear immediately, and my Mouth would

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be ſtopped with a ſingle Word, with which every Body would agree: My Antagoniſt would tell me, that ſuch an Age was to be pitied, and paſſing on from Age to Age, till he came to our own, he would conclude flatly, that we are the only Poſſeſſors of common Senſe; a Determination with which the *French* are too much reproached, and which overthrows all the Prejudice in Favour of Antiquity. At the Sight of ſo many happy Touches, which one cannot help admiring in *Ariſtophanes*, a Man might, perhaps, be inclined to lament that ſuch a Genius was thrown into an Age of Fools: But what Age has been without them? And have not we ourſelves Reaſon to fear, leſt Poſterity ſhould judge of *Moliere* and his Age, as we judge of *Ariſtophanes*? *Menander* altered the Taſte, and was applauded in *Athens*; but it was after *Athens* was changed. *Terence* imitated him at *Rome*, and obtained the Preference over *Plautus*, though *Cæſar* called him but a demi-*Menander*, becauſe he appears to want that Spirit and Vivacity which he calls the *vis comica*. We are now weary of the Manner of *Menander* and *Terence*, and leave them for *Moliere*, who appears like a new Star in a new Courſe. Who can anſwer, that in ſuch an Interval of Time as has paſt between theſe four Writers, there will not ariſe another Authour, or another Taſte, that may bring *Moliere*, in his Turn, into Neglect? Without going further, our Neighbours, the *Engliſh*, think he wants Force and Fire. Whether they are right, or no, is another Queſtion; all that I mean to advance is, that we are to fix it as a Concluſion, that Comick Authours muſt grow obſolete with the Modes of Life, if we admit any one Age, or any one Climate, for the ſovereign Rule of Taſte. But let us talk with more Exactneſs, and endeavour by an exact Analyſis to find out what there is in Comedy, whether of *Ariſtophanes* and *Plautus*, of *Menander* and *Terence*,

of *Moliere* and his Rivals, which is never obſolete, and muſt pleaſe all Ages and all Nations.

Remarkable Difference between the State of Comedy, and other Works of Genius, with Regard to their Duration.

XI. I now ſpeak particularly of Comedy; for we muſt obſerve, that between that and other Works of Literature, eſpecially Tragedy, there is an eſſential Difference, which the Enemies of Antiquity will not underſtand, and which I ſhall endeavour palpably to ſhew.

All Works ſhew the Age in which they are produced; they carry its Stamp upon them; the Manners of the Times are impreſſed by indelible Marks. If it be allowed, that the beſt of paſt Times were rude in Compariſon with ours, the Cauſe of the Ancients is decided againſt them; and the Want of Politeneſs, with which their Works are charged in our Days, muſt be generally confeſſed. Hiſtory alone ſeems to claim Exemption from this Accuſation. Nobody will dare to ſay of *Herodotus* or *Thucydides*, of *Livius* or *Tacitus*, that which has been ſaid without Scruple of *Homer* and the ancient Poets. The Reaſon is, that Hiſtory takes the neareſt Way to its Purpoſe, and gives the Characters and Practices of Nations, be they what they will; it has no Dependence upon its Subject, and offers nothing to Examination, but the Art of the Narrative. An Hiſtory of *China* well written, would pleaſe a *Frenchman* as well as one of *France*. It is otherwiſe with mere Works of Genius, they depend upon their Subjects, and conſequently upon the Characters and the Practices of the Times in which they were written; this at leaſt is the Light in which they are beheld. This Rule of Judgment is not equitable; for, as I have ſaid over and over, all the Orators and the Poets are Painters, and merely Painters. They exhibit Nature as it is before them, influenced by the Accidents of Education, which, without changing it intirely, yet give it, in different Ages

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and Climates, a different Appearance; but we make their Succeſs depend in a great Degree upon their Subject, that is, upon Circumſtances which we meaſure by the Circumſtances of our own Days. According to this Prejudice, Oratory depends more upon its Subject than Hiſtory, and Poetry yet more than Oratory. Our Times, therefore, ſhew more Regard to *Herodotus* and *Suetonius*, than to *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, and more to all theſe than to *Homer* or *Virgil*. Of this Prejudice, there are regular Gradations; and to come back to the Point which we have left, we ſhew, for the ſame imperceptible Reaſon, leſs Regard to tragick Poets than to others. The Reaſon is, that the Subjects of their Paintings are more examined than the Art. Thus comparing the *Achilles* and *Hippolytus* of *Euripides* with thoſe of *Racine*, we drive them off the Stage, without conſidering that *Racine*'s Heroes will be driven off, in a future Age, if the ſame Rule of Judgment be followed, and one Time be meaſured by another.

Yet Tragedy having the Paſſions for its Object, is not wholly expoſed to the Caprice of our Taſte, which would make our own Manners the Rule of human Kind; for the Paſſions of *Grecian* Heroes are often dreſſed in external Modes of Appearance that diſguſt us, yet they break through the Veil when they are ſtrongly marked, as we cannot deny them to be in *Eſchylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. The Eſſence then gets the better of the Circumſtance. The Paſſions of *Greece* and *France* do not ſo much differ by the particular Characters of particular Ages, as they agree by the Participation of that which belongs to the ſame Paſſion in all Ages. Our three tragick Poets will, therefore, get clear by ſuffering only a little Ridicule, which falls directly upon their Times; but theſe Times and themſelves will be well recompenſed by the Admiration which their Art will irreſiſtibly inforce.

Comedy

Comedy is in a more lamentable Situation; for, not only its Object is the Ridiculous, which, tho' in reality always the ſame, is ſo dependent on Cuſtom as to change its Appearance with Time, and with Place; but the Art of a comick Writer is, to lay hold of that Species of the Ridiculous which will catch the Spectators of the preſent Hour, without regard to Futurity. But, though Comedy has attained its End, and diverted the Pit, for which it was written; if it goes down to Poſterity, it is in a new World, where it is no longer known; it becomes there quite a Foreigner, becauſe there are no longer the ſame Originals, nor the ſame Species of the Ridiculous, nor the ſame Spectators, but a Set of mercileſs Readers, who complain that they are tired with it, though it once filled *Athens*, *Rome*, or *Paris*, with Merriment. This Poſition is general and compriſes all Poets and all Ages. To ſay all at once, Comedy is the Slave of its Subject, and of the reigning Taſte; Tragedy is not ſubject to the ſame Degree of Slavery, becauſe the Ends of the two Species of Poetry are different. For this Reaſon, if we ſuppoſe that in all Ages there are Critics who meaſure every thing by the ſame Rule, it will follow, that if the Comedy of *Ariſtophanes* be become obſolete, that of *Menander* likewiſe, after having delighted *Athens*, and revived again at *Rome*, at laſt ſuffered by the Force of Time. The Muſe of *Moliere* has almoſt made both of them forgotten, and would ſtill be walking the Stage, if the Deſire of Novelty did not in Time make us weary of that which we have too frequently admired.

Thoſe who have endeavoured to render their Judgment independent upon Manners and Cuſtoms, and of ſuch Men there have been always ſome, have not judged ſo ſeverely either of Times, or of Writers; they have diſcovered, that a certain Reſemblance runs through all poliſhed Ages, which are alike

alike in essential Things, and differ only in external Manners, which, if we except Religion, are Things of Indifference; that wherever there is Genius, Politeness, Liberty, or Plenty, there prevails an exact and delicate Taste, which, however hard to be expressed, is felt by those that were born to feel it; that *Athens*, the Inventress of all the Arts, the Mother first of the *Roman* and then of general Taste, did not consist of stupid Savages; that the *Athenian* and *Augustan* Ages having always been considered as Times that enjoyed a particular Privilege of Excellence, though we may distinguish the good Authours from the bad, as in our own Days, yet we ought to suspend the Vehemence of Criticism, and proceed with Caution and Timidity before we pass Sentence upon Times and Writers, whose good Taste has been universally applauded. This obvious Consideration has disposed them to pause; they have endeavoured to discover the Original of Taste, and have found that there is not only a stable and immutable Beauty, as there is a common Understanding in all Times and Places, which is never obsolete; but there is another Kind of Beauty, such as we are now treating, which depends upon Times and Places, and is therefore changeable. Such is the Imperfection of every Thing below, that one Mode of Beauty is never found without a Mixture of the other, and from these two blended together results what is called the Taste of the Age. I am now speaking of an Age sprightly and polite, an Age which leaves Works for a long Time behind it, an Age which is imitated or criticised when Revolutions have thrown it out of Sight.

Upon this inconteſtable Principle, which supposes a Beauty universal and absolute, and a Beauty likewise relative and particular, which are mingled thro' one Work in very different Proportions, it is easy to give an Account of the contrary Judgments passed on

Ariſtophanes. If we conſider him only with reſpect to the Beauties, which, though they do not pleaſe us, delighted the *Athenians*, we ſhall condemn him at once, though even this Sort of Beauty may ſometimes have its Original in univerſal Beauty carried to Extravagance. Inſtead of commending him for being able to give Merriment to the moſt refined Nation of thoſe Days, we ſhall proceed to place that People, with all their Atticiſm, in the Rank of Savages whom we take upon us to degrade becauſe they have no other Qualifications but Innocence and plain Underſtanding. But have not we likewiſe amidſt our more poliſhed Manners, Beauties merely faſhionable, which make Part of our Writings as of the Writings of former Times; Beauties of which our Self-love now makes us fond, but which, perhaps, will diſguſt our Grandſons? Let us be more equitable, let us leave this relative Beauty to its real Value more or leſs in every Age: Or, if we muſt paſs Judgment upon it, let us ſay that theſe Touches in *Ariſtophanes*, *Menander*, and *Moliere*, were well ſtruck off in their own Time; but, that comparing them with true Beauty, that Part of *Ariſtophanes* was a Colouring too ſtrong, that of *Menander* was too weak, and that of *Moliere* was a peculiar Varniſh formed of one and the other, which, without being an Imitation, is itſelf inimitable, yet depending upon Time, which will efface it by Degrees, as our Notions, which are every Day changing, ſhall receive a ſenſible Alteration. Much of this has already happened ſince the Time of *Moliere*, who, if he was now to come again, muſt take a new Road.

With reſpect to unalterable Beauties, of which Comedy admits much fewer than Tragedy, when they are the Subject of our Conſideration, we muſt not too eaſily ſet *Ariſtophanes* and *Plautus* below *Menander* and *Terence*. We may properly heſitate with *Boileau*, whether we ſhall prefer the *French* Comedy

to the *Greek* and *Latin*. Let us only give, like him, the great Rule for pleasing in all Ages, and the Key by which all the Difficulties in passing Judgment may be opened. This Rule and this Key are nothing else but the ultimate Design of the Comedy.

Etudiez la cour, & connoissez la ville:
L'une & l'autre est toujours en modéles fertile.
C'est par-là que Moliere illustrant ses écrits
Peut-être de son art eût remporté le prix,
Si moins ami du peuple en ses doctes peintures
Il n'eût point fait souvent grimacer ses figures,
Quitté pour le bouffon l'agréable & le fin,
Et sans honte à Térence allié Tabarin †.

In Truth *Aristophanes* and *Plautus* united Buffoonery and Delicacy in a greater Degree than *Moliere*; and for this they may be blamed. That which then pleased at *Athens*, and at *Rome*, was a transitory Beauty, which had not sufficient Foundation in Truth, and therefore the Taste changed. But, if we condemn those Ages for this, what Age shall we spare? Let us refer every Thing to permanent and universal Taste, and we shall find in *Aristophanes* at least as much to commend as censure.

XII. But before we go on to his Works, it may be allowed to make some Reflections upon Tragedy and Comedy. Tragedy, though different according to the Difference of Times and Writers, is uniform in its Nature, being founded upon the Passions which never change. With Comedy it is otherwise. Whatever Difference there is between *Eschylus Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, between *Corneille* and *Racine*, between the *French* and the *Greeks*, it will not be found sufficient to constitute more than one Species of Tragedy.

Tragedy more uniform than Comedy.

† *Boileau Art. Poet. chant.* 3.

The Works of those great Masters are, in some Respects, like the Sea-nymphs, of whom *Ovid* says, 'That their Faces were not the same, yet so much 'alike that they might be known to be Sisters.'

Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

The Reason is, that the same Passions give Action and Animation to them all. With respect to the Comedies of *Aristophanes* and *Plautus*, *Menander* and *Terence*, *Moliere* and his Imitators, if we compare them one with another, we shall find something of a family Likeness, but much less strongly marked, on Account of the different Appearance which Ridicule and Pleasantry take from the different Manners of every Age. They will not pass for Sisters, but for very distant Relations. The Muse of *Aristophanes* and *Plautus*, to speak of her with Justice, is a Bacchanal at least, whose malignant Tongue is dipped in Gall, or in Poison dangerous as that of the Aspick or Viper; but whose Bursts of Malice, and Sallies of Wit, often give a Blow where it is not expected. The Muse of *Terence*, and consequently of *Menander*, is an artless and unpainted Beauty, of easy Gaiety, whose Features are rather delicate than striking, rather soft than strong, rather plain and modest than great and haughty, but always perfectly natural.

Ce n'est pas un portrait, une image semblable:
C'est un fils, un amant, un pere véritable.

The Muse of *Moliere* is not always plainly dressed, but takes Airs of Quality, and rises above her original Condition, so as to attire herself gracefully in magnificent Apparel. In her Manners she mingles Elegance with Foolery, Force with Delicacy, and

Grandeur

Grandeur or even Haughtineſs with Plainneſs and Modeſty. If ſometimes, to pleaſe the People, ſhe gives a Looſe to Farce, it is only the gay Folly of a Moment, from which ſhe immediately returns, and which laſts no longer than a ſlight Intoxication. The firſt might be painted encircled with little Satyrs, ſome groſsly fooliſh, the others delicate, but all extremely licentious and malignant; Monkeys always ready to laugh in your Face, and to point out to indiſcriminate Ridicule, the Good and the Bad. The ſecond may be ſhewn encircled with Geniuſes full of Softneſs and of Candour, taught to pleaſe by Nature alone, and whoſe honeyed Dialect is ſo much the more inſinuating, as there is no Temptation to diſtruſt it. The laſt muſt be accompanied with the delicate Laughter of the Court, and that of the City ſomewhat more coarſe, and neither the one nor the other can be ſeparated from her. The Muſe of *Ariſtophanes* and of *Plautus* can never be denied the Honour of Sprightlineſs, Animation, and Invention; nor that of *Menander* and *Terence* the Praiſe of Nature and of Delicacy; to that of *Moliere* muſt be allowed the happy Secret of uniting all the Piquancy of the former, with a peculiar Art which they did not know. Of theſe three Sorts of Merit, let us ſhew to each the Juſtice that is due, let us in each ſeparate the pure and the true from the falſe Gold, without approving or condemning either the one or the other in the Groſs. If we muſt pronounce in general upon the Taſte of their Writings, we muſt indiſputably allow, that *Menander*, *Terence*, and *Moliere*, will give moſt Pleaſure to a decent Audience, and conſequently that they approach nearer to the true Beauty, and have leſs Mixture of Beauties purely relative, than *Plautus* and *Ariſtophanes*.

If we diſtinguiſh Comedy by its Subjects, we ſhall find three Sorts among the *Greeks*, and as many

among the *Latins*, all differently dreſſed: If we diſtinguiſh it by Ages and Authours, we ſhall again find three Sorts; and we ſhall find three Sorts a third Time, if we regard more cloſely the Subject. As the ultimate and general Rules of all theſe Sorts of Comedy are the ſame, it will, perhaps, be agreeable to our Purpoſe to ſketch them out before we give a full Diſplay of the laſt Claſs. I can do nothing better on this Occaſion than tranſcribe the twenty-fifth Reflection of *Rapin* upon Poetry in particular.

General Rules of Comedy.

XIII. 'Comedy, ſays he ‡, is a Repreſentation of common Life: Its End 'is to ſhew the Faults of particular Characters on the Stage, to correct the Diſorder of the 'People by the Fear of Ridicule. Thus Ridicule 'is the eſſential Part of a Comedy. Ridicule may 'be in Words, or in Things; it may be decent, 'or groteſque. To find what is ridiculous in 'every Thing, is the Gift merely of Nature; for 'all the Actions of Life have their bright and their 'dark Sides; ſomething ſerious, and ſomething 'merry. But *Ariſtotle*, who has given Rules for 'drawing Tears, has given none for raiſing Laughter; for this is merely the Work of Nature, and 'muſt proceed from Genius, with very little Help 'from Art or Matter. The *Spaniards* have a Turn 'to find the Ridicule in Things much more than 'we: And the *Italians*, who are natural Comedians, 'have a better Turn for expreſſing it; their Language is more proper for it than ours, by an Air 'of Drollery which it can put on, and of which 'ours may become capable when it ſhall be brought 'nearer to Perfection. In ſhort, that agreeable 'Turn, that Gaiety which yet maintains the Delicacy of its Character without falling into Dulneſs

‡ *Reflexions ſur la Poët.* p. 154. *Paris*, 1684.

'or

'or into Buffoonery, that elegant Raillery which is 'the Flower of fine Wit, is the Qualification which 'Comedy requires. We muſt, however, remember 'that the true artificial Ridicule, which is required 'on the Theatre, muſt be only a Tranſcript of the 'Ridicule which Nature affords. Comedy is natu-'rally written, when, being on the Theatre, a Man 'can fancy himſelf in a private Family, or a parti-'cular Part of the Town, and meets with nothing 'but what he really meets with in the World; for 'it is no real Comedy in which a Man does not ſee 'his own Picture, and find his own Manners and 'thoſe of the People, among whom he lives. *Me-'nander* ſucceeded only by this Art among the *Greeks*: 'And the *Romans*, when they ſat at *Terence*'s Come-'dies, imagined themſelves in a private Party; for 'they found nothing there which they had not been 'uſed to find in common Company. The great 'Art of Comedy is to adhere to Nature without 'Deviation; to have general Sentiments and Ex-'preſſions which all the World can underſtand: 'For the Writer muſt keep it always in his Mind, 'that the coarſeſt Touches after Nature will pleaſe 'more than the moſt delicate with which Nature is 'inconſiſtent. However, low and mean Words 'ſhould never be allowed upon the Stage, if they 'are not ſupported with ſome Kind of Wit. Pro-'verbs and vulgar Smartneſſes can never be ſuffered, 'unleſs they have ſomething in them of Nature and 'Pleaſantry. This is the univerſal Principle of Co-'medy; whatever is repreſented in this Manner 'muſt pleaſe, and nothing can ever pleaſe without 'it. It is by Application to the Study of Nature 'alone that we arrive at Probability, which is the 'only infallible Guide to theatrical Succeſs: With-'out this Probability every Thing is defective, and 'that which has it, is beautiful: He that follows 'this, can never go wrong; and the moſt common

'Faults of Comedy proceed from the Neglect of 'Propriety, and the Precipitation of Incidents. Care 'muſt likewiſe be taken that the Hints, made uſe of 'to introduce the Incidents, are not too ſtrong, that 'the Spectator may enjoy the Pleaſure of finding out 'their Meaning: But commonly the weak Place in 'our Comedy is the untying of the Plot, in which 'we almoſt always fail, on Account of the Difficulty 'which there is in diſintangling of what has been 'perplexed. To perplex an Intrigue is eaſy, the 'Imagination does it by itſelf; but it muſt be diſin-'tangled merely by the Judgment, and is therefore 'ſeldom done happily: And he that reflects a very 'little, will find that moſt Comedies are faulty by 'an unnatural Cataſtrophe. It remains to be ex-'amined whether Comedy will allow Pictures larger 'than the Life, that this Strength of the Strokes 'may make a deeper Impreſſion upon the Mind of 'the Spectators; that is, if a Poet may make a 'covetous Man more covetous, and a peeviſh Man 'more impertinent and more troubleſome than he 'really is. To which I anſwer, that this was the 'Practice of *Plautus*, whoſe Aim was to pleaſe the 'People; but that *Terence*, who wrote for Gentle-men, confined himſelf within the Compaſs of Na-'ture, and repreſented Vice without Addition or 'Aggravation. However, theſe extravagant Cha-'racters, ſuch as the *Citizen turned Gentleman*, and 'the *Hypocondriack Patient* of *Moliere*, have lately 'ſucceeded at Court, where Delicacy is carried ſo 'far; but every thing even to provincial Interludes, 'is well received if it has but Merriment, for we had 'rather laugh than admire. Theſe are the moſt im-'portant Rules of Comedy.'

Three Sorts of Comedy.

XIV. Theſe Rules, indeeed, are com-mon to the three Kinds which I have in my Mind; but it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh each from the reſt, which may be done by Diverſity of Matter

Matter, which alway makes some Diversity of Management. The old and middle Comedy simply represented real Adventures: In the same Way some Passages of History and of Fable might form a Class of Comedies, which should resemble it without having its Faults; such is the *Amphitryon*. How many moral Tales, how many Adventures ancient and modern, how many little Fables of *Esop*, of *Phædrus*, of *Fontaine*, or some other ancient Poet, would make pretty Exhibitions, if they were all made use of as Materials by skilful Hands? And have we not seen some like, *Timon the Man Hater*, that have been successful in this Way? This Sort chiefly regards the *Italians*. The ancient Exhibition called a Satyre, because the Satyrs played their Part in it, of which we have no other Instance than the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*, has, without doubt, given Occasion to the pastoral Comedies, for which we are chiefly indebted to *Italy*, and which are there more cultivated than in *France*. It is, however, a Kind of Exhibition that would have its Charms, if it was touched with Elegance and without Meanness; it is the Pastoral put into Action. To conclude, the new Comedy, invented by *Menander*, has produced the Comedy properly so called in our Times. This is that which has for its Subject general Pictures of common Life and feigned Names and Adventures, whether of the Court or of the City. This third Kind is incontestably the most noble, and has received the strongest Sanction from Custom. It is likewise the most difficult to perform, because it is merely the Work of Invention, in which the Poet has no Help from real Passages, or Persons, which the tragick Poet always makes use of. Who knows but by deep Thinking, another Kind of Comedy may be invented, wholly different from the Three which I have mentioned; such is the Fruitfulness of Comedy: But its Course is already too wide for the Discovery of new Fields

to

to be wished, and on Ground where we are already so apt to stumble, nothing is so dangerous as Novelty imperfectly understood. This is the Rock on which Men have often split in every Kind of Pursuit, to go no further, in that of Grammar and Language: It is better to endeavour after Novelty in the Manner of expressing common Things than to hunt for Ideas out of the Way, in which many a Man loses himself. The ill Success of that odd Composition *Tragick Comedy*, a Monster wholly unknown to Antiquity, sufficiently shews the Danger of Novelty in Attempts like these.

Whether Tragedy or Comedy be the harder to write.

XV. To finish the Parallel of the two Dramas, a Question may be revived, equally common and important, which has been oftener proposed than well decided: It is, whether Comedy or Tragedy be most easy or difficult to be well executed. I shall not have the Temerity to determine positively a Question which so many great Geniuses have been afraid to decide: But if it be allowed to every literary Man to give his Reasons for and against a mere Work of Genius, considered without respect to its good or bad Tendency, I shall in a few Words give my Opinion, drawn from the Nature of the two Works, and the Qualification they demand. *Horace* * proposes a Question nearly of the same Kind: 'It has been required, whether a good Poem be the 'Work of Art or Nature: For my Part, I do not 'see much to be done by Art without Genius, nor 'by Genius without Knowledge. The one is ne-'cessary to the other, and the Success depends upon 'their Co-operation.' If we should endeavour to accommodate Matters in Imitation of this Decision of *Horace*, it were easy to say at once, that supposing two Geniuses equal, one Tragick and the other Co-

* Poet. v. 407.

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mick, ſuppoſing the Art likewiſe equal in each, one would be as eaſy or difficult as the other; but this, though ſatisfactory in the ſimple Queſtion put by *Horace*, will not be ſufficient here. Nobody can doubt but Genius and Induſtry contribute their Part to every thing valuable, and particularly to good Poetry. But, if Genius and Study were to be weighed one againſt the other, in order to diſcover which muſt contribute moſt to a good Work, the Queſtion would become more curious, and, perhaps, very difficult of Solution. Indeed, though Nature muſt have a great Part of the Expence of Poetry, yet no Poetry laſts long that is not very correct: The Balance, therefore, ſeems to incline in Favour of Correction. For is it not known, that *Virgil* with leſs Genius than *Ovid*, is yet valued more by Men of exquiſite Judgment; or, without going ſo far, *Boileau*, the *Horace* of our Time, who compoſed with ſo much Labour, and aſked *Moliere* where he found his Rhyme ſo eaſily, has ſaid, 'If I write four 'Words, I ſhall blot out three;' has not *Boileau*, by his poliſhed Lines, retouched and retouched a thouſand Times, gained the Preference above the Works of the ſame *Moliere*, which are ſo natural, and produced by ſo fruitful a Genius! *Horace* was of that Opinion, for when he is teaching the Writers of his Age the Art of Poetry, he tells them in plain Terms, that *Rome* would excel in Writing as in Arms, if the Poets were not afraid of the Labour, Patience, and Time required to poliſh their Pieces. He thought every Poem was bad that had not been brought ten times back to the Anvil, and required that a Work ſhould be kept nine Years, as a Child is nine Months in the Womb of its Mother, to reſtrain that natural Impatience which combine with Sloth and Self-love to diſguiſe Faults: ſo certain is it that Correction is the Touch-ſtone of Writing.

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The Queſtion propoſed comes back to the Compariſon which I have been making between Genius and Correction, ſince we are now engaged in enquiring whether there is more or leſs Difficulty in writing Tragedy or Comedy: For as we muſt compare Nature and Study one with another, ſince they muſt both concur more or leſs to make a Poet; ſo if we will compare the Labours of two different Minds in different Kinds of Writing, we muſt, with regard to the Authours, compare the Force of Genius, and with reſpect to the Compoſition, the Difficulties of the Taſk.

The Genius of the tragick and comick Writer will be eaſily allowed to be remote from each other. Every Performance, be what it will, requires a Turn of Mind which a Man cannot confer upon himſelf: It is purely the Gift of Nature; which determines thoſe who have it, to purſue, almoſt in ſpite of themſelves, the Taſte which prodominates in their Minds. *Paſcal* found in his Childhood, that he was a Mathematician, and *Vandyke* that he was born a Painter. Sometimes this internal Direction of the Mind does not make ſuch evident Diſcoveries of itſelf; but it is rare to find *Corneilles* who have lived long without knowing that they were Poets. *Corneille* having once got ſome Notion of his Powers, tried a long Time on all Sides to know what particular Direction he ſhould take. He had firſt made an Attempt in Comedy, in an Age when it was yet ſo groſs in *France* that it could give no Pleaſure to polite Perſons. *Melite* was ſo well received when he dreſſed her out, that ſhe gave riſe to a new Species of Comedy and Comedians. This Succeſs, which encouraged *Corneille* to purſue that Sort of Comedy of which he was the firſt Inventor, left him no Reaſon to imagine, that he was one Day to produce thoſe Maſter-pieces of Tragedy, which his Muſe diſplayed afterwards with ſo much Splendor; and

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yet less, did he imagine, that his comick Pieces, which for want of any that were preferable, were then very much in Fashion, would be eclipsed by another Genius * formed upon the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and who would add to their Excellencies Improvements of his own, and that this modish Comedy, to which *Corneille*, as to his Idol, dedicated his Labours, would quickly be forgot. He wrote first *Medea*, and afterwards the *Cid*, and, by that prodigious Flight of his Genius, he discovered, tho' late, that Nature had formed him to run in no other Course but that of *Sophocles*. Happy Genius that, without Rule or Imitation, could at once take so high a Flight! Having once, as I may say, made himself an Eagle, he never afterwards quitted the Path, which he had worked out for himself, over the Heads of the Writers of his Time: Yet he retained some Traces of the false Taste which infected the whole Nation; but even in this, he deserves our Admiration, since in Time he changed it completely by the Reflections he made, and those he occasioned. In short, *Corneille* was born for Tragedy, as *Moliere* for Comedy. *Moliere*, indeed, knew his own Genius sooner, and was not less happy in procuring Applause, though it often happened to him as to *Corneille*,

L'Ignorance & l'Erreur à ses naissantes pièces
En habit de Marquis, en robes de Comtesses,
Vinssent pour diffamer son chef-d'œuvre nouveau,
Et secouer la tête à l'endroit le plus beau.

But without taking any farther Notice of the Time at which either came to the Knowledge of his own Genius, let us suppose that the Powers of Tragedy and Comedy were as equally shared between *Moliere* and *Corneille*, as they are different in their own Nature, and then nothing more will remain than to compare

* *Moliere*,

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the ſeveral Difficulties of each Compoſition, and to rate thoſe Difficulties together which are common to both.

It appears, firſt, that the tragick Poet has in his Subject an Advantage over the Comick, for he takes it from Hiſtory, and his Rival, at leaſt in the more elevated and ſplendid Comedy, is obliged to form it by his own Invention. Now, it is not ſo eaſy as it might ſeem to find comick Subjects capable of a new and pleaſing Form; but Hiſtory is a Source, if not inexhauſtible, yet certainly ſo copious as never to leave the Genius a-ground. It is true, that Invention ſeems to have a wider Field than Hiſtory: Real Facts are limited in their Number, but the Facts which may be feigned have no End; but though, in this reſpect, Invention may be allowed to have the Advantage, is the Difficulty of inventing to be accounted as nothing? To make a Tragedy, is to get Materials together, and to make uſe of them like a ſkilful Architect; but to make a Comedy, is to build like *Eſop* in the Air. It is in vain to boaſt that the Compaſs of Invention is as wide as the Extent of Deſire: Every thing is limited, and the Mind of Man like every thing elſe. Beſides, Invention muſt be in Conformity to Nature; but diſtinct and remarkable Characters are very rare in Nature herſelf. *Moliere* has got hold on the principal Touches of Ridicule. If any Man ſhould bring Characters leſs ſtrong, he will be in danger of Dulneſs. Where Comedy is to be kept up by ſubordinate Perſonages, it is in great Danger. All the Force of a Picture muſt ariſe from the principal Perſons, and not from the Multitude cluſtered up together. In the ſame Manner, a Comedy, to be good, muſt be ſupported by a ſingle ſtriking Character, and not by Underparts.

But, on the contrary, tragick Characters are without Number, though of them the general Out-lines

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are limited; but Diſſimulation, Jealouſy, Policy, Ambition, Deſire of Dominion, and other Intereſts and Paſſions, are various without End, and take a thouſand different Forms in different Situations of Hiſtory; ſo that as long as there is Tragedy, there may be always Novelty. Thus the jealous and diſſembling *Mithridates*, ſo happily painted by *Racine*, will not ſtand in the Way of a Poet who ſhall attempt a jealous and diſſembling *Tiberius*. The ſtormy Violence of an *Achilles* will always leave Room for the ſtormy Violence of *Alexander*.

But the Caſe is very different with Avarice, trifling Vanity, Hypocriſy, and other Vices, conſidered as ridiculous. It would be ſafer to double and treble all the Tragedies of our greateſt Poets, and uſe all their Subjects over and over, as has been done with *Oedipus* and *Sophoniſba*, than to bring again upon the Stage in five Acts a *Miſer*, a *Citizen turned Gentleman*, a *Tartuffe*, and other Subjects ſufficiently known. Not that theſe popular Vices are leſs capable of Diverſification, or are leſs varied by different Circumſtances, than the Vices and Paſſions of Heroes; but that if they were to be brought over again in Comedies, they would be leſs diſtinct, leſs exact, leſs forcible, and conſequently leſs applauded. Pleaſantry and Ridicule muſt be more ſtrongly marked than Heroiſm and Pathos, which ſupport themſelves by their own Force. Beſides, though theſe two Things of ſo different Natures could ſupport themſelves equally in equal Variety, which is very far from being the Caſe; yet Comedy, as it now ſtands, conſiſts not in Incidents, but in Characters. Now it is by Incidents only that Characters are diverſified, as well upon the Stage of Comedy, as upon the Stage of Life. Comedy, as *Moliere* has left it, reſembles the Pictures of Manners drawn by the celebrated *La Bruyere*. Would any Man after him venture to draw them over again,

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he would expose himself to the Fate of those who have ventured to continue them. For instance, what could we add to his Character of the *Absent Man?* Shall we put him in other Circumstances? The principal Strokes of Absence of Mind will always be the same; and there are only those striking Touches which are fit for a Comedy, of which the End is painting after Nature, but with Strength and Sprightliness like the Designs of *Callot*. If Comedy were among us what it is in *Spain*, a Kind of Romance, consisting of many Circumstances and Intrigues, perplexed and disentangled, so as to surprise; if it was nearly the same with that which *Corneille* practised in his Time; if, like that of *Terence*, it went no farther than to draw the common Portraits of simple Nature, and shew us Fathers, Sons, and Rivals; notwithstanding the Uniformity, which would always prevail as in the Plays of *Terence*, and probably in those of *Menander*, whom he imitated in his four first Pieces, there would always be a Resource found either in Variety of Incidents, like those of the *Spaniards*, or in the Repetition of the same Characters in the Way of *Terence:* But the Case is now very different, the Publick calls for new Characters and nothing else. Multiplicity of Accidents, and the laborious Contrivance of an Intrigue, are not now allowed to shelter a weak Genius that would find great Conveniencies in that Way of Writing. Nor does it suit the Taste of Comedy, which requires an Air less constrained, and such Freedom and Ease of Manners as admits nothing of the romantick. She leaves all the Pomp of sudden Events to the Novels, or little Romances, which were the Diversion of the last Age. She allows nothing but a Succession of Characters resembling Nature, and falling in without any apparent Contrivance. *Racine* has likewise taught us to give to Tragedy the same Simplicity of Air and Action; he has endeavoured

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to disentangle it from that great Numberr of Incidents, which made it rather a Study than Diversion to the Audience, and which shew the Poet not so much to abound in Invention, as to be deficient in Taste. But, notwithstanding all that he has done, or that we can do, to make it simple, it will always have the Advantage over Comedy in the Number of its Subjects, because it admits more Variety of Situations and Events, which give Variety of Novelty to the Characters. A Miser, copied after Nature, will always be the Miser of *Plautus* or *Moliere*; but a *Nero*, or a Prince like *Nero*, will not always be the Hero of *Racine*. Comedy admits of so little Intrigue, that the Miser cannot be shewn in any such Position as will make his Picture new; but the great Events of Tragedy may put *Nero* in such Circumstances as to make him wholly another Character.

But, in the second Place, over and above the Subjects, may we not say something concerning the final Purpose of Comedy and Tragedy? The Purpose of the one is to divert, and the other to move; and of these two, which is the easier? To go to the Bottom of those Purposes; to move is to strike those Strings of the Heart which is most natural, Terror and Pity: To divert is to make one laugh, a Thing which indeed is natural enough, but more delicate. The Gentleman and the Rustick have both Sensibility and Tenderness of Heart, perhaps in greater or less Degree; but as they are Men alike, the Heart is moved by the same Touches. They both love likewise to send their Thoughts abroad, and to expand themselves in Merriment: but the Springs which must be touched for this Purpose, are not the same in the Gentleman and the Rustick. The Passions depend on Nature, and Merriment upon Education. The Clown will laugh at a Waggery, and the Gentleman only a Stroke of delicate Conceit. The Spectators of a Tragedy, if they have but a

little Knowlege, are almoſt all on a Level; but with reſpect to Comedy, we have three Claſſes, if not more, the People, the Learned, and the Court. If there are certain Caſes in which all may be comprehended in the Term of People, this is not one of thoſe Caſes. Whatever Father *Rapin* may ſay about it, we are more willing even to admire than to laugh. Every Man that has any Power of Diſtinction, laughs as rarely as the Philoſopher admires; for we are not to reckon thoſe Fits of Laughter which are not incited by Nature, and which are given merely to Complaiſance, to Reſpect, Flattery, and good Humour; ſuch as break out at Sayings which pretend to Smartneſs in Aſſemblies. The Laughter of the Theatre is of another Stamp. Every Reader and Spectator judges of Wit by his own Standard, and meaſures it by his Capacity, or by his Condition: The different Capacities and Conditions of Men make them diverted on very different Occaſions. If, therefore, we conſider the End of the tragick and comick Poet, the Comedian muſt be involved in much more Difficulties, without taking in the Obſtructions to be encountered equally by both, in an Art which conſiſts in raiſing the Paſſions, or the Mirth of a great Multitude. The Tragedian has little to do but reflect upon his own Thoughts, and draw from his Heart thoſe Sentimsnts which will certainly make their Way to the Hearts of others, if he found them in his own. The other muſt take many Forms, and change himſelf almoſt into as many Perſons, as he undertakes to ſatisfy and divert.

It may be ſaid, that, if Genius be ſuppoſed equal and Succeſs ſuppoſed to depend upon Genius, the Buſineſs will be equally eaſy and difficult to one Authour and to the other. This Objection is of no Weight; for the ſame Queſtion ſtill recurs, which is, whether of theſe two Kinds of Genius is more valuable or more rare. If we proceed by Example,

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and not by Reasoning, we shall decide I think in Favour of Comedy.

It may be said, that, if merely Art be considered, it will require deeper Thoughts to form a Plan just and simple; to produce happy Surprizes without apparent Contrivance; to carry a Passion skilfully thro' its Gradations to its Height; to arrive happily to the End by always moving from it, as *Ithaca* seemed to fly *Ulysses*; to unite the Acts and Scenes; and to raise by insensible Degrees a striking Edifice, of which the least Merit shall be Exactness of Proportion. It may be added, that in Comedy this Art is infinitely less, for there the Characters come upon the Stage with very little Artifice or Plot: The whole Scheme is so connected that we see it at once, and the Plan and Disposition of the Parts make a small Part of its Excellence, in Comparison of a Gloss of Pleasantry diffused over each Scene, which is more the happy Effect of a lucky Moment, than of long Consideration.

These Objections, and many others, which so fruitful a Subject might easily suggest, it is not difficult to refute: And if we were to judge by the Impression made on the Mind by Tragedies and Comedies of equal Excellence, perhaps, when we examine those Impressions, it will be found that a Sally of Pleasantry, which diverts all the World, required more Thought than a Passage which gave the highest Pleasure in Tragedy; and to this Determination we shall be more inclined when a closer Examination shall shew us, that a happy Vein of Tragedy is opened and effused at less Expence, than a well-placed Witticism in Comedy has required merely to assign its Place.

It would be too much to dwell long upon such a Digression; and as I have no Business to decide the Question, I leave both that and my Arguments to the Taste of each particular Reader, who will find

what is to be said for or against it. My Purpose was only to say of Comedy, considered as a Work of Genius, all that a Man of Letters can be supposed to deliver without departing from his Character, and without palliating in any Degree the corrupt Use which has been almost always made of an Exhibition which in its Nature might be innocent; but has been vicious from the Time that it has been infected with the Wickedness of Men. It is not for publick Exhibitions that I am now writing, but for literary Inquiries. The Stage is too much frequented, and Books too much neglected. Yet it is to the Literature of *Greece* and *Rome* that we are indebted for that valuable Taste, which will be insensibly lost by the affected Negligence which now prevails of having Recourse to Originals. If Reason has been a considerable Gainer, it must be confessed that Taste has been somewhat a Loser.

To return to *Aristophanes*: So many great Men of Antiquity, through a long Succession of Ages, down to our Times, have set a Value upon his Works, that we cannot naturally suppose them contemptible, notwithstanding the essential Faults with which he may be justly reproached. It is sufficient to say, that he was esteemed by *Plato* and *Cicero*; and to conclude by that which does him most Honour, but still falls short of Justification, the strong and sprightly Eloquence of St. *Chrysostom* drew its Support from the masculine and vigorous Atticism of this sarcastic Comedian, to whom the Father paid the same Regard as *Alexander* to *Homer*, that of putting his Works under his Pillow, that he might read them at Night before he slept, and in the Morning as soon as he awaked.

*** This *Dissertation upon the Greek Comedy* was translated from the *French* of *Brumoy*, and printed in Mrs. *Lennox's Translation of the Greek Theatre*, 1759.

GENERAL

GENERAL CONCLUSION

TO

BRUMOY's GREEK THEATRE.

I. THUS I have given a faithful Extract of the Remains of *Ariſtophanes*. That I have not ſhewn them in their true Form, I am not afraid that any Body will complain. I have given an Account of every Thing as far as it was conſiſtent with moral Decency. No Pen, however Cynical or Heatheniſh, would venture to produce in open Day the horrid Paſſages which I have put out of Sight; and inſtead of regretting any Part that I have ſuppreſſed, the very Suppreſſion will eaſily ſhew to what Degree the *Athenians* were infected with Licentiouſneſs of Imagination and Corruption of Principles. If the Taſte of Antiquity allows us to preſerve what Time and Barbarity have hitherto ſpared, Religion and Virtue at leaſt oblige us not to ſpread it before the Eyes of Mankind. To end this Work in an uſeful Manner, let us examine in a few Words the four Particulars which are moſt ſtriking in eleven Pieces of *Ariſtophanes*. Summary of the four Articles treated of in this Diſcourſe.

II. The Firſt is the Character of the ancient Comedy, which has no Likeneſs to any Thing in Nature. Its Genius is ſo wild and ſtrange, that it ſcarce admits a Definition. In what Claſs of Comedy muſt we place it? It appears to me to be a Species of Writing by itſelf. Character of ancient Comedy.

ſelf. If we had *Phrynicus*, *Plato*, *Eupolis*, *Critinus*? *Ameipſias*, and ſo many other celebrated Rivals of *Ariſtophanes*, of whom all that we can find are a few Fragments ſcattered in *Plutarch*, *Athenias*, and *Suidas*, we might compare them with our Poet, ſettle the general Scheme, obſerve the minuter Differences, and form a complete Notion of their comick Stage. But for want of all this we can fix only on *Ariſtophanes*, and it is true that he may be in ſome Meaſure ſufficient to furniſh a tolerable Judgment of the old Comedy; for if we believe him, and who can be better credited? he was the moſt daring of all his Brethren the Poets, who practiſed the ſame Kind of Writing. Upon this Suppoſition we may conclude, that the Comedy of thoſe Days conſiſted in an Allegory drawn out and continued; an Allegory never very regular, but often ingenious, and almoſt always carried beyond ſtrict Propriety, of Satire keen and biting, but diverſified, ſprightly, and unexpected; ſo that the Wound was given before it was perceived. Their Points of Satire were Thunderbolts, and their wild Figures, with their Variety and Quickneſs, had the Effect of Lightning. Their Imitation was carried even to Reſemblance of Perſons, and their common Entertainments was a Parody of rival Poets joined, if I may ſo expreſs it, with a Parody of Manners and Habits.

But it would be tedious to draw out to the Reader that which he will already have perceived better than myſelf. I have no Deſign to anticipate his Reflections; and therefore ſhall only ſketch the Picture, which he muſt finiſh by himſelf: He will purſue the Subject farther, and form to himſelf a View of the common and domeſtick Life of the *Athenians*, of which this Kind of Comedy was a Picture, with ſome Aggravation of the Features: He will bring within his View all the Cuſtoms, Manners, and Vices,

Vices, and the whole Character of the People of *Athens*. By bringing all these together he will fix in his Mind an indelible Idea of a People in whom so many Contrarieties were united, and who in a Manner that can scarce be expressed, connected Nobility with the Cast of *Athens*, Wisdom with Madness, Rage for Novelty with a Bigotry for Antiquity, the Politeness of a Monarchy with the Roughness of a Republick, Refinement with Coarseness, Independence with Slavery, Haughtiness with servile Compliance, Severity of Manners with Debauchery, a Kind of Irreligion with Piety. We shall do this in reading; as in travelling through different Nations we make ourselves Masters of their Characters by combining their different Appearances, and reflecting upon what we see.

III. The Government of *Athens* makes a fine Part of the ancient Comedy. In most States the Mystery of Government is confined within the Walls of the Cabinet; even in Commonwealths it does not pass but through five or six Heads, who rule those that think themselves the Rulers. Oratory dares not touch it, and Comedy still less. *Cicero* himself did not speak freely upon so nice a Subject as the *Roman* Commonwealth; but the *Athenian* Eloquence was informed of the whole Secret, and searches the Recesses of the human Mind, to fetch it out and expose it to the People. *Demosthenes*, and his Cotemporaries, speak with a Freedom at which we are astonished, notwithstanding the Notion we have of a popular Government, yet at what Time but this did Comedy adventure to claim the same Rights with civil Eloquence? The *Italian* Comedy of the last Age, all daring as it was, could for its Boldness come into no Competition with the ancient. It was limited to general Satire, which was sometimes carried so

The Government of the *Athenians*.

far, that the Malignity was overlooked in an Attention to the wild Exaggeration, the unexpected Strokes, the pungent Wit, and the Malignity concealed under such wild Flights as became the Character of *Harlequin*. But though it so far resembled *Aristophanes*, our Age is yet at a great Distance from his, and the *Italian* Comedy from his Scenes. But with respect to the Liberty of censuring the Government, there can be no Comparison made of one Age or Comedy with another. *Aristophanes* is the only Writer of his Kind, and is for that Reason of the highest Value. A powerful State set at the Head of *Greece*, is the Subject of his Merriment, and that Merriment is allowed by the State itself. This appears to us an Inconsistency; but it is true that it was the Interest of the State to allow it, though not always without Inconveniency. It was a Restraint upon the Ambition and Tyranny of single Men, a Matter of great Importance to a People so very jealous of their Liberty. *Cleon*, *Alcibiades*, *Lamachus*, and many other Generals and Magistrates, were kept under by Fear of the comick Stokes of a Poet so little cautious as *Aristophanes*. He was once indeed in Danger of paying dear for his Wit. He professed, as he tells us himself, to be of great Use by his Writings to the State; and rated his Merit so high as to complain that he was not rewarded. But, under Pretence of this publick Spirit, he spared no Part of the publick Conduct, neither was Government, Councils, Revenues, popular Assemblies, secret Proceedings in Judicature, Choice of Ministers, the Government of the Nobles, or that of the People spared.

The *Acharnians*, the *Peace*, and the *Birds*, are eternal Monuments of the Boldness of the Poet, who was not afraid of censuring the Government for the obstinate Continuance of a ruinous War,

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for undertaking new ones, and feeding itself with wild Imaginations, and running to Destruction as it did for an idle Point of Honour.

Nothing can be more reproachful to the *Athenians* than his Play of the *Knights*, when he represents under an Allegory that may be easily seen through, the Nation of the *Athenians* as an old doating Fellow tricked by a new Man, such as *Cleon* and his Companions, who were of the same Stamp.

A single Glance upon *Lysistrata*, and the *Female Orators*, must raise Astonishment when the *Athenian* Policy is set below the Schemes of Women, whom the Author makes ridiculous for no other Reason than to bring Contempt upon their Husbands, who held the Helm of Government.

The *Wasps* is written to expose the Madness of People for Lawsuits and Litigations, and a Multitude of Iniquities are laid open.

It may easily be gathered, that notwithstanding the wise Laws of *Solon*, which they still professed to follow, the Government was falling into Decay, for we are not to understand the Jests of *Aristophanes* in the literal Sense. It is plain that the Corruption, though we should suppose it but half as much as we are told, was very great, for it ended in the Destruction of *Athens*, which could scarce raise its Head again, after it had been taken by *Lysander*. Though we consider *Aristophanes* as a comick Writer who deals in Exaggeration, and bring down his Stories to their true Standard, we still find that the Fundamentals of their Government fail in almost all the essential Points. That the People were inveigled by Men of Ambition; that all Councils and Decrees had their Original in factious Combinations; that Avarice and private Interest animated all their Policy to the Hurt of the Publick; that their Revenues were ill managed, their Allies improperly treated; that

that their good Citizens were sacrificed, and the bad put in Places; that a mad Eagerness for judicial Litigation took up all their Attention within, and that War was made without, not so much with Wisdom and Precaution, as with Temerity and good Luck; that the Love of Novelty and Fashion in the Manner of managing the publick Affairs was a Madness universally prevalent; and that *Melanthius* says in *Plutarch*, the Republick of *Athens* was continued only by the perpetual Discord of those that managed its Affairs. This remedied the Dishonour by preserving the Equilibrium, and was kept always in Action by Eloquence and Comedy.

This is what in general may be drawn from the reading *Aristophanes*. The Sagacity of the Readers will go farther: They will compare the different Forms of Government by which that tumultuous People endeavoured to regulate or increase the Democracy, which Forms were all fatal to the State, because they were not built upon lasting Foundations, and had all in them the Principles of Destruction. A strange Contrivance it was to perpetuate a State by changing the just Proportion which *Solon* had wisely settled between the Nobles and the People; and by opening a Gate to the skilful Ambition of those who had Art or Courage enough to force themselves into the Government by means of the People, whom they flattered with Protections that they might more certainly crush them.

The tragick Poets rallied.

IV. Another Part of the Works of *Aristophanes* are his pleasant Reflections upon the most celebrated Poets: The Shafts which he lets fly at the three Heroes of Tragedy, and particularly at *Euripides*, might incline the Reader to believe that he had little Esteem for those great Men; and that probably the Spectators that applauded him were of his Opinion. This Conclusion would

not

not be juſt, as I have already ſhewn by Arguments which, if I had not offered them, the Reader might have diſcovered better than I. But that I may leave no Room for Objections, and prevent any Shadow of Captiouſneſs, I ſhall venture to obſerve, that Poſterity will not conſider *Racine* as leſs a Maſter of the *French* Stage becauſe his Plays were ridiculed by Parodies. Parody always fixes upon the beſt Pieces, and was more to the Taſte of the *Greeks* than to ours. At preſent the high Theatres give it up to Stages of inferior Rank; but in *Athens* the comick Theatre conſidered Parody as its principal Ornament, for a Reaſon which is worth examining. The ancient Comedy was not like ours, a remote and delicate Imitation; it was the Art of groſs Mimickry, and would have been ſuppoſed to have miſſed its Aim, had it not copied the Mein, the Walk, the Dreſs, the Motions of the Face of thoſe whom it exhibited. Now Parody is an Imitation of this Kind; it is a Change of Serious to Burleſque, by a ſlight Variation of Words, Inflexion of Voice, or an imperceptible Art of Mimickry. Parody is to Poetry as a Maſque to a Face. As the Tragedies of *Eſchylus*, of *Sophocles*, and of *Euripides*, were much in Faſhion, and were known by Memory to the People, the Parodies upon them would naturally ſtrike and pleaſe, when they were accompanied by the Grimaces of a good Comedian, who mimicked with Archneſs a ſerious Character. Such is the Malignity of human Nature; we love to laugh at thoſe whom we eſteem moſt, and by this make ourſelves ſome Recompence for the unwilling Homage which we pay to Merit. The Parodies upon theſe Poets made by *Ariſtophanes* ought to be conſidered rather as Encomiums than Satires. They give us Occaſion to examine whether the Criticiſms are juſt or not in themſelves: But what is more important, they afford

afford no Proof that *Euripides* or his Predeceſſors wanted the Eſteem of *Ariſtophanes*, or his Age. The Statues raiſed to their Honour, the Reſpect paid by the *Athenians* to their Writings, and the careful Preſervation of thoſe Writings themſelves, are immortal Teſtimonies in their Favour, and make it unneceſſary for me to ſtop any longer upon ſo plauſible a Solution of ſo frivolous an Objection.

Frequent Ridicule of the Gods.

V. The moſt troubleſome Difficulty, and that which, ſo far as I know, has not yet been cleared to Satisfaction, is the contemptuous Manner in which *Ariſtophanes* treats the Gods. Though I am perſuaded in my own Mind that I have found the true Solution of this Queſtion, I am not ſure that it will make more Impreſſion than that of *M. Boivin*, who contents himſelf with ſaying, that every thing was allowed to the comick Poets; and that even Atheiſm was permitted to the Licentiouſneſs of the Stage: That the *Athenians* applauded all that made them laugh; and believed that *Jupiter* himſelf laughed with them at the ſmart Sayings of a Poet. Mr. *Collier*, an *Engliſhman*, in his Remarks upon their Stage, attempts to prove that *Ariſtophanes* was an open Atheiſt. For my Part I am not ſatisfied with the Account either of one or the other, and think it better to venture a new Syſtem, of which I have already dropt ſome Hints in this Work. The Truth is, that the *Athenians* profeſſed to be great Laughers; always ready for Merriment on whatever Subject. But it cannot be conceived that *Ariſtophanes* ſhould, without Puniſhment, publiſh himſelf an Athieſt, unleſs we ſuppoſe that Atheiſm was the Opinion likewiſe of the Spectators, and of the Judges commiſſioned to examine the Plays; and yet this cannot be ſuſpected of thoſe who boaſted themſelves the moſt religious Nation, and naturally the moſt ſuperſtitious of all

Greece.

Greece. How can we ſuppoſe thoſe to be Atheiſts who paſſed Sentence upon *Diagoras*, *Socrates*, and *Alcibiades*, for Impiety? Theſe are glaring Inconſiſtences. To ſay like *M. Boivin*, for ſake of getting clear of the Difficulty, that *Alcibiades*, *Socrates*, and *Diagoras*, attacked Religion ſeriouſly, and were therefore not allowed, but that *Ariſtophanes* did it in Jeſt, or was authoriſed by Cuſtom, would be to trifle with the Difficulty, and not to clear it. Though the *Athenians* loved Merriment, it is not likely that if *Ariſtophanes* had profeſſed Atheiſm, they would have ſpared him more than *Socrates*, who had as much Life and Pleaſantry in his Diſcourſes, as the Poet in his Comedies. The pungent Raillery of *Ariſtophanes*, and the Fondneſs of the *Athenians* for it, are therefore not the true Reaſon why the Poet was ſpared when *Socrates* was condemned. I ſhall now ſolve the Queſtion with great Brevity.

The true Anſwer to this Queſtion is given by *Plutarch* in his Treatiſe of reading of the Poets. *Plutarch* attempts to prove that Youth is not to be prohibited the Reading of the Poets; but to be cautioned againſt ſuch Parts as may have bad Effects. They are firſt to be prepoſſeſſed with this leading Principle, that Poetry is falſe and fabulous. He then enumerates at length the Fables which *Homer* and other Poets have invented about their Deities; and concludes thus: 'When therefore there is 'found in poetical Compoſitions any Thing ſtrange 'and ſhocking, with reſpect to Gods, or Demi-'Gods, or concerning the Virtue of any excellent 'and renowned Characters, he that ſhould receive 'theſe Fictions as Truth would be corrupted by an 'erroneous Opinion: But he that always keeps in 'his Mind the Fables and Alluſions, which it is the 'Buſineſs of Poetry to contrive, will not be injured 'by theſe Stories, nor receive any ill Impreſſions upon

'upon his Thoughts, but will be ready to cenſure 'himſelf, if at any Time he happens to be afraid, 'leſt *Neptune* in his Rage ſhould ſplit the Earth, 'and lay open the infernal Regions.' Some Pages afterwards, he tells us, 'That Religion is a Thing 'difficult of Comprehenſion, and above the Under-'ſtanding of Poets; which it is, ſays he, neceſſary 'to have in Mind when we read their Fables.'

The *Pagans* therefore had their Fables, which they diſtinguiſhed from their Religion; for no one can be perſuaded that *Ovid* intended his *Metamorphoſes* as a true Repreſentation of the Religion of the *Romans*. The Poets were allowed their Imaginations about their Gods, as Things which have no Regard to the publick Worſhip. Upon this Principle, I ſay, as I ſaid before, there was amongſt the *Pagans* two Sorts of Religion; one a poetical, and a real Religion: One practical, the other theatrical; a Mythology for the Poets, a Theology for Uſe. They had Fables, and a Worſhip, which though founded upon Fable, was yet very different.

Diagoras, *Socrates*, *Plato*, and the Philoſophers of *Athens*, with *Cicero*, their Admirer, and the other pretended wiſe Men of *Rome*, are Men by themſelves. Theſe were the Athieſts with reſpect to the Ancients. We muſt not therefore look into *Plato*, or into *Cicero* for the real Religion of the *Pagans*, as diſtinct from the fabulous. Theſe two Authours involve themſelves in the Clouds, that their Opinions may not be diſcovered. They durſt not openly attack the real Religion: but deſtroyed it by attacking Fable.

To diſtinguiſh here with Exactneſs the Agreement or Difference between Fable and Religion is not at preſent my Intention: It is not eaſy ‡ to ſhew with

‡ See St. *Paul* upon the Subject of the *Ignoto Deo*.

Exactneſs

Exactneſs what was the *Athenian* Notion of the Nature of the Gods whom they worſhipped. *Plutarch* himſelf tells us, that this was a Thing very difficult for the Philoſophers. It is ſufficient for me that the Mythology and Theology of the Ancients were different at the Bottom: That the Names of the Gods continued the ſame; and that long Cuſtom gave up one to the Caprices of the Poets, without ſuppoſing the other affected by them. This being once ſettled upon the Authority of the Ancients themſelves, I am no longer ſurpriſed to ſee *Jupiter*, *Minerva*, *Neptune*, *Bacchus*, appear upon the Stage in the Comedy of *Ariſtophanes*; and at the ſame Time receiving Incenſe in the Temples of *Athens*. This is, in my Opinion, the moſt reaſonable Account of a Thing ſo obſcure; and I am ready to give up my Syſtem to any other, by which the *Athenians* ſhall be made more conſiſtent with themſelves; thoſe *Athenians* who ſat laughing at the Gods of *Ariſtophanes* while they condemned *Socrates* for having appeared to deſpiſe the Gods of his Country.

VI. A Word is now to be ſpoken of the *Mimi* and the *Mimi*, which had ſome Relation to Comedy. This Appellation was, by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, given to certain dramatick Peſormances, and to the Actors that played them. The Denomination ſufficiently ſhews, that their Art conſiſted in Imitation and Buffoonery. Of their Works, nothing, or very little, is remaining; ſo that they can be only conſidered by the Help of ſome Paſſages in Authours; from which little is to be learned that deſerves Conſideration. I ſhall extract the Subſtance, as I did with reſpect to the Chorus, without loſing Time, by defining all the different Species, or producing all the Quotations, which would give the Reader more Trouble than Inſtruction. He that deſires fuller Inſtruction may read *Voſſius*, *Valois*, *Saumaiſes*, The *Mimi* and *Pantomimes*.

Saumaiſes, and *Gataker*, of whoſe Compilations, however learned, I ſhould think it Shame to be the Authour.

The *Mimi* had their Original from Comedy, of which at its firſt Appearance they made a Part; for their mimick Actors always played and exhibited groteſque Dances in the Comedies. The Jealouſy of Rivalſhip afterwards broke them off from the Comick Actors, and made them a Company by themſelves. But to ſecure their Reception, they borrowed from Comedy all its Drollery, Wildneſs, Groſſneſs, and Licentiouſneſs. This Amuſement they added to their Dances, and they produced what are now called Farces, or Burlettas. Theſe Farces had not the Regularity or Delicacy of Comedies; they were only a Succeſſion of ſingle Scenes contrived to raiſe Laughter; formed or unravelled without Order and without Connexion. They had no other End but to make the People laugh. Now and then there might be good Sentences, like the Sentences of *P. Syrus*, that are yet left us: But the Ground-work was low Comedy; and any Thing of greater Dignity drops in by Chance. We muſt however imagine that this odd Species of the Drama roſe at length to ſomewhat a higher Character, ſince we are told that *Plato* the Philoſopher laid the *Mimi* of *Sophron* under his Pillow, and they were found there after his Death. But in general we may ſay with Truth, that it always diſcovered the Meanneſs of its Original, like a falſe Pretenſion to Nobility, in which the Cheat is always diſcovered through the Concealment of fictitious Splendor.

Theſe *Mimi* were of two Sorts, of which the Length was different, but the Purpoſes the ſame. The *Mimi* of one Species were ſhort; thoſe of the other longer, and not quite ſo groteſque. Theſe two Kinds were ſubdivided into many Species, diſ-

tinguiſhed by the Dreſſes and Characters, ſuch as ſhews Drunkards, Phyſicians, Men, and Women.

Thus far of the *Greeks*. The *Romans* having borrowed of them the more noble Shews of Tragedy and Comedy, were not content till they had their Rhapſodies. They had their *Planipedes*, who played with flat Soles, that they might have the more Agility; and their *Sannions*, whoſe Head was ſhaved, that they might box the better. There is no need of naming here all who had a Name for theſe Diverſions among the *Greeks* and *Romans*. I have ſaid enough, and perhaps too much of this Abortion of Comedy, which drew upon itſelf the Contempt of good Men, the Cenſures of the Magiſtrates, and the Indignation of the Fathers of the Church ‖.

Another Set of Players were called *Pantomimes*: Theſe were at leaſt ſo far preferable to the former, that they gave no Offence to the Ears. They ſpoke only to the Eyes; but with ſuch Art of Expreſſion, that without the Utterance of a ſingle Word, they repreſented, as we are told, a complete Tragedy or Comedy, in the ſame Manner as dumb *Harlequin* is exhibited on our Theatres. Theſe *Pantomimes* among the *Greeks* firſt mingled Singing with their Dances; afterwards, about the Time of *Livius Andronicus*, the Songs were performed by one Part, and the Dances by another. Afterwards, in the Time of *Auguſtus*, when they were ſent for to *Rome*, for the Diverſions of the People, whom he had enſlaved, they played Comedies without Songs or vocal Utterance; but by the Sprightlineſs, Activity,

‖ It is the Licentiouſneſs of the *Mimi* and *Pantomimes*, againſt which the Cenſure of the Holy Fathers, particularly breaks out, as againſt a Thing irregular and indecent, without ſuppoſing it much connected with the Cauſe of Religion.

and Efficacy of their Geſtures; or, as *Sidonius Apollinaris* expreſſes it, *clauſis faucibus, et loquente geſtu*, they not only exhibited Things and Paſſions, but even the moſt delicate Diſtinctions of Paſſions, and the ſlighteſt Circumſtances of Facts. We muſt not however imagine, at leaſt in my Opinion, that the *Pantomimes* did literally repreſent regular Tragedies or Comedies by the mere Motions of their Bodies. We may juſtly determine, notwithſtanding all their Agility, their Repreſentations would at laſt be very incomplete: Yet we may ſuppoſe, with good Reaſon, that their Action was very lively; and that their Art of Imitation went great Lengths, ſince it raiſed the Admiration of the wiſeſt Men, and made the People mad with Eagerneſs. Yet when we read that one *Hylus*, the Pupil of one *Pylades*, in the Time of *Auguſtus*, divided the Applauſes of the People with his Maſter, when they repreſented *Oedipus*, or when *Juvenal* tells us that *Bathillus* played *Leda*, and other Things of the ſame Kind, it is not eaſy to believe that a ſingle Man, without ſpeaking a Word, could exhibit Tragedies or Comedies, and make Starts and Bounds ſupply the Place of vocal Articulation. Notwithſtanding the Obſcurity of this whole Matter, one may know what to admit as certain, or how far a Repreſentation could be carried by Dance, Poſture, and Grimace. Among theſe artificial Dances, of which we know nothing but the Names, there was as early as the Times of *Ariſtophanes* ſome extremely indecent. Theſe were continued in *Italy* from the Time of *Auguſtus*, long after the Emperors. It was a publick Miſchief, which contributed in ſome Meaſure to the Decay and Ruin of the *Roman* Empire. To have a due Deteſtation of theſe licentious Entertainments, there is no need of any Recourſe to the Fathers; the wiſer *Pagans* tell us very plainly what they thought of them.

them. I have made this mention of the *Mimi* and *Pantomimes* only to shew how the most noble of publick Spectacles were corrupted and abused, and to conduct the Reader to the End through every Road, and through all the Bye-paths of human Wit, from *Homer* and *Eschylus* to our own Time.

Wandrings of the human Mind in the Birth and Progress of theatrical Representations.

VII. That we may conclude this Work by aplying the Principles laid down at the Beginning, and extend it through the Whole, I desire the Reader to recur to that Point where I have represented the human Mind as beginning the Course of the Drama. The Chorus was first a Hymn to *Bacchus*, produced by Accident; Art brought it to Perfection, and Delight made it a publick Diversion. *Thespis* made a single Actor play before the People; this was the Beginning of Theatrical Shews. *Eschylus*, taking the Idea of the *Iliad* and *Odssey*, animated, if I may so express it, the epick Poem, and gave a Dialogue in Place of simple Recitation, puts the Whole into Action, and sets it before the Eyes, as if it was a present and real Transaction: He gives the Chorus ‡ an Interest in the Scenes, contrives Habits of Dignity and theatrical Decorations. In a Word, he gives both to Tragedy; or, more properly, draws it from the Bosom of the epick Poem. She made her Appearance sparkling with Graces, and displayed such Majesty as gained every Heart at the first View. *Sophocles* considers her more nearly, with the Eyes of a Critick, and finds that she has something still about her rough and swelling: He divests her of her false

‡ *Eschylus*, in my Opinion, as well as the other Poets his Cotemporaries, retained the Chorus, not merely because it was the Fashion, but because examining Tragedy to the Bottom, they found it not rational to conceive, that an Action great and splendid, like the Revolution of a State, could pass without Witnesses.

Ornaments, teaches her a more regular Walk, and more familiar Dignity. *Euripides* was of Opinion, that she ought to receive still more Softness and Tenderness; he teaches her the new Art of Pleasing by Simplicity, and gives her the Charms of graceful Negligence; so that he makes her stand in Suspence, whether she appears most to Advantage in the Dress of *Sophocles* sparkling with Gems, or in that of *Euripides*, which is more simple and modest. Both indeed are elegant; but the Elegance is of different Kinds, between which no Judgment as yet has decided the Prize of Superiority.

We can now trace it no farther; its Progress amongst the *Greeks* is out of Sight. We must pass at once to the Time of *Augustus*, where *Apollo* and the Muses quitted their ancient Residence in *Greece*, to fix their Abode in *Italy*. But it is in vain to ask Questions of *Melpomene*; she is obstinately silent, and we only know from Strangers her Power amongst the *Romans*. *Seneca* endeavours to make her speak; but the gaudy Shew with which he rather loads than adorns her, makes us think that he took some Phantom of *Melpomene* for the Muse herself.

Another Flight, equally rapid with that to *Rome*, must carry us through Thousands of Years, from *Rome* to *France*. There, in the Time of *Lewis* XIV. we see the Mind of Man giving Birth to Tragedy a second Time, as if the *Greek* Tragedy had been utterly forgot. In the Place of *Eschylus*, we have our *Rotrou*. In *Corneille*, we have another *Sophocles*, and in *Racine* a second *Euripides*. Thus is Tragedy raised from her Ashes, carried to the utmost Point of Greatness, and so dazzling that she prefers herself to herself. Surprised to see herself produced again in *France* in so short a Time, and nearly in the same Manner as before in *Greece*, she is disposed to believe that her Fate is to make a short Transition

ſition from her Birth to her Perfection, like the Goddeſs that iſſued from the Brain of *Jupiter*.

If we look back on the other Side to the Riſe of Comedy, we ſhall ſee it hatched by *Margites* from the *Odyſſey* of *Homer*, in Imitation of her eldeſt Siſter; but we ſee her under the Conduct of *Ariſtophanes* become licentious and petulant, taking Airs to herſelf which the Magiſtrates were obliged to cruſh. *Menander* reduced her to Bounds, taught her at once Gaiety and Politeneſs, and enabled her to correct Vice, without ſhocking the Offenders. *Plautus*, amongſt the *Romans*, to whom we muſt now paſs, united the earlier and the later Comedy, and joined Buffoonery with Delicacy. *Terence*, who was better inſtructed, received Comedy from *Menander*, and ſurpaſſed his Original, as he endeavoured to copy it. And laſtly, *Moliere* produced a new Species of Comedy, which muſt be placed in a Claſs by itſelf, in Oppoſition to that of *Ariſtophanes*, whoſe Manner is likewiſe peculiar to himſelf.

But ſuch is the Weakneſs of the human Mind, that when we review the Succeſſions of the Drama a third Time, we find Genius falling from its Height, forgetting itſelf, and led aſtray by the Love of Novelty, and the Deſire of ſtriking out new Paths. Tragedy degenerated in *Greece* from the Time of *Ariſtotle*, and in *Rome* after *Auguſtus*. At *Rome* and *Athens* Comedy produced *Mimi*, Pantomimes, Burlettas, Tricks, and Farces, for the Sake of Variety; ſuch is the Character, and ſuch the Madneſs of the Mind of Man. It is ſatisfied with having made great Conqueſts, and gives them up to attempt others, which are far from anſwering its Expectation, and only enables it to diſcover its own Folly, Weakneſs, and Deviations. But why ſhould we be tired with ſtanding ſtill at the true Point of Perfection, when it is attained? If Eloquence be wearied,

wearied, and forgets herself a while, yet she soon returns to her former Point: So will it happen to our Theatres if the *French* Muses will keep the *Greek* Models in their View, and not look with Disdain upon a Stage whose Mother is Nature, whose Soul is Passion, and whose Art is Simplicity: A Stage, which, to speak the Truth, does not perhaps equal ours in Splendor and Elevation, but which excels it in Simplicity and Propriety, and equals it at least in the Conduct and Direction of those Passions which may properly affect an honest Man and a Christian.

For my Part, I shall think myself well recompensed for my Labour, and shall attain the End which I had in View, if I shall in some little Measure revive in the Minds of those who purpose to run the Round of polite Literature, not an immoderate and blind Reverence, but a true Taste of Antiquity: Such a Taste as both feeds and polishes the Mind, and enriches it by enabling it to appropriate the Wealth of Foreigners, and to exert its natural Fertility in exquisite Productions; such a Taste as gave the *Racine's*, the *Moliere's*, the *Boileau's*, the *Fontaine's*, the *Patru's*, the *Peleſſons*, and many other great Geniuses of the last Age, all that they were, and all that they will always be; such a Taste as puts the Seal of Immortality to those Works in which it is discovered; a Taste so necessary, that without it we may be certain that the greatest Powers of Nature will long continue in a State below themselves; for no Man ought to allow himself to be flattered or seduced by the Example of some Men of Genius, who have rather appeared to despise this Taste than to despise it in Reality. It is true that excellent Originals have given Occasion without any Fault of their own to very bad Copies. No Man ought severely to ape either the Ancients or the Moderns: But if it was necessary to run into an Extreme

treme of one Side or the other, which is never done by a judicious and well-directed Mind, it would be better for a Wit, as for a Painter, to enrich himself by what he can take from the Ancients, than to grow poor by taking all from his own Stock; or openly to affect an Imitation of those Moderns whose more fertile Genius has produced Beauties peculiar to themselves, and which themselves only can display with Grace: Beauties of that peculiar Kind, that they are not fit to be imitated by others; tho' in those who first invented them they may be justly esteemed, and in them only.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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